

ALL-ACTION BOOK BONUS

FANTASTIC BREAKOUT FROM STALAG 4

FRAULEIN TUNNEL BARRACKS: SECRET YANK P.O.W. HIDEOUT



stag

MAY

40c

WHAT EVERY MAN
SHOULD KNOW ABOUT
FEMALE ORGASM

**"My God! We're
Dropping Into
Lake Erie!"**

BEHIND THE HEADLINES
OF LAST SUMMER'S
MASS DEATH JUMP



*"Just
Call Me
Candy-
Baby"*

A PSYCHIATRIC
PANEL DEBATES

**President De Gaulle:
Our Greatest Enemy—
Or Is He Senile?**

Would You Like to Take in \$140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in \$140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running \$300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this \$140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide

provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a clear net profit to you.



Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-

ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

Your Services Are Commended by

McCall's Magazine, Parents; American Research & Testing Laboratories...and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me \$205.70 in single day. Another, \$300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in \$140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatrow: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged \$122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for \$400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned \$117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed \$2,012. One job came to \$752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1,300 in a single week, as much as \$2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word".

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you**.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life**. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services**.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes **YOUR OWN** business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment**. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life**.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got \$7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise grows **monthly**.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income**.

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 8-315 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WHO ELSE WANTS A BIG RAISE IN PAY?

Stuck in a rut? Tired of your dead-end job? Here's proof you can step up to a high-salary position with prestige and security through LaSalle spare-time training.

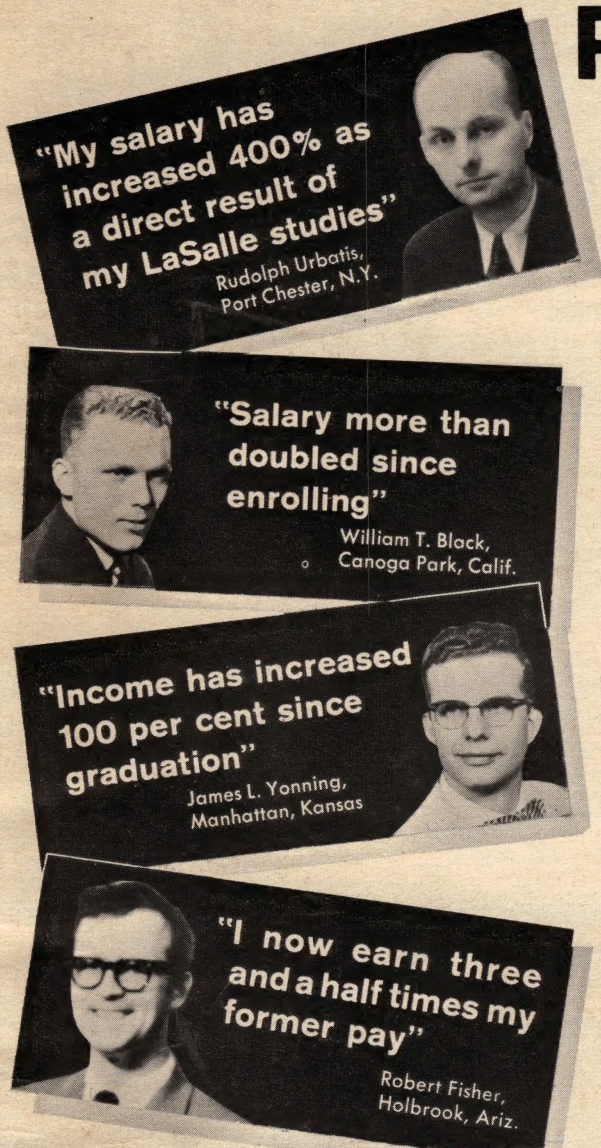
JUST LOOK at these enthusiastic letters. Have you ever seen anything like them? They are just a few of many hundreds of similar statements in letters that come from LaSalle students week after week, month after month, year after year.

LaSalle students have one ambition in common — to get out of the ranks of the untrained and earn big money, prestige and security in a key job. Isn't that your goal too?

Without interfering with your present work — and by devoting only a little of your spare time — you too can prepare rapidly for advancement in the field of your choice through LaSalle home study. The cost is surprisingly low.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for more than half a century. It has provided training in business, high school and technical subjects to more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women. Its distinguished faculty includes some of the country's most outstanding authorities. That is why your LaSalle diploma is a credential recognized and respected by employers.

Check the subject you are interested in — then send the coupon below for FREE booklet. No obligation. Mail to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.



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Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING

- ☐ Complete Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Fundamentals
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Sales Management

REAL ESTATE

- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

- ☐ Complete Training

LAW COURSES

- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers

STENOTYPE

- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES

- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration, Heating
- ☐ Diesel

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt. Truck, Air, Rail, Sea

DRAFTING

- ☐ Complete Drafting

INTERIOR DECORATION

- ☐ Professional Training

ART TRAINING

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Oil, Water Color
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Complete Training

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

- ☐ French
- ☐ Spanish

MUSIC INSTRUCTION

- ☐ Piano
- ☐ Guitar
- ☐ Other: _____

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Computer Programming
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Stenotype

Name.....Age.....Apt. No.....
Please print carefully

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation.....Working Hours.....A.M.....P.M.

Interested in a career not listed? Write here: _____



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LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH, NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

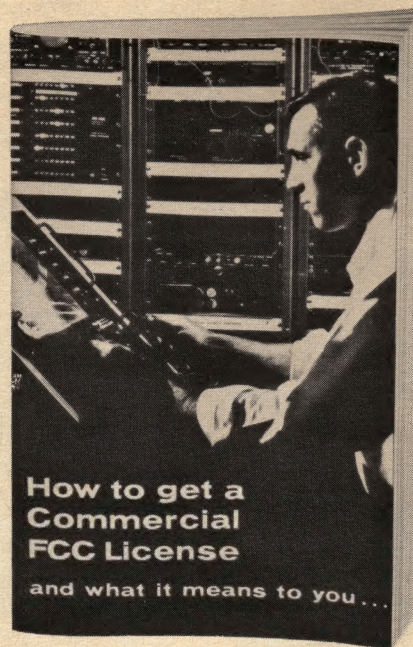
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Want a high-pay career in Electronics?

This free book may change your life

It tells how to go about getting the key
to job success in the growing electronics
boom—a Government FCC License



THERE'S A BIG BOOM IN ELECTRONICS. And YOU can be part of it. You don't need a college education or any previous experience in electronics. The free book shown here tells you how.

In the last 15 years, the electronics manufacturing industry alone has grown from \$2.7 billion to \$17 billion, and is expected to hit \$24 billion by 1970.

Thousands of trained men are urgently needed to help design, manufacture, inspect, test, install, operate, and service electronics marvels that are making headlines. If you qualify, it means a secure, steady high-pay job with a real future to it.

Maybe you'd like to become a broadcast engineer . . . put famous radio disc jockeys and television entertainers "on the air." Or be your own boss servicing some of the more than a *million* two-way mobile radio systems in taxis, trucks, trains, etc. Or work alongside famous scientists developing and testing such electronics miracles as picture-frame TV, desk-top computers, pea-sized hearing aids, rocket guidance and control systems.

Regardless of which you choose, the secret of "getting your foot in the door" is getting a Government FCC (Federal Communications Commission) License. It's government-certified *proof*, respected by employers everywhere, that you have passed a standard Federal exam on the fundamentals of electronics—that you're not just an electronics handyman, but a real "pro." Many jobs legally require it.

Now, because of the importance of getting your FCC License, Cleveland Institute of Electronics has prepared a valuable 24-page book telling you how to go about it.

ENROLL UNDER NEW G.I. BILL

All CIE courses are available under the new G.I. Bill. If you served on active duty since January 31, 1965, OR are in service now, check box in coupon for G.I. Bill information.

You will find out why the Commercial FCC License is often called the "passport to success." You'll see how and why the Government issues these licenses. You'll learn how you can get your license . . . and qualify for top opportunities in Electronics.

With this book, you will receive a second free book, "How To Succeed In Electronics." It's the catalog of the Cleveland Institute of Electronics . . . first organization to offer an FCC License Warranty. (CIE will refund all of your tuition if you don't pass the FCC exam . . . on your first try . . . after completing the course designed to prepare you for it.) You will learn why better than 9 out of 10 men with CIE training get their FCC Licenses, even though 2 out of 3 without this training fail.

To receive both books without cost or obligation, just mail the coupon below. If coupon has been removed, write to: Cleveland Institute of Electronics, 1776 East 17th Street, Dept. CM-10, Cleveland, Ohio 44114. Do it now—it may change your whole life.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, your 24-page book, "How To Get A Commercial FCC License," together with your school catalog, "How To Succeed In Electronics," of license-preparation courses.

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CONFIDENTIAL

STAG



HEAD-ON HIT

A MAN'S CAR

Head injuries are present in most fatal car crashes . . . experiments going on to develop a specially laminated window that will not give way up to a 29-mph impact . .

SCHOOL BUSES HAVE BEEN DENOUNCED AS BEING COMPLETELY UNCRASHWORTHY . . .

With all the new safety features being built into each new model car, experts feel it will take at least 12 years to get rid of the death traps now rolling along the highways . . .

Volkswagen-sized cabs may be in the making for large cities to relieve traffic jams . . .

More and more states planning checks on exhaust fumes to fight air pollution . . .

HERE'S HOW THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL LOOKS AT SNOW TIRES: Compared to regular tires, conventional snows show little stopping improvement on ice, but 19% more traction . . . on loosely-packed snow, 28% better braking, 51% improvement in traction. Studded snow tires up traction by 218% on ice, cut braking distance 19%. Reinforced tire chains help braking on ice by 50% and 37% on loosely-packed snow, but traction is boosted 700% on ice and 400% on snow . . .

Japan has come up with an electric car that can hit 62 mph . . .

1968 will be the best car-buying year in history . . . estimates indicate that Americans will purchase 9,400,000 autos--a good million over record year of 1965 . . .

Watch for a new safety gimmick to get you onto crowded superhighways without your having to fight your way through. A driver-guidance system of sensors will pick up your car as you hit the entrance

ramp, determine how many cars are coming up on the highway and at what speeds . . . then it will measure the length of your car and its ability to accelerate. Once these figures are juggled around, instructions will flash on a signboard telling you exactly what to do to merge in safely with the superhighway traffic flow . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

COLLEGE GIRLS ARE FIGHTING BACK AT WHAT THEY THINK ARE ANTIQUATED ABORTION LAWS. They've set up a "slush fund" to help any college kid who becomes pregnant pay for her illegal operation . . .

Healthiest women in this country are Roman Catholic nuns . . . cloistered lives for some reason have sustained them to a longer, more active span. Medics are looking into the factors such as their celibate lives, absence of cigarettes and alcohol . . .

It's going to get tougher and tougher to keep your Las Vegas winnings--if any. Internal Revenue men have handed down orders to the casinos to report ALL HITS OF \$600 OR OVER . . .

IF YOU WANT TO FLATTEN A FLY WITH ONE SWAT, AIM BEHIND HIM--NOT AHEAD. Before he can take off, the fly must back up a little to get momentum . . . that's the time to wallop away . . .

Latest sex kick to sweep the country is the "Polaroid party." USED MAINLY IN GROUP ACTIVITIES AMONG WIFE-SWAPPERS AND SINGLES-ONLY SWINGERS, the idea is for someone to take Polaroid photos when the party is really in high gear . . . INSTANT PRINTS MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS TO SEE THEMSELVES IN ACTION AND COMPARE NOTES ON TECHNIQUES . . .

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INSTANT REPLAY





SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC



Here's How Others Learned to Play This Fast, Easy Way!

EXCITED — DELIGHTED — "I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magnificent Course that it's difficult to 'go slowly.' Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own time and speed."

Clara J. Napoleon
Trenton, N. J.

PLAYS FOLK MUSIC — "I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead guitarist and accompanist guitarist."

Dwight Bullard
Concord, Ark.

FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED — "Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget all the fun I've had."

Linda Kurtz
Airville, Pa.

You can learn any instrument in your home . . . in spare time

TEACH yourself music? Yes, you can — and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone — any popular instrument — you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

You Learn Quickly, Easily

This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so *quickly and easily*.

The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures *show* you just how to do it. These lessons are so well-developed and effective, you actually *teach yourself*! It's so easy that even children can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

From the very first lesson you start playing actual tunes from sheet music. As you progress, you'll be playing more and more advanced pieces. Before you know it you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life!

Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how *convenient* and *economical* this wonderful Course is. You learn at

home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

Start Enjoying a New Way of Life

Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it *well*. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits . . . classical pieces . . . folk and country music . . . dance tunes — any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win *new* friends and *new* popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm, deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and really doing something you've always wanted to do!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Mail the coupon below right now for our **FREE** 36-page book that tells you all about the Course and shows you how *fast* and *easy* this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a **FREE** Piano "Notefinder." No obligation. Just mail the coupon **TODAY** to:

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York State Education
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U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 95
Port Washington, New York 11050

Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, **FREE**, your 36-page illustrated book "Now You Can Learn To Play Music in Your Own Home"—plus your free Piano "Notefinder." I am under no obligation.

Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ☐ Piano | ☐ Saxophone | ☐ Cornet |
| ☐ Guitar | ☐ Violin | ☐ Clarinet |
| ☐ Accordion | ☐ Tenor Banjo | ☐ Ukulele |
| ☐ Organ | ☐ Mandolin | ☐ Trombone |
| ☐ Steel Guitar | ☐ Trumpet | |

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Name.....Age.....
(Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City.....

State.....

ZIP CODE ZONE NO.	

Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates.

1. Training Means Money These Days

In today's job market, men with specialized training get the good jobs—and good pay. Trained men get the promotions and pay raises that count. In virtually every field, TRAINING spells the difference between staying where you are—and moving ahead.

Look over the list of fields below. In each, I. C. S. has been training men and women for years. Giving them up-to-date knowledge that will let them advance in their present job... or break into an entirely new field. I. C. S. can do the same for you—starting RIGHT NOW.

2. Jobs in Architecture, Building

ARCHITECTS—Qualify for advanced positions in architectural, engineering offices. I. C. S. courses begin with basics. Knowledge to help prepare for A.I.A. exams. Math. Drawing. Design. B'ld'ng, M'ch'n'c'l trades. Write "Architecture" on coupon for FREE booklets.

ARCH. DRAWING—One-course stepping-stone to architecture. Emphasis on drawing practice. No previous experience necessary. Apply now.

CARPENTRY—Largest demand area in building trades. \$4.07 average hourly wage. Over 20,000 openings yearly. Training needed. Send coupon NOW.

PLUMBING-HEATING—Earn \$4.30 hourly—average for plumbing-heating specialists. I. C. S. course has proven track record. Starts with basics. Mail coupon for FREE Success Kit.

3. Art Talent Sought

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS—Experienced artists earn \$150 and more weekly. But training is essential. Course starts with fundamentals. Job-related. Personalized instruction. Break into field full- or part-time. Write "Commercial Art" on coupon.

INTERIOR DECORATING—Non-technical course for homemaker, home furnishings salesperson. Study carpets, furniture, walls, windows, decor, color, taste. Mail coupon now.

SIGN PAINTING—Course prepares you to break into field. Covers all aspects: layout, design, painting, gilding, screen process. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

SKETCHING & PAINTING—Like to draw? Feel you have talent? Get training. For spare-time enjoyment, or use in present line of work. Course starts with basics, covers popular art mediums.

4. Automotive Specialists

AUTO ELECT. TECHNICIAN—More electrical equip. on cars—more need for elect. specialists. I. C. S. course covers the circuits, headlamp to taillights. Simply written, illustrated texts. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

MECHANIC (GEN'L)—700,000 employed. 20,000 openings yearly, and employment on the upswing. Famous I. C. S. course taken by thousands in field. Coupon brings Success Kit.

TRANSMISSION SPEC'L'ST—If you now know cars, why not become a specialist? Course covers transmission troubles, testing, repairing, overhauling. Auto., standard.

5. Businessmen Make \$\$\$\$\$

ACCOUNTANTS—20,000 openings a year in this high-pay field. I. C. S. courses cover the basics plus 10 vital accounting specialties. Get information. Send coupon right NOW.

ADMINISTRATION—The key to business success. Famous I. C. S. course covers 3 vital areas: management, production, marketing. Write "Business Administration" on coupon.

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ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulas, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

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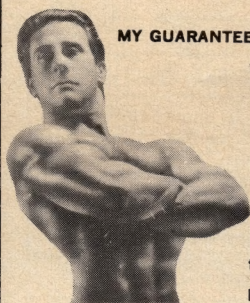
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MEET JOE WEIDER

The greatest bodybuilder, trainer of champions, whose system of muscle building is so outstanding and result-producing that it is translated and sold in English, French, Italian, German, Swedish, Spanish, Japanese, Polish, Malaysian, through 12 foreign companies.



I, too, was once a skinny weakling, weighing 127 lbs., at 5' 8", and having 11" pipe stem arms and a 35" Venetian-blind, protruding rib-showing chest.

I was so ashamed of my build at 127 that I never had a photo taken. Here you see me one year later, weighing 160, already on the way to becoming one of the World's Best Built and Strongest Men. I know from personal experience the shame, suffering and humiliation of being a skinny weakling.

I now weigh 210 lbs., with 18" arms, a 52" chest, 33" waist, and 26" thighs, easily lifting 385 lbs. overhead and capable of...

I CAN BEND 1" BARS!

Over the years I gave exhibitions in various clubs and gyms, bending 1" bars, nails, spikes, tearing telephone books and other feats of strength, to prove that the muscles my system builds are not only handsome to look at—but useful to use!



I CAN SNAP CHAINS!

Snaping chains with bare hands is a test not only of muscle power but also of will-power, determination, muscular endurance and guts. My system of training also builds all these qualities along with improved athletic ability and personal magnetism.



I CAN BREAK BRICKS AND BOARDS WITH ONE BLOW OF MY HAND!

Not only does my system develop all the above qualities but it also builds timing, co-ordination, speed—enabled me to become an expert at Karate and numerous other systems of self-defense. My course, "Destructive Self-Protective Defense," contains 12 lessons of modern self-defense, and is recognized as one of the best systems ever developed to meet modern fights and assaults. When sending this coupon you also get—free—"Self-Protective Fighting Secrets"—it can make you a walking arsenal of fighting power plus getting a handsome, muscular body!



Weider Pupil DAVE DRAPER

"Mr. America"—
"Mr. Universe"
winner, movie and
TV star, now appearing in MGM's
"Don't Make
Waves," which
also features Tony
Curtis and Claudet
Cardinale.



You are looking at

THE LARGEST ARM IN THE WORLD!

It belongs to my pupil, Dave Draper, and measures 20 1/2" around his biceps, 17" around his forearms with arms held out straight—not flexed! He says to you, "Don't envy my build—rush in for your own personal free, 32-page muscle-building information book. It will show you how to get a powerful body, just like mine. So Get Started Now."

GIVE ME 5 MINUTES AND I WILL PROVE THAT YOU CAN ADD

3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS AND 4 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST FAST!!

IN ONLY 30 DAYS — JUST AS DAVE DRAPER DID!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new,

virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the first time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! — THIS GIANT 32-PAGE MUSCLE COURSE!

JOE WEIDER Dept. 16-58N
Trainer of the Champions since 1936
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Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I am saying YES to becoming a New Man! Rush me your free Muscle-Building information which I can use right now at home to build a handsome and useful body. I have ✓ where I need more muscle:

I want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power

I enclose only 10c to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am under no further obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL COUPON TODAY! NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

**IT'S YOURS
FREE!**



LAST LAUGHS



A sailor, at sea for seven months, sent a cable to his wife in Salinas: "Meet me in San Francisco if you want to be first."

♦ ♦ ♦

A British gentleman who was in a cab in New York was challenged by the driver to solve a riddle: "This person I'm thinking of has the same father that I have and the same mother, but it's not my sister and it's not my brother. Who is it?"

The Britisher pondered seriously over the question and then gave up.

"It's me," the cab driver told him.

"By Jove, that's a jolly smart one! I can't wait until I get back to London so I can try it on the chaps at my club."

And so a month later, when back in London in a circle of his cronies, he called them all to attention and recited the stickler to them.

"This individual I have in mind is not my brother and is not my sister, yet this person has the same parents as I have. Who is it?"

After several thoughtful minutes, all the members conceded defeat. "Who is it?" one of them asked.

The man slapped his knee in triumph and roared: "It's a taxicab driver in New York City!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A man was tuning in on his short wave radio when he got a sudden twinge of pain in his back.

"I believe I'm getting lumbago," he exclaimed.

"What's the use," answered his wife. "You won't understand a word they say."

This Texas bird was a roadrunner, and he often killed rattlesnakes just for fun. On this day he was in an amorous mood, so he attacked the first lark he saw and she went away singing merrily, "I'm a lark and I've been sparked."

Then the roadrunner found a dove and attacked it. The dove flew away singing happily, "I'm a dove and I've been loved."

Then a duck came walking by, and after a lot of commotion and flying feathers, the duck waddled away muttering, "I'm a drake and there's been a mistake."

♦ ♦ ♦

A couple of call girls were discussing the escapades of the previous evening when one of them said: "By the way, how did things go with that millionaire when you went to his mansion last night?"

"Weirdsville," said the other girl. "He gave me five hundred dollars, but I'm not sure it was worth it. To start with, he insisted that we make love in a casket."

"Boy!" exclaimed the first girl. "I'll bet that shook you up."

"Yeah," replied the second girl, "but not half as much as it did the pallbearers!"

A jet plane on a routine flight had run into a violent storm. A lady appealed to a minister seated next to her.

"Please," she said, "I'm sure we're going to crash. Can't you do something to save us?"

"I'm sorry," said the minister, "but there's not much I can do. I'm in sales, not management."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Dad," said the 6-year-old, "I'm gonna marry Mary-Ann tomorrow."

"But she's only five years old," said the father, holding back a smile. "What are you going to do about children?"

"Oh, we've talked it over," said the boy nonchalantly. "Every time she lays an egg, we're going to step on it!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A taxi driver in a hot Southern city got tired of hearing tourists from the North insult his hometown. A real bluenose got into his cab one day and said: "This is America's most sinful city—there are at least three prostitutes working every corner."

The cab driver replied bitterly, "So what? There used to be twice as many until you Yankees started marrying them and taking them home."



Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

Forget everything you've ever heard or read about the female climax. Here, for the first time—from psychiatrists' files of candid case histories—is a report that begins where the sex manuals leave off . . .





WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FEMALE ORGASM

by **ALAN M. YOUNG**

AT a recent meeting of the American Marriage Advisory Association in Seattle, Washington, a seminar was held on "Conjoint Therapy and Sexual Problems." The seminar chairman, Dr. J. Fairchild Lee, a prominent psychiatrist from San Francisco's Institute of Interpersonal Relations, based the program on a tape-recorded session with a troubled husband and wife. What follows are excerpts from the tapes, along with side remarks by the chairman at points where he stopped the tape to make his comments.

Husband: Last time, doctor, you told Julia and me that maybe (Continued on page 56)

Behind the Headlines of
Last Summer's Mass Death Jump

"My God! We're Dropping Into Lake Erie!"

At 20,000, the pilot of the converted B-25 got an "OK" from radar control and passed it on. One by one the waiting skydivers leaped from the plane . . . impatient for the exhilarating flight of "free fall" . . . impatient, as it turned out, to die.

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 16



Looking down, tensed, waiting, he saw other jumpers hit, saw them dragged helplessly by the wind, saw them go under — buried by water-soaked 'chutes.

Art by Mort Kunstler

M. Kunstler

"My God! We're Dropping Into Lake Erie!"

by GLENN INFIELD

ROBERT COY of Springfield, Ohio, stood in the open hatchway of the converted WW II B-25 bomber and looked down.

It was Sunday, August 27, 1967, and the Ohio countryside below was obscured by cloud cover. It wasn't unusual for clouds to roll in from nearby Lake Erie at that time of year, but Coy was disappointed at the sight of the solid overcast.

He searched for a break in it, but there was none. Turning to the skydiver standing behind him, he said, "Doesn't look good."

In the cockpit of the B-25 a few moments later, the pilot, Robert Karns, checked his altimeter. It read 20,000 feet. He turned and looked out the side window: still no break in the overcast.

Picking up his microphone, Karns called the Federal

Aviation Administration radar station at Oberlin, Ohio. "Can you give me a radar vector?"

"Roger. Hold on a moment."

While he was waiting for the radar fix, the pilot glanced at his map. The skydivers in the cabin waiting for his signal were all experts, had all jumped hundreds of times. Eighteen of the skydivers planned to jump from the 20,000 foot level while two others—Larry Hartman, the jumpmaster, and Al Homestead, both wearing oxygen equipment—intended to wait until the B-25 reached 23,000 feet before bailing out. But their target, Ortnor Airport at Wakeman, Ohio, was only ten miles from Lake Erie. And Karns didn't want to make any mistakes.

"B-25, you are three miles west of Ortnor."

Karns grinned. "Fine. I'll release my jumpers."

Coy, in the cabin, couldn't hear the radio conversation

Rescue helicopters, hovering over the area where the 18 skydivers plunged into Lake Erie, spotted a chutist's boot—but no survivors.



All available Coast Guard cutters joined hunt, but as hours passed hope that any of the still-missing 16 would be found alive faded out.



Skindivers were called in to assist in search and at the end of five grim days, the bodies of 10 of the tragedy victims had been recovered.

between Karns and the FAA radar station at Oberlin, and he was getting impatient. He and the others had planned this mass jump for weeks, had come from homes all over northern Ohio for the event. Though he knew it was against Federal regulations to leap through clouds, Coy didn't want the jump canceled.

"Do you see the Cessna, Bob?"

Coy shook his head in answer to jumper Bernard Johnson's question. Ted Murphy was in the small plane to take photographs, but at the moment he wasn't in sight.

"Maybe he didn't get through the overcast," Coy said.

Unfortunately for the skydivers waiting to bail out of the B-25, Murphy *had* climbed through the overcast in his Cessna. "Unfortunately," because the FAA radar controller was mistakenly tracking the small plane instead of the B-25! The dot on the scope three miles west of Ortner was the Cessna—not the converted bomber carrying the skydivers! At the time, however, no one was aware of the error.

Johnson took another look at the clouds below and shook his head. "I don't think we'll—"

A shout from Coy cut him off. "Hey! there's the signal. Let's get out!"

Karns, having received the message from the radar controller, had given the signal for the skydivers to jump, confident that his aircraft was in the proper position for them: to land on the target field. Without hesitation they left the plane. Dorsie Kitchen of Kepler Court, Ohio; Patricia Lownsbury, wife of the president of the Akron Jump Club; Gerald Freeman of Akron; Bernard Johnson of West Ridgefield, Ohio; Michael Thiem of Springfield, Ohio; Coy . . . all eighteen jumpers went out the door in as many seconds.

Coy plummeted through the sky in the swan-diving, swooping maneuver he had developed during 262 previous jumps. At 29, he was considered one of the top free fall skydivers in the nation, and as he hurtled toward the clouds below at a speed of 125 mph, he enjoyed every moment of it.

Off in the distance Coy could see the black specks which were the other jumpers, saw them sailing through the air like birds, refusing to pull their rip (*Continued on page 79*)



Relatives of missing jumpers waited for word—sleeping on cots set up for them in Huron, Ohio's city hall, or debating rescue chances.



Piled on dock, 'chutes, helmets, other gear fished from lake: their equipment pulled jumpers down when they hit water, drowning them.



Of the 18 who jumped at 20,000 feet that day, into Lake Erie, Bernard Johnson (L) and Robert Coy (R) were the only ones to survive.

Warden and Nikolai beat the two surprised SS men to the punch — the American taking on the one with the dog; the Russian, his buddy.

Art by Charles Copeland

Fantastic Breakout from Stalag 4



His only chance of avoiding recapture—and certain death—was to head for the strangest female partisan army of WW II: “The Rats.” Headquarters: Berlin—right “under” the Nazis’ backyard.

THE FRAULEIN TUNNEL BARRACKS: SECRET YANK POW HIDEOUT



by **SAM PORTER**

IT was near midnight of February 3, 1945, when the air raid siren sounded in Stalag Luft 4. American flying officers jumped out of their bunks, pulling on heavy clothing against the chill, and stared through the cracks of the shuttered windows. Lieutenant Tom Warden, a lithe blonde man who could move like a cat when he chose to had an excellent view of Berlin, seventy miles to the south-west across the flat Brandenburg plain.

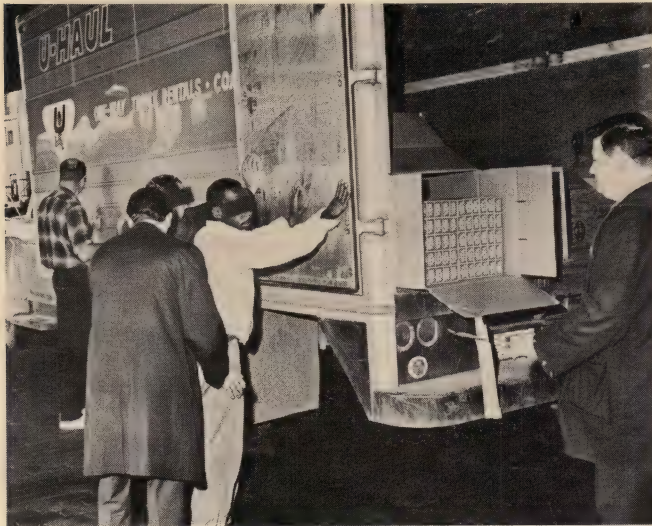
The city was still smoking and glowing from the heavy raid the Eighth Air (Continued on page 86)

STAG'S

**ALL-ACTION
BOOK
BONUS**



When interstate commerce is involved, FBI gets called in; above, G men broke up a \$100,000 whiskey hijack and freed gang's two captives.



A lot of stuff is stolen "on order"; hijackers take orders from customers, "lift" a truck carrying what is wanted—such as cigarettes.

IT was 10:15 P.M., a Monday, when Kenneth Mahaffey stopped his Railway Express truck for a red light in the shadows under New York's West Side Highway. A man wearing a black raincoat, a porkpie hat pulled low over his face, jumped on the running board and pointed a gun in Mahaffey's face.

"Pull it over, buddy," the stickup man growled. "Don't play hero."

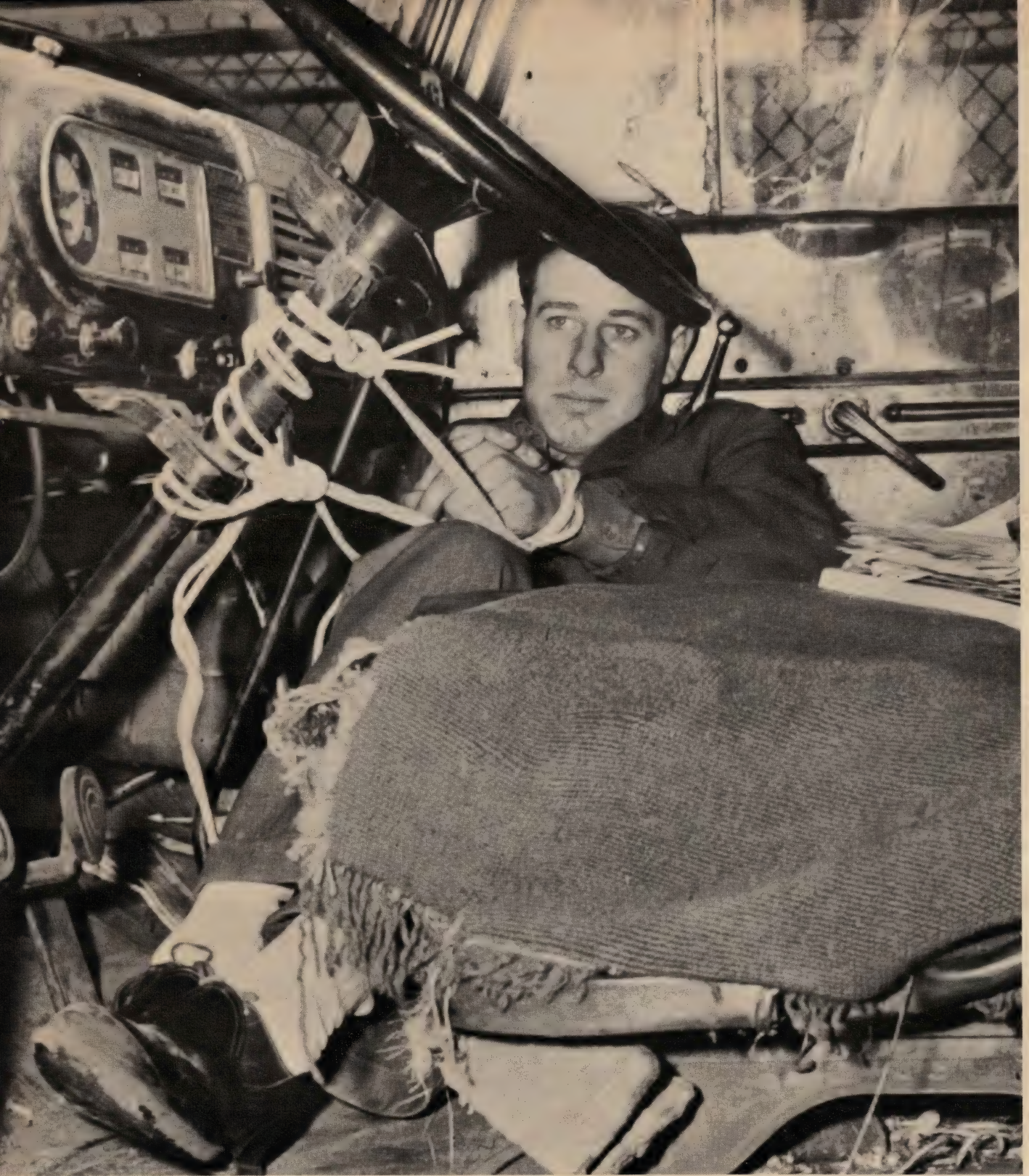
The truck driver didn't say anything, or make any sudden moves. He jockeyed his van over to the side of the road and switched off the engine. The gunman prodded him into a dark Pontiac parked nearby and ordered him to lie on the floor in back. Instantly, the big car jolted forward and roared off into the night. The gunman sat in back with Mahaffey, keeping him covered. Another man drove. Neither said a word until, *(Continued on page 64)*

TV cameras (top) keep an eye peeled at loading terminals—and so, often, do hijackers, watching to see what goods get on what trucks.



GANGLAND'S JUICIEST RACKET—

HIJACKING!



New York City police found a driver tied to steering wheel of his truck where two hijackers left him after "off-loading" 49 vacuum cleaners.

With hundreds of millions worth of "salable" merchandise—liquor, cigarettes, meat, appliances, furs—constantly "in transit," and plenty of no-questions-asked buyers available, the smart crook today "hits" the semitrailer on the turnpike—not the First National on the corner.

by JOHN GODFREY

**LOST
in L.A.—
FOUND
in
EUROPE**





California-born Donna Michelle, unhappy over Hollywood movie-TV bits, moved to Paris to try her luck. So far it's been one jackpot after another as film offers pour in—and for the first time the French aren't complaining.



**TEX
WIJAS:**

RED BERET

If the VC took Highway 4, they'd take the Mekong Delta. To block them, a U.S. "advisor" called for an air strike right in his lap, then ordered his South Viet Rangers to: "Fix bayonets — and charge!"



Wijas hung on to the radio, ignoring the intense pain in his chest, as the first bombs exploded — right on target — only a few yards away from him.

Art by Bruce Minney

BUSHWHACKER OF VIETNAM

STORY
STARTS
ON
PAGE 27▶



Terrain looked peaceful as 'copters carrying 43rd Rangers came in, but Intelligence had warned the crack Vietcong 514th Battalion was in area.

In "forgotten" Mekong Delta war, red-bereted Rangers and other South Viet troops do most of the fighting, accompanied by U.S. "advisors."



Disregarding enemy bullets, Wijas went back into the clearing again and again to help wounded Rangers caught in the ambush to cover.

RED BERET BUSHWHACKER

by STUART CHARLES

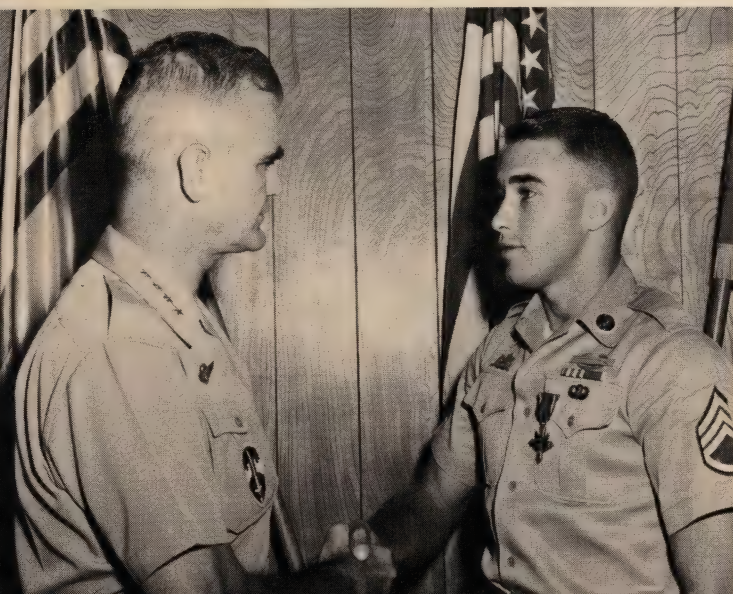


Though F-105s made several passes over the spot, when smoke cleared there were still enough enemy survivors to mount an attack on 43rd.



Hit by countercharging Rangers, the Cong broke and ran back into the jungle; those who couldn't run fast enough were taken prisoner.

Wijas was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his "charge"; Gen. Westmoreland, commander U.S. forces in Vietnam, pinned it on.



STAFF sergeant Rodney J. Wijas took a quick look at the swampy terrain of the Mekong Delta, shining in the July Sun, as the helicopter he was riding in dropped toward the ground.

He didn't blame the pilot for wanting to get down, unload, and get out as fast as possible. Intelligence sources had warned that the Vietcong 514th Battalion was in the area in full strength, and the 514th was rough. Real rough.

"Looks peaceful," the South Vietnamese soldier standing next to Wijas in the doorway of the helicopter remarked.

The sergeant, however, was skeptical. An American advisor to the Vietnamese 43rd Ranger Battalion, he had been hunting VC long enough to know that the peaceful-looking scenes were often the most dangerous.

The helicopter touched down, bounced back into the air a few feet and settled down to earth again. Grabbing the sides of the doorway, Wijas pulled himself out of the 'copter, signaled for the 43rd Rangers to follow.

"Let's go!" he shouted above the deafening roar of the chopper. "Get into the undergrowth and—" Bullets *zinged* past his head. There was no more terrifying sound in the world, in Wijas' opinion, than the high-pitched shriek of a bullet fired by an unseen sniper. The sergeant lowered his head, praying that the enemy gunners would keep shooting high, and raced for cover at the edge of the landing zone.

He heard a man scream, half-turned, but kept on running. A Vietnamese radioman, a Ranger with whom he had fought many times in the past, had been hit. As Wijas looked back, the radioman fell and rolled over on his back. A barrage of enemy bullets slammed into him. When the firing stopped, Wijas saw that the man was beyond help.

The sergeant reached the edge of the clearing, flopped headfirst into the undergrowth as bullets clipped bushes a few inches above his head. Crawling on his hands and knees, Wijas quickly moved to a new position, hoping to fool the VC gunners. Finally, he stretched out on the ground and parted the undergrowth in front of his face, peered back at the landing zone.

"My god!"

The path from the helicopters to the edge of the clearing was clearly marked by wounded and dead Rangers of the 43rd Battalion. Those who still lived but couldn't walk were rolling desperately around the clearing, trying to elude VC bullets. Wijas saw water and mud spray skyward as the enemy shells hit the ground near the men. To his left, hidden in the undergrowth, he spotted Sergeant Tri of the Rangers, a veteran of the Delta fighting.

"Get your men together, Tri," Wijas ordered "and move toward the VC. Hold their attention. I'm going to get some of the wounded."

Tri nodded and crawled away, keeping as low as possible in the jungle so snipers in the trees wouldn't spot him.

It took Sergeant Tri nearly five minutes to round up the battalion survivors, those who had made it to the jungle cover after leaving the helicopters. As soon as he heard Tri and his men open fire on the hidden Vietcong, Wijas got to his feet and started running toward the wounded Rangers in the clearing.

Sliding to a stop near the first Ranger, Wijas rolled him over. One glance was enough: the man was dead, the top of his head blown off. The next man had been shot in the leg. Wijas bandaged the wound, then helped the Ranger to the edge of the jungle.

(Continued on page 82)

by ALEX AUSTIN

MAC saw her legs first, then her face. Walking up the bus aisle, looking for a seat, he almost passed her. He wanted a window seat for the 66-hour cross-country haul to Los Angeles. But when he caught sight of her fine legs, with the mini-skirt three quarters up the length of her very fine thighs, he let all thoughts of scenery go quickly to the devil and sat down beside her before anyone else had the chance.

It was not until he was already seated beside her that he asked, "Is this seat taken?"

She turned dark eyes (Continued on page 62)

Art by Samson Pollen

Mac leaned forward and began pulling Candy from the water, exposing the soft inviting curves of her naked body.

"Just Call Me Candy—Baby"





It started out as a casual meeting on a coast-to-coast bus ride, but on the return trip—during an unscheduled layover—it became an affair of uninhibited passion . . .

Ever since his disastrous Canadian tour last summer, people have been wondering if maybe his age hasn't caught up with the General. These experts think it has, leaving the fate of 50,000,000 Frenchmen—and maybe the world—in the hands of an “unstable old man.”

Editor's Note: Three world-famous psychiatrists—one British, one American, one French—were consulted during the preparation of this article. In off-the-record “analyses” of the mental state of President Charles de Gaulle of France, all three reached—independently—the same disturbing conclusions . . .

THE English are a nation of flunkies.”
“You can be sure that the Americans will commit all the stupidities they can think of, plus some that are beyond the imagination.”

“The Germans are a nation of pigs.”

“Italy does not exist.”

Who made the above statements? Some stupid booze-soaked bore sounding off in a local bar? An unwashed hippie on an LSD trip? *Pravda*?

No, sir! The above statements were made by a man who has one of the most responsible jobs in the Western world: the President of the Republic of France, General Charles Andre Joseph Marie de Gaulle.

De Gaulle's habit of meddling in other people's business and running-off-at-the-mouth has been increasing as the General approaches 78. More and more responsible people all over the world are shaking (Continued on page 68)

A PSYCHIATRIC PANEL DEBATES

Sen. Jackson
Assails DeG
As 'Senile'

MOUNT VERNON, Wash. (AP)—In a scathing attack, Sen. Jackson (D-Wash.) has called French President de Gaulle a “senile individual” the U. S. no longer can tolerate as a leader in Europe.

“It's hard to distinguish his attitude and conduct from that of a mortal enemy of this country,” Jackson said in a speech to the Mount Vernon Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

Jackson, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and a delegate to the recent NATO parliamentary conference, accused the 77-year-old French leader of “doing all he can to ruin us financially.”

Asks Removal of Envoy

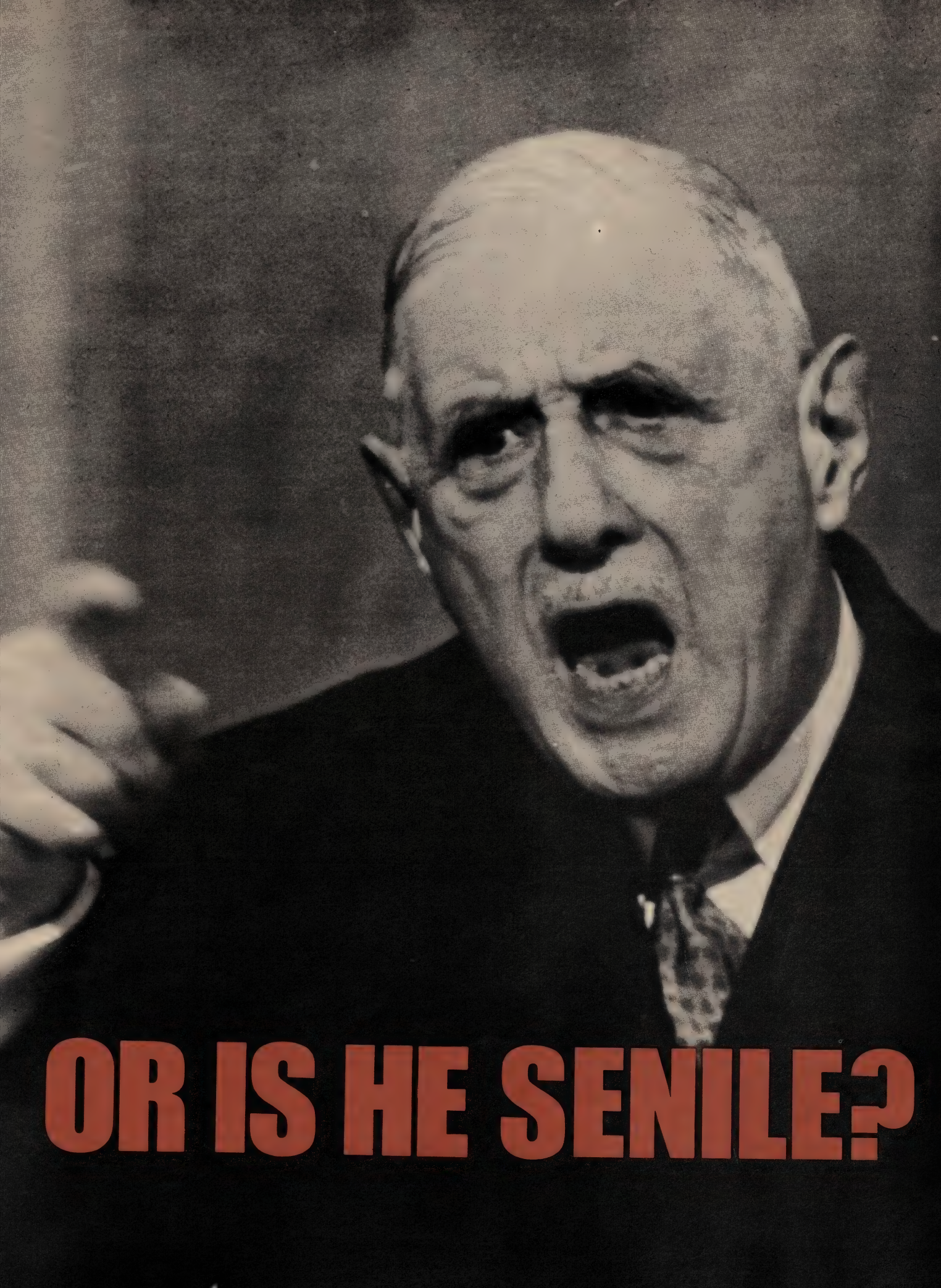
He said de Gaulle's attack on the U. S. dollar through the gold drain played directly into the hands of the Soviets “and he couldn't possibly do a better job for the Russians than he has.”

He recommended the U. S. withdraw its Ambassador to France and be represented in that country only by a chargé d'affaires.

President De Gaulle:

OUR GREATEST ENEMY-

by CHARLES DURANT



OR IS HE SENILE?

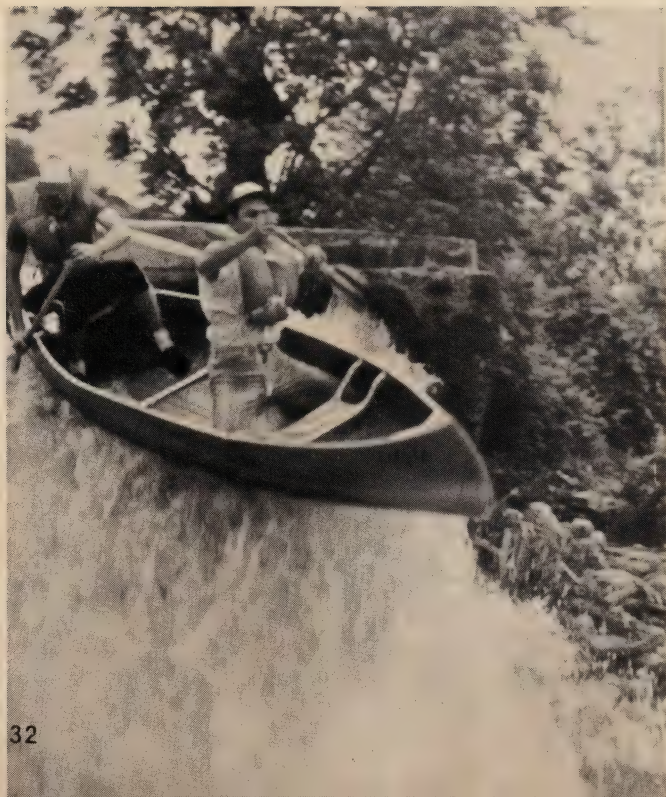


STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.



The bullet-riddled corpse lying on floor of a Houston gas station is the grim result of an attempted robbery. The victim managed to trigger off one shot at his assailant through the window before he died.



At least six persons were killed on U.S. 40 east of Indianapolis, Indiana, when a semi-truck rammed into a car and a stopped school bus. All three occupants of the auto (foreground) died instantaneously.

In dramatic photo at left a two-man team maneuvers its vessel over treacherous water fall of San Marcos River. It's all part of a 500-mile boat race—and would you believe that this is only practice?



A friendly wink from this eyeful would be enough to bring most motorists to a screeching halt—especially if she wears her invention: painted panties. She made them to spare mini-skirted girls from indiscreet stares.

THE "FREE SEX" UPHEAVAL HITS RUSSIA TOO

by ROBERT LAGUARDIA





A general state of "licentiousness and sexual depravity" currently exists among Russia's young adults, according to the Soviet press.



No longer are Russian girls inhibited about what they wear in public; the Western-style bikini has replaced traditional bathing attire.

By their own admission the Soviets have tossed morality to the wind, exposing a subsurface society of men and women dedicated to free love —and making the U.S. seem like a country of Puritans by comparison.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE▶

"FREE SEX" UPHEAVAL

WHEN the Soviet police crashed through the door to the main room of the elegant country villa several miles outside of Moscow, the man in the lead was Kyril Semichastny. Semichastny, a very important man in the field of economic-industrial planning, was not on an official mission, but on a matter concerning his own family.

Specifically, Semichastny had learned that his 15-year-old son had gotten involved with a gang of Russian beatniks who were about to be broken up and arrested by police. Knowing serious political repercussions might result from the raid, Semichastny had used all the "pull" he had to get permission to go along with the police and protect his son and family if he could.

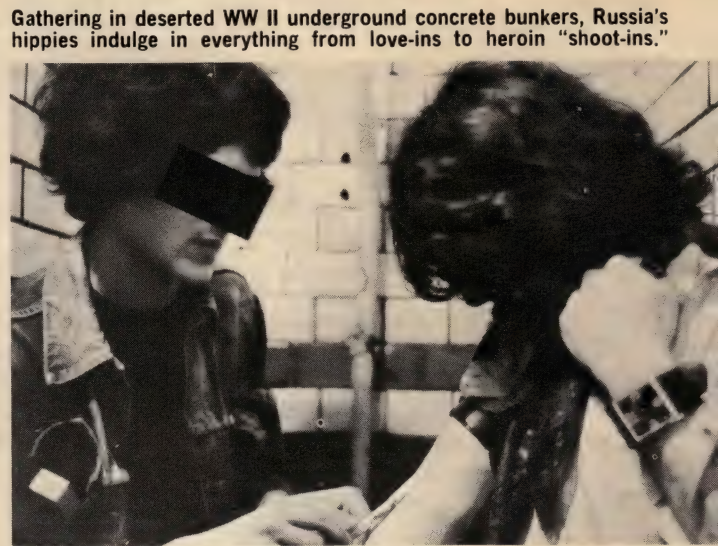
The scene in the villa's main (Continued on page 75)



Motorcycle clubs have sprung up all over Russia, with members often wilder, more sexually promiscuous than their American counterparts.



Western practices such as adultery, permarital sex relations, wife-switching — even LSD parties — are now commonplace in Soviet Russia.



Gathering in deserted WW II underground concrete bunkers, Russia's hippies indulge in everything from love-ins to heroin "shoot-ins."



An increasing number of young Russian girls have become part-time professional mistresses for high-ranking Communist Party members.

Soviet authorities have only recently discovered that nothing is "taboo" inside the sex "society" — including group "swinging."



For Your

BOMBS IN THE NIGHT —The blast ripped a 100-foot segment from the Texaco pipeline at Gueydan, Louisiana. Texaco posted a \$50,000 reward for the usual "... Information leading to arrest and conviction of ..." and drew not a single response.

No one in southwest Louisiana was surprised. The blast was the 22nd in two years. Two men have been



killed. Pipelines, wells and service stations worth more than \$1,000,000 have been lost. "If all this hasn't made somebody mad enough to tell what he knows, waving fifty grand around isn't going to make anyone tell either," says a Louisiana state investigator.

Everything about the bombings smacks of plot. But who is plotting? And for what end? So far there are no answers to either question. There are no solid clues to the identity of the bomber(s). There have been no warnings or demands that might give the destruction some sense. Neither extortion nor sabotage seem likely answers. "Damnedest thing I ever knew," says rigger Loris Bateman, 37. "These boys just seem to bomb for the hell of it."

Companies charge the unions are doing it. Unions say, no, the companies are warring among themselves. Lacking a known enemy, southwest Louisiana is literally turning on itself.

A driller issues shotguns to his workers saying, "Nobody runs my men off." The companies quadruple security guards and say they'll "recruit enough men to staff a paratroop division in Vietnam" if they have to. Guards rough up workers without reason. Workers punch off-duty guards in alleys. Drilling crews brawl with other drilling crews. Guards mistrust other guards.

The price of mistrust is high. Investors are staying away until the situation settles. Development is at a standstill. Production is falling. There is only one thing certain in the oilfields in the next few months and that

is, bombings will continue. "I think we're in for a long guerrilla war here," driller Bateman says.

Southwest Louisiana bookmakers think so too. They recently raised the payoff to anyone guessing date and location of the next explosion from 5-1 to 9-1.

WORKING WIVES —One is young, 22, and seems younger when her blonde curls fall over her eyes. "We need the money so my husband can finish med school," she says. "He doesn't like me doing it, and I don't either, but we're both realistic. He can't work because he has to study so hard. So it's up to me till he's finished. How else can I earn \$150 a week for three nights' work?"

One is older, about 35, and looks a hard 35. "My husband and I want to buy a farm, mister, and we can't do it on what he makes—Army sergeants don't get paid much. Does he know I'm hooking in the bars? Sure he does. I write him twice a week and tell him how much I put in the bank, mister..."

The charge against both is prostitution.

The youngster was arrested in New York City, the older in Dallas. They do not know one another and are in no way associated. Yet, they are not just separate fluke cases involving sick women in sick relationship with sick husbands. They have much in common. They represent a new breed of call girls: the wife who turns prostitute with approval of husband to fulfill some mutual goal in marriage. They appear again and again in police vice sweep-ups. In the colorful police argot, they are "working wives."

Now, housewife prostitutes are nothing new. Last December four were arrested at a motel in Freeport, N.Y., a Long Island boating town where morals are heavily patrolled. Their motivation was typically shabby: money.

The working wife, though motive is similar, flares up at suggestion of shabbiness. "I'm **not** a hooker," a Chicago woman protested, "I'm only a wife helping her husband get started in business, dammit, and that's



Information

American." She was paying for the truck used in his budding contracting business.

Husbands, of course, share this lopsided moral view, else there could be no deal. But once the end is met (med school degree, a farm, a truck, whatever) the wife quits and thought of further prostitution is repugnant. "In fact, if I ever caught her doing it again I'd break her legs," one man told police in an effort to justify everything. "Then she really **would** be a tramp."

THE 60 MPH COOKBOOK—The man and woman appeared to be fighting a violent electrical fire under the hood of their car. As a highway patrolman unlimbered his CO2 extinguisher, however, the man waved him off. "It's nothing serious, officer," he said. "It's only the hamburgers burning."

There was nothing funny going on here. The two were trying to cook lunch while driving, using engine heat, and they had indeed left the hamburgers on too long.

Detroit doesn't play this up in selling cars, but high horsepower engine manifolds double as dandy stoves. They grow as hot as any grille, 450-500° F. Campers and migrant workers have known the secret for years. Many people appearing to tinker with balky engines along superhighways are really stirring soup.

Foil keeps out grease, rust and insects diced by the radiator core. Food is ready to serve hot at the end of a cross-country drive. All cooking times noted in recipes following are calculated for a car cruising at 60 mph:

■ **Hamburgers.** Wrap inside three layers of foil. Pinch package at ends to hold juices. Secure to manifold with bicycle trouser clamps, otherwise vibration may shake packet loose. Cooking time: 60 minutes.

■ **Pasta.** Elbo or shell macaroni is preferable; their shape lets water circulate easily. Heat in foil throw-away pan half full of water and covered with foil. Fasten to manifold with door return springs. Water may not boil but will grow hot enough to tenderize macaroni. Cooking time: longer than usual, about 45 minutes. Cans of sauce snuggled between manifold and engine block heat up nicely.

■ **Beef stew.** Cut beef and vegetables into smaller cubes than usual; small pieces cook faster. Heat in deep throwaway foil pan. In pinch, foil cocoon will do (see hamburgers) but is not recommended. It's difficult to serve gooey stuff from softpack. Should it burst while cooking, mess on engine is awful and spark plugs may short out. Cooking time: three hours.

Warning: No cakes. Ever. One or two good bumps will make cake "fall" and become shingle hard and inedible.

Precaution: Carry a fire extinguisher always. Insurance companies will not swallow any fire damage claims citing burning hamburgers as cause.

EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK—It was ten feet high, its arms measured twelve feet across, and it stupefied the First Air Cavalry men who captured it from the Vietcong.

"Is it a scarecrow?" asked a private.

"No," said a sergeant. "I'd say it's a crossbow."

Crossbow it was, its six-foot spear aimed skyward, a crude anti-aircraft gun capable of bringing down a heli-

copter at fifty yards. "The bastards use everything but the kitchen sink," the sergeant said, and indeed the VC do. Every GI in the Delta knows the boot-piercing punji stake of old nails, the bamboo torpedoes filled with TNT, the dried mud balls which dissolve in rain and release the firing mechanisms of grenades



inside. The VC armorers are the Cassius Clays of the weapons improvisation trade.

The VC are slowly acquiring more modern kitchen sinks, however. Their most reliable and deadly weapon is the AK-47, a clubby automatic assault rifle of Russian manufacture, and this one has the Pentagon deeply concerned. The AK-47 is proving superior in several ways to our own temperamental .22 M-16 Colt automatic rifle; even after months of revamping, this weapon still has some misfire problems. The AK-47 fires a 30-round clip; the M-16 loads with a 20-rounder. The AK-47 is light, easy to strip and has fewer parts than the M-16.

Inadvertently our own GIs pay the AK-47 the finest tribute a weapon can receive. They lift every one they can find from enemy dead, use them in battle and replenish their ammo from captured enemy caches.

Their M-16s? "Sure they carry them into combat," says one company commander, annoyed at what he feels is showboating with enemy weapons and not good combat sense. "They carry them strapped on their backs and leave them there."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—His unfortunate misconduct in the fall of 1964 almost launched the biggest Washington morals scandal since Warren Harding was accused of fathering an illegitimate child. But the Chinese A-Bomb went off at the same time and literally blasted the WALTER JENKINS case off the front pages. Today the former No. 1 White House aide quietly operates a new management consultant firm in Austin, Texas.

You're Paying Through the Nose for On-The-Cuff Tax Dodgers

Claiming "capital gains," "oil depletion," "depreciation"; setting up phony "charity foundations," or "residence" across the border, the rich get richer every April—shorting Uncle Sam 40-50 billion, and leaving the 5-10 thousand-a-year man to pay up the difference.



With the right "legal" bookkeeping, an oilionaire can bring in a gusher every day—and never have to pay a cent in Federal taxes.

by JOHN FERRUCIO



"City ranchers," taking advantage of laws protecting the poor farmer, "raise cattle" for high profit, low tax.

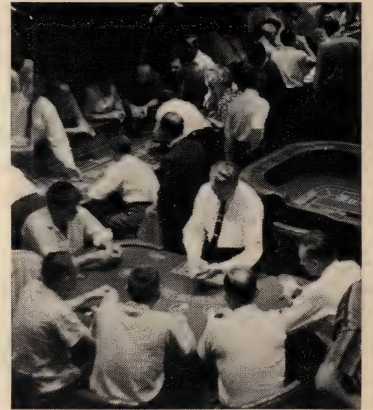
WANT to turn \$2500 into \$2.5 million fast? Use a tax dodge! Come on up to Rhinebeck, New York, the way prominent New York City neurological surgeon Dr. Joe C. Smith did a couple of years ago, and see how it's done.

Up in Rhinebeck, a nationally-known cattle breeding farm corporation invested that \$2500 of Joe's for him. They used it as the down payment on a small herd of their own topnotch

Black Angus cattle. The cattle stayed right where they were, on the same farm, but title to them passed to Joe.

And then those cattle started earning money for Joe, and that's where the tax-dodging began. There's a special provision in the tax law meant for poor farmers. Joe wasn't a poor farmer. In fact, there aren't many poor farmers any more.

The majority of the farming in this country today is done by big farmers, like that breeding corporation, as organized in their way as the men at General Motors are in theirs. Still, Joe got to use the special tax provision. No matter how much his herd of cattle increased in value, Joe didn't have to pay any taxes until he sold them. But if Joe lost money on the herd in any given year, he got to take that loss off his income tax, at the near-



Out-and-out cheating includes "forgetting" to report gambling winnings.



Grifters are muscling in on legitimate collectors and buying up art for tax write off.

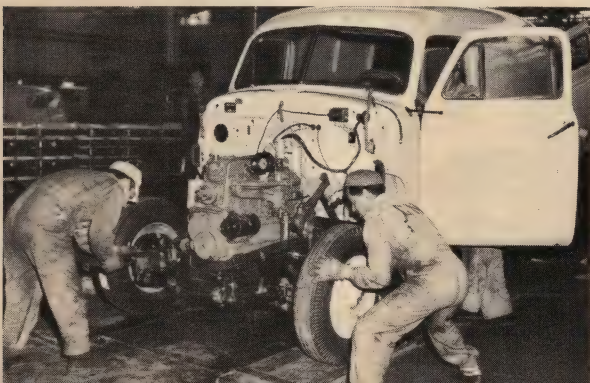
ly 60 percent rate he was paying as a \$150,000-a-year surgeon.

For the next ten years that herd kept breeding, going up in value, as cattle will. Over that time, the breeding farm "carried" Joe, selling off just enough bulls and

culls from his herd to about pay the expenses. Maybe a couple of times a year, if Joe wanted

some fresh air, he left his antiseptic operating room, drove up to Rhinebeck and said hello to his herd. "Moo," said the Black Angus back to him. *(Continued on page 44)*

Another dodge is to go into business in a foreign country; living outside U.S. you can earn \$30,000 a year—tax free.



Special interest tax payoffs, tacked onto vital bills, get by Congress every year.

CONFIDENTIAL

continued from page 6

BIGGEST BEDROOM EMBARRASSMENT comes about when husband and/or wife are ignorant about sex. One wants to experiment with different techniques, but is afraid of the other's reaction . . . result: no try is made and their sex life continues on along a dull, routine path. **PARTNERS SHOULD BE ABLE TO DISCUSS THEIR DESIRES AND WORK OUT AN AGREEMENT TO TRY ANYTHING THAT WILL HEIGHTEN THEIR PLEASURE**, according to leading psychiatrists and marriage counselors . . .

Hardest-to-believe fact of the year: a sociologist claims her research shows that college kids prefer drugs to sex. She says they're bored with sex, find a challenge and glamour in the forbidden chemicals . . .



THE OTHER WAR

MEN IN CRIME

Lot of Americans are worried about the **EMPHASIS ON ARMING THE POLICE FOR RIOTS**. Cops around the country are going through special guerrilla training, stockpiling things like tear gas grenades, non-lethal weapons and shotguns. Other items high on the agenda are armored cars, mobile pill boxes and sophisticated communications centers . . . looks like all-out war . . .

SAFEST PLACE TO COMMIT RAPE SEEMS TO BE WASHINGTON, D.C. Estimates go as high as a 90% chance for the criminal to get away scot-free--either he won't be arrested or identified. Nationally, about 62% of rape cases are cleared by arrests, but in the Capital, only 10% . . . figures are the FBI's . . .

Pittsburgh is up in arms over the use of huge posters on the outside of buses that ooze sex. Protesters claim that the sight of a lush, half-undraped girl sprawled across the side of a bus drinking whiskey or using whatever other product she's selling, will lead to more accidents as drivers take their eyes from the road . . .

Chicago's crime tally shows that a Negro has six times the chance of being a victim of violence than a white man . . .

RED WORLD

Looks like Fidel Castro is getting edgy . . . reports have it that the Cuban strong man is quietly siphoning off huge amounts of money to a numbered account in Switzerland. Something for a rainy day???

NEW RED STRATEGY IS TO MOVE INTO COUNTRIES LIKE LAOS, NORTHERN THAILAND AND CAMBODIA . . . idea is to force the U.S. to divert strength from the big war arena in South Vietnam . . .

How's this for a Red Chinese propaganda bit? ChiCom pilots have given up traditional Soviet training and are concentrating on "the thoughts of Mao." They claim it works better than radar or a compass . . . **AS A RESULT, TRAINING HAS BEEN CUT FROM A COUPLE OF YEARS TO LESS THAN 12 MONTHS.** Pilots have actually been quoted as swearing that the thoughts of Mao have guided them through dense fog, cloud covers and other atmospheric conditions--straight to their targets. **NONE OF THEM, HOWEVER, IS GIVING UP HIS PARACHUTE!!!**

THE DREADED KGB--RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICE SETUP--IS STILL USING BLONDES, BOOZE AND BLACKMAIL TO ENTRAP WESTERNERS . . . Any Moscow tourist should be on his toes and step quickly away when a chambermaid or over-friendly pickup begins taking her clothes off too quickly once he's lured her to his hotel room . . .

MOSCOW SURRENDERS TO THE MINI-SKIRT . . . latest fashions in the Red capital show hemlines at least four inches above the knee--giving even swinging London a run for its money . . .

MOSCOW THIGH SHOW





HOW ABOUT EQUAL TIME?

MEN IN UNIFORM

Navy pilots in Vietnam are putting in more than 200 missions during their Vietnam tours . . . twice the 100-mission limit of the Air Force. THEY'D LIKE TO SEE EQUAL TIME TO EQUALIZE THE HAZARDS THEY FACE . . . claim Navy and infantry are taking on the main brunt of the war . . .

North Viets really digging in . . . are now setting up a SYSTEM OF UNDERGROUND HOSPITALS all over the place, including infirmaries in small villages. One goal is to vaccinate all inhabitants against cholera, tetanus, typhoid fever and TB . . .

Conflicting reports about Viet GIs and marijuana. Son of famous novelist, John Steinbeck, claims 75% OF ALL SERVICEMEN ARE SMOKING POT. Pentagon brass insist "grass" is not a major problem in Vietnam . . .

At least 700 GIs A YEAR ARE DESERTING FROM COMMANDS IN GERMANY . . . mainly to keep from being sent to Vietnam. UNDER-GROUNDS HAVE BEEN FORMED ALL OVER EUROPE to help GI drop-outs get away with it . . .

ONE-MAN ARMY IS WHAT THEY'RE CALLING OUR LATEST TANK--the MBT-70. It has everything from laser range finders to 152mm gun-missile launchers . . . so maneuverable it can actually crouch down to give enemy smaller target to shoot at; can tilt forward and back and side-to-side; is great underwater; and fully protects its three-man crew from bullets, chemicals, germ warfare weapons and radioactive effects . . .

NEW FOR MEN

A thermometer BUILT INTO YOUR CAR'S OUTSIDE SIDE-VIEW MIRROR WHICH WILL TELL YOU WHEN ICING CONDITIONS ARE APPROACHING . . .

LOOK FOR A MAGNETIC BROOM that will sweep up any nails lying around your driveway, lawn, etc., after a carpenter's been hammering away . . .

New-type warning light for motorists whose cars conk out on highways--a telescoping, inflatable mast that will zoom up and not only brighten your area with the light at its top, but will warn approaching motorists of trouble while they're still a long way off . . .

A LUNCH BOX THAT FOLDS OUT INTO A SMALL

TABLE FOR GUYS WHO LIKE TO DINE WITH CLASS ON THE JOB . . .

World's fastest gun is a small laser pistol used for signaling--especially great for pilots downed behind enemy lines. The silent beam it sends out can be seen for four miles, day or night . . . but only by someone looking directly at it . . .

A house that will be self-cleaning, even purifying its own air and controlling its own humidity . . .

A bulldozer that can push away 15,000 cubic yards of dirt an hour . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

If you get a 6% PAY RAISE THIS YEAR, CHANCES ARE MOST OF THE GAIN WILL BE WIPED OUT BY RAISED INCOME TAXES, HIGHER SOCIAL SECURITY TAX AND HIGHER COST OF LIVING. For instance, if you make \$5,000 and get a \$300 boost, you'll finish the year about \$55 ahead . . . on an \$8,000 salary, figure you'll wind up plus \$30 . . . and at the \$9,000 level, would you believe a \$27 surplus???



ATOMIC COSTS "MUSHROOMING"

Since World War II, we have spent \$42,600,000,000 for military and peaceful atomic development, including \$2,200,000,000 for the original Bomb cost . . .

If you think a job as butler in the White House is a cushy deal, forget it. When LBJ and the missus entertain, anywhere from 12 to 20 extra butlers are hired at a flat rate of three bucks an hour . . . this is what they'd make anywhere else, except that at non-official parties they'll usually wind up with a \$3-\$5 tip. Word is that they "stiff" you at the White House, as there seems to be an unwritten rule that adds up to NO TIPPING, PLEASE . . .

One company installed a beauty parlor in its factory and gives the girls an hour off a week to have their hair done. IT STOPS THE GIRLS FROM TAKING A HALF-DAY "SICK LEAVE" WHEN THEIR HAIR NEEDS DOING . . .



ON-THE-CUFF TAX DODGERS

Continued from page 41

Meanwhile, the expert ministrations of college-trained cattlemen kept the herd in better-than-the-best-of-shape, regularly turning up with prize specimens at breeders' fairs all over the country.

On a fine October day last year, other gentlemen farmers from the big cities came up to Rhinebeck to look at Joe's herd. There were business executives, doctors and lawyers, financiers and movie stars, just to name a few of the once-a-year hayseeds. They were all looking to start a similar Black Angus tax dodge for themselves. Joe sold out: 750 head, not counting calves with their mothers and including nearly 100 bulls, many with test tubes of their own freeze-preserved semen attached. The herd brought him upwards of \$2.5 million.

If Joe had earned that \$2.5 million as a doctor—or as a steamfitter or a filing clerk or a magazine writer—he would have owed 65 percent of it to the government. But now Joe took advantage of another loophole in the tax laws. Again as a break for "poor farmers," this loophole regards cattle-raising as a special kind of profit called capital gains. If you have a "capital gain" you only have to pay half your normal rate, whatever that is; and the most you have to pay is 25 percent of the profit, no matter what your normal rate is. Joe would have had to have earned over \$5 million to wind up with under \$2 million profit he took home on his cows, if he had paid taxes on the same rate schedule you and I have to use.

Think this is a one-in-a-million tax gyp? You're wrong. The Black Angus dodge Dr. Joe Smith pulled is just one of a thousand such. What's more, the Dr. Joe Smiths of this world are led by big-business tax dodgers who swing enough political weight in Washington to get what they want. So far they've defeated every effort by the country's leading tax experts to rewrite the laws to give you and me and all the other straight-as-a-dye, dead-level taxpayers an even break. Here's how they do it. As the late, great entertainer Al Jolson once said in another context: "Stick around, pal. You ain't seen nothing yet."

1. How you're getting gypped on your taxes.

If you have a regular job today, with income coming in every week or every month, then you're paying taxes on the money you earn—and you're getting gypped. The tax-dodger is gypping you, the guy who finds a way to turn his income into something other than salary. If your income comes to you in straight salary, you pay through the nose. If it comes to you through capital gains, you get away with enough "tax loopholes" to take Fort Knox and all its gold. That's no exaggeration. The Government now keeps something like thirteen or fourteen billion in gold on hand in Fort Knox and other

storage places across the country while tax dodgers get away with an estimated \$40-50 billion every year. That's money the Government counts on to help pay for the war in Vietnam, for Social Security, for Congressional salaries, for school lunch programs, for roadbuilding.

You know who makes up the difference? You do, that's who! You and every other taxpayer who gets his money in some easily traced way, like a regular salary, and pays taxes on it fairly and squarely. The difference is big enough, the experts say, so you could get a straight-across-the-board cut of from 33 1/3 to 40 percent in your income tax, if you could make the tax dodgers pay their fair share of what they owe.

It wasn't meant to be that way. When the income tax was first put in, by Constitutional Amendment in 1913, the designer of the system meant it to hit "progressively." The guy on the bottom didn't pay anything at all; the guy at the top paid a whole lot. In between, you paid into the economy approximately in proportion to how much you took out of it in income every year.

THE rates go from zero to about 10 percent of what you earn, up to about 65 percent for the guys who make a half a million dollars a year and over. But that's where the tax dodger really comes into his own. Just last year, Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee published some figures that he got from the Treasury Department, concerning the difference between the rates the income brackets were supposed to pay, and the ones they actually pay. Nobody, but nobody, paid higher taxes than the average guy in the \$5,000-\$15,000 per year bracket. And the higher the income bracket went, the less the taxpayer turned over to the Government, no matter how much the rates said he owed.

The average millionaire in this country, according to the Treasury's figures, pays only about 17 percent of his income in taxes, instead of the 65 percent he owes. That means he pays less than, for example, some schoolteachers and factory workers. Actually, of course, if you're a "straight" taxpayer you never see the money to begin with. Because it's taken out and mailed to the Government before you even get paid under what's called the "withholding system."

These are just average millionaires we're talking about. The lucky millionaires—there may be a couple dozen of them this year—they don't pay a single penny in taxes! Not one penny even though their incomes range up to \$5 million, spendable cash-in-pocket, every year.

To use tax loophole benefits to rob your fellow taxpayer you don't have to go in for cattle raising, but you do have to have money to start with—at least a little. A "little" money is a lot more

than the average taxpayer ever gets around to accumulating.

Suppose your tax lawyer put a small sum ("small" in the high-power terms of big-time financing) as the down payment on a San Francisco building worth nearly \$1 million. Now whenever you buy something, it's going to wear out. So the Government lets you deduct from your taxes that wearing-out of your business investment through what's called a depreciation allowance. Here's the racket:

You pay no taxes because of "depreciation"; the building pays its own way and in a few years you sell it for more for a capital gain taxed at only 25 percent. You've already skimmed the "cream" off your depreciation allowance, but that doesn't matter to the new owner: he starts the depreciation allowance all over again at the price he paid for the building.

Sure it takes some maneuvering to do this. That's why corporations are formed, and lawyers and accountants set up business designed to help people who have an income to start with steer it into a tax shelter that will let them make money by avoiding paying their fair share of taxes.

The theory behind this country's economy is that it's built on "risk money." That theory says taxes should reward those who take a risk whether it's in cattle raising, real estate, or the stock market. But when risk taking turns into tax dodging, that's another story. That's when tax experts start howling for reform, a reform that could cut your tax bill in half!

2. Secrets of the tax dodgers.

Last year the town of Alverford, Texas, decided it wanted to up-grade itself. The best way to do this, the city fathers said, was to get some big manufacturing company from up North to come down to Alverford and build a plant there. With a new, X hundred-million plant in Alverford, other businesses would come in. Employment would open up in the town, real estate values would go up, and so would the salaries of the town officials. But why should any top-notch company want to have anything to do with a little, one-horse, two-bit town like Alverford? A big-time tax fixer from a chemical company based in Maryland gave the Alverford officials the answer. His company would come down, he said, if—and only if—Alverford embarked on a \$100 million "civic improvement" plan. What this actually amounted to was providing most of the money the company would need to build its plant.

Alverford took it from there. The town officials proposed a tax-free municipal bond issue, and the townspeople approved it in a referendum nobody really understood.

By Federal law the holder of a tax-

(Continued on page 46)

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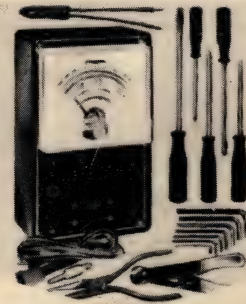
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exempt bond keeps everything he earns on it. Mrs. John Wheelis, widow of a leading automobile executive, had never even heard of Alverford. But she wound up with \$10 million of Alverford tax-frees, on the advice of her stockbroker. Now every year she gets \$400,000, tax free, the 4 percent return on her \$10 million (while the principle stays intact). Or take another look at Dr. Joe Smith, the doctor who went into raising Black Angus cattle. He put his profits into another city's tax-free municipal bonds, at 4 percent, and now he has over \$70,000 a year coming to him in tax-free income.

BUT the municipal bond dodge didn't add up to a good deal for the taxpayers of Alverford. True, they got a big new chemical plant—built at the town's expense. But they also got their civic taxes hiked, because the city had to pay off that 4 percent every year on the bond issue it put out. That's a total of \$4 million per year the town has to get out of its voters and taxpayers who are already screaming because of what they have to pay in Federal taxes and State taxes, and other local taxes like property tax, school tax, etc. And for every penny of tax-free money that Alverford and that chemicals company raised between them for their own purposes, there was a penny of Federal tax money that every average taxpayer in the U.S. had to make up with his own higher tax payments.

Here's something that most people don't realize when they gripe about Federal taxes. The *real* squeeze on your wallet in the last ten or fifteen years has come not from the Federal Government, but from the State and town you live in. State and local taxes will amount to at least \$275, average, for every man, woman and child in the country this year. And a lot of the money goes for paying

off interest on special-benefit bond issues that benefit nobody but the rich.

When it comes to not paying a fair share of taxes, the "oilionaires" have really got it made. Take Phil Welles, for example, a 22-year-old Texan whose daddy is one of the richest men in the world. Phil was given a couple of oil wells outright last year when he reached his 21st birthday. The idea was to teach Phil the business, but the only business he's really learning is tax dodging.

Out of every dollar of profit Phil earns from his wells, he gets to take 27½ cents right off the top and never even report it as earned income. That's because of a special provision the oil people got Congress to pass years ago, when it was thought that the oil in the ground might run out one day. Now the oil men know that there's so much oil in the ground, it may *never* run out—at least, not in the foreseeable future. But that doesn't change the provisions of the law. And it doesn't change the breaks for Phil. You see, Phil can adjust the expenses at his wells so that, after he deducts that 27½ percent he can keep for himself, it looks as though he's actually *losing* money. He never reports any earnings or pays any taxes at all, yet each year he earns more and more money, buys new wells, spends more, and keeps getting richer and richer.

Does that sound like a weird deal to you? It does to the tax experts, too, who have been howling about it for years. But that doesn't make any difference to the oil companies. One of the biggest companies in America, in fact, with oil wells in a couple of states plus wells in every section of the world, has been *losing* money—on paper—for years. Yet, just like old Phil, it keeps growing, adding new employees, buying new wells, and paying its executives bigger and bigger stock bonuses every year. By careful bookkeeping, it never has to pay a cent of income

tax. It even accumulates tax "write-offs" for its faked losses over the years; that way, if it ever does show a profit by accident it will still be able to avoid paying taxes, by referring to "losses" it's incurring right now.

Take a look at some other tax privileged characters. A fellow named John C. Williams has a small factory on one of the Bahama Islands, an island that deliberately exists as a "tax shelter." Williams makes a wicker serving mat that's sold all over the country. It's a small business, but he still takes home \$25,000 a year clear profit on it. He keeps every penny of it, too. The U.S. laws permit anybody who lives out of the country to earn up to \$30,000 a year, tax-free. That's why the Bahamas set up those tax shelters to lure Americans in the first place. After all, it's only thirty minutes by air from Miami to Nassau, and Williams can carry on his business in the U.S., see his old friends and family, etc., all he wants to. He can afford to. And if the Bahamas don't appeal to him, he can always set up business in Mexico, just five minutes across the border from El Paso. The same laws apply in Paris, London, Madrid or Geneva—any "glamour" spot you like.

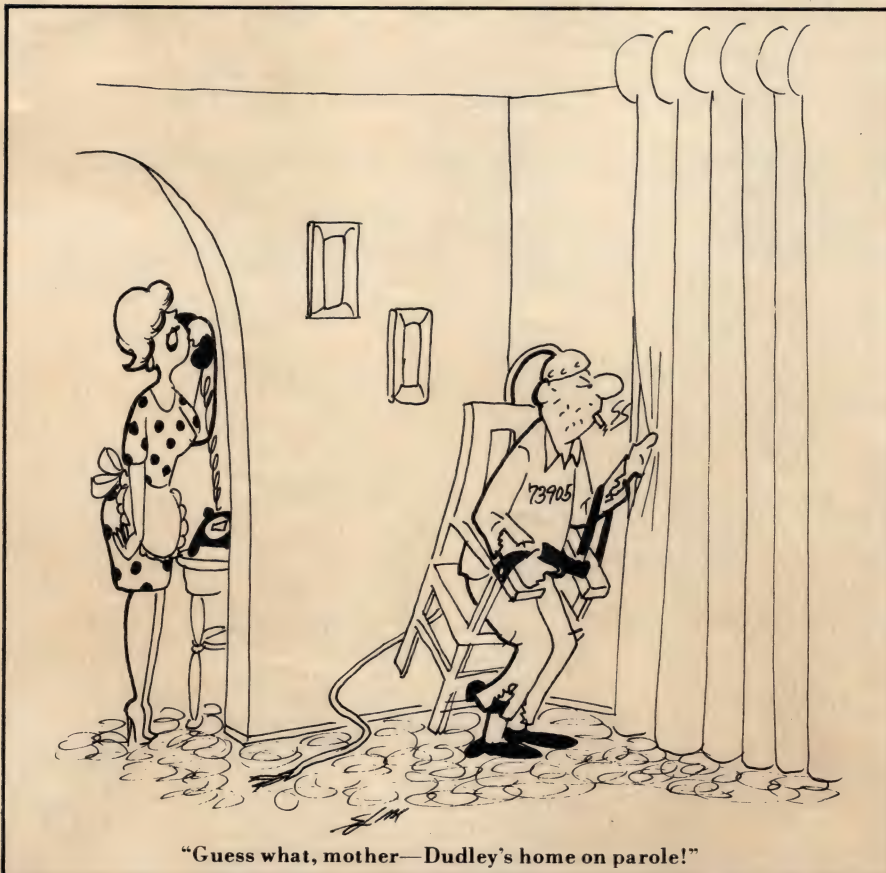
(Just a note to servicemen. Don't bother trying to turn over a tax free income in the fleshpots of Saigon, Frankfurt or any other outside-U.S. town where you happen to get based. All Federal employees are barred from using this tax privilege. Uncle Sam may be crazy, but he isn't stupid. With a couple of million employees scattered around the world, that tax privilege would be a double-murder. As it is, it only affects a comparative few lucky Americans; those, mostly, who happen to be in the upper income brackets and can afford to live outside the country to begin with.)

Now take a look at Ted Smith and Ned Jones. They both earn in the same 60 percent tax bracket. But at his job, Ted gets a bonus called a "stock option" while Jones gets his bonus in cash. Both bonuses are the same amount—\$1,000—but in taxes, the stock option only costs a \$250 kickback to the Government while the straight cash bonus means at least a \$600 loss, or maybe more. That's because a "stock option" is considered capital gains—like raising cows. But a bonus in straight cash is just that: taxable cash.

Maybe you're thinking that if "stock options" are such a good deal, there must be a lot of company officers voting them to themselves. You're right.

ONE classic case happened a few years ago, when Chrysler Corporation—the third largest U.S. automobile company—was fighting hard for its life against the Big Two: General Motors and Ford. Back in 1952, Chrysler directors started voting stock options to themselves: the right to buy Chrysler stock at a low, low price, no matter what price it was on the market when they bought it. By 1963, Chrysler was beginning to really make money again, and the men with the options took the opportunity to "exercise" them—meaning, they bought Chrysler stock at the price they had been promised back in 1952, and in succeeding years.

The difference to the company between the price the stock was selling for on the open market and the price the option holders paid for it added up to roughly \$13.6 million. These men took money out of the company when it needed every penny it could get to battle the competition just because they wanted a tax dodge. You see, when they sell those stocks—



"Guess what, mother—Dudley's home on parole!"



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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(Continued from page 46)

at the market price, not the low price they paid for them—the income they get won't get taxed at the 50, 60 percent most men in top salary brackets face. They'll get away with paying up just 25 percent "capital gains" on the sale of the stock.

If it sounds like a gyp to you, it sounded like a gyp to a lot of Chrysler people too. The company finally changed its management because it was obvious that such speculation wasn't helping any. But that couldn't change the legal contract that let these men make a fortune at the expense of the company they worked for. And it didn't change the principle of the stock option, which every major company in America offers its top men and which allows nearly all of America's top-earning business executives to evade—legally—income taxes they should be paying.

Big business millionaire Charley McGonickle dodges his taxes another way.

McGonickle has put his taxable assets into the "McGonickle Foundation." Charley says the Foundation is a "charitable, non-profit institution"; that makes it tax-exempt under the law. But less than 10 percent of McGonickle Foundation funds ever get distributed to charitable causes. Instead, Charley uses the foundation the way he'd use a holding company. Through the Foundation, he manages his industrial empire. He borrows money from himself interest-free and forgets to pay it back. The Foundation hoards his profits, tax-free, and just incidentally provides fat-paying jobs for all his relatives on its "board of directors" and "staff." Mrs. Charley just got back from a year-long vacation in Europe this spring. The "non-profit, charitable" McGonickle Foundation paid every penny of her expenses.

According to Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, this country may have close to 100,000 such tax-exempt foundations today. The great majority of them, says Patman, are simple tax dodges—devices to get big money away from government

supervision. As Patman says, "More and more, the 'cream' is slipping out of our tax system, as great fortunes go into tax exempt foundations. Thus, the 'skim milk' incomes of average, hard-working families must shoulder an increasing part of the tax burden, both Federal and State."

Meanwhile, old Charley McGonickle is still cooking on all burners. Some years ago, Charley bought some paintings in Europe. Price: \$225,000. Today, Charley has just given those paintings to his McGonickle Foundation. He had an "expert" evaluate them for him as being worth over \$3 million, and he paid the expert a fat fee for the estimate. Now Charley deducts the \$3 million "gift" from his personal taxable assets. He gets full value for the "charitable" contribution. He has a "tax loss" which enables him to go through a couple of years with no payment of taxes on his sizeable earnings. And the paintings are still in Charley's living room, "on loan" from the Foundation, right where they were to start with.

NEVERTHELESS, the experts on taxes point out, it's easier to condemn Charley McGonickle's personal rackets than it is to figure out ways to force Charley to fly right. Using the same dodge Charley does, for example, a third-generation multimillionaire named Paul Mellon just gave Yale University about \$35 million worth of art. The difference is there's nothing phony about Mellon's gift. He gets tax benefits from it, sure. But it's also true that he ranks as the world's leading art collector, that the collection he gave is invaluable, "one of the most important private collections in the world," according to the *New York Times*. Mellon will also probably give a \$12 million building to house the collection; that will make a total of nearly \$75 million he's given over the years to this school. Similarly, the excellent collections of art in such major American institutions as New York's Metropolitan and Museum of Modern Art, or Washington's National Gallery and Smithsonian Institution have resulted from the existence of this tax "loophole."

As for the tax-free foundations, it's just as hard to close down on the grifters among them, the experts say, if you don't want to interfere with those that do enormous good with their cash. The Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, to name just a few, have given hundreds of millions to the cause of improved free education, to the investigation of social conflicts, to build laboratories and libraries, aid advanced work in science and the fine arts. An advantage of such foundation money: it often comes to a community on a dollar-matching basis, so-called. For every dollar the community, school or other beneficiary raises on its own, the foundation will provide a matching dollar of its own. This means the foundation gifts have double benefit and also make the beneficiaries work for themselves. Such money also often goes into basic research. The Ford Foundation provided the money to do the research that provided the best analysis of tax-dodging tricks listed here: \$2.5 million.

So, the problem, say the experts in the tax laws, is not to eliminate these loophole provisions entirely but to rewrite and simplify them so that they will be used fairly and not as excuses for private profit and tax-dodging. That's the purpose of tax reform.

3. The outright law breakers.

Before looking at tax reform, however,

(Continued on page 50)

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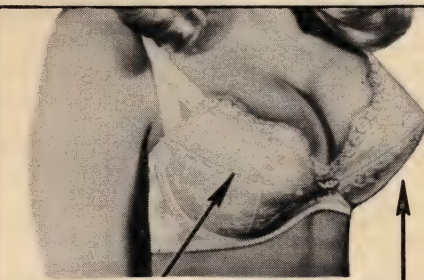
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1968

there's one more variety of tax dodger to check out. This is the guy who actually breaks the letter—not just the spirit—of the law.

In California, up until recently, if you wanted a break on a State tax which took the place of a State income tax for big companies and small businesses alike, there was a certain kind of tax consultant you could go to who would "arrange" matters for you. Translation: he set up a bribe payment. But, last July, an employee of one of these consultants stole some files and turned them over to State authorities. That's when the whole story came out into the open. For the first time in recent years, the names of some of the biggest corporations in the country were linked with indictment for bribery and tax fixing. The technique was a simple one:

IN order to tax businesses in California, the State depended on the verdict of a tax assessor. If the assessor said your property was worth \$1 million, you paid taxes on \$1 million value; if the assessor said it was worth \$10 million, you paid taxes on \$10 million value. And if you bribed the assessor and he decided he had overassessed your property, then you paid taxes on his later decision.

To "reach" the assessor, in California, you went through a special "tax lawyer," like the one whose stolen files broke the scandal wide open. This lawyer charged a set fee, generally between one-third and two-fifths of the total amount of tax money he saved you. And then, if you were the legitimate business using this illegitimate service, you stopped asking questions. If the briber got caught, you didn't want to know about it. And, in fact, no major company has been charged in the case yet, though the names of many are on record.

Two hundred million in tax dollars a year, in California, went down the drain, according to the estimates. One of the assessors in the California office committed suicide when confronted with the

evidence. A second, once considered the greatest expert at tax assessment in America, received a conviction on ten counts of accepting bribes, changing assessments or making wrong assessments. There have been other convictions and several resignations-under investigation. Said a prosecutor, the evidence showed nearly every big company in California lied outright on tax statements to the Assessor's Office. In one major business county, 123 of 160 firms had clipped \$4 million-plus off their taxes; in another, the record showed assessments as low as 1 percent.

It wasn't just one tax consultant alone in California, or one assessor, the records showed, but a whole swarm of them. Most experts agree that California-like conditions exist in every state in the Union right now, and will continue until state income tax laws are rewritten, just as Federal laws must be.

According to an article published in the *Wall Street Journal*, America's leading business publication, at least two out of five of all taxpayers the newspaper surveyed—after the paper guaranteed their names would not be used—admitted to some kind of cheating on their returns.

Nearly everyone who gambles, for example, "forgets" to report his winnings, if he can possibly escape Federal attention. But men have received sentences of three months, plus heavy fines, for this kind of forgetfulness.

Another trick that is commonly indulged in: when the family needs a new refrigerator, or Dad needs a new suit, somehow it manages to get charged off to "business expenses." This kind of grifting can get real "big time." An engineering company president's home, for example, got charged off as an "expense" to a customer who just wanted a bridge designed and built. Such cheating can take years off the grifter's life—if he gets caught by the Government. But usually he doesn't get caught.

There is another side to it. If your sense of injustice is aroused by this sort of thing to the point where you want to do something about your neighbor's dis-

honesty, you can always inform on him. The Government doesn't like much publicity about it, but it's willing to give you 10 percent of any money it collects in taxes as the result of having a delinquent taxpayer or a tax fraud brought to its attention. Just 792 informers' applications (accepted from 4,402 filed) saved \$2.9 million in tax recovery in 1965, and the informers split up \$597,731 in rewards. But most people don't like the role of informer.

4. The chances for tax reform.

When the late President John F. Kennedy came into office in 1961, he at once started talking up the need for a tax cut and for tax reforms to accompany it—the kind of tax reforms that would remedy the evils this article has been talking about.

President Kennedy finally put his tax bill in late in 1962. At the time of the assassination, in November '63, Congress still hadn't passed it. Then, in the wake of the tragedy that took President Kennedy's life, President Johnson did manage to get the tax cut through. Since then, the economy has boomed, just as economic experts had said it would if taxes were reduced. You don't need to go into the complicated economics of the question to see that taxes do have an important effect on the dollars and cents in everybody's pockets, and that this effect means a lot to the U.S. economy—at least, the way it's run today.

But when the tax cut bill finally got through, in 1964, something peculiar had happened to it. The fixers had gotten to the bill. All the attempts at tax reform somehow got dropped out of it, so that all the evils of an unfair tax system continued in their original forms. As a result the tax cut wound up not in the pockets of the small taxpayers, who need the extra money most, but in the pockets of the big taxpayers, who have learned to manipulate the tax system so it performs in the reverse of the way its designers meant it to. A family with a \$3000 after-tax income got only 2 percent, or about \$65 extra out of the tax cut in '64. But a family with \$200,000 income got 18 percent, or at least \$36,000.

Somehow tax "reforms" almost never get passed; they turn into loopholes instead. Just last fall, Congress put through a special, legitimate tax bill aimed at encouraging foreigners to spend their money in the U.S. But the bill came up for passage just in the last days of Congress, when the legislators were swamped with necessary work, bills they had to complete for the country's good. At the very last moment, just before the bill passed, all of a sudden legislators turned up with special provisions they wanted written into it. Nearly all of them were payoffs for favors, special interest legislation that would never have had a chance if Congress had had time to check everything out.

LAST fall's list of special provisions included a "depletion" allowance for people who make a living selling the clay that covers about two-thirds of one southern state. There was another such allowance for the shells of clams and oysters; a special break for people holding a certain kind of very expensive Wall Street stock; a plan allowing those who can afford it to save \$2,500 a year virtually tax free as part of a "self-pension" plan. (By the time the money is taxed, when the "plan" comes into effect after age 65, "old age" benefits will make the



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"Every time I touch your wallet, Mister Higgins, chills go up my spine."

(Continued from page 50)

taxation rate much lower for this current high-income group.)

Complained one of the Senate's top men, Albert Gore of Tennessee, "I've seen this complex bill for only one hour before I have to vote on it. That isn't even time to turn the pages, much less find out exactly what I'm voting on."

Senator Williams of Delaware (the man who broke open the Bobby Baker case some years ago) pointed angrily to one provision in the bill. It was a break for "just one company . . . which gets a windfall of about \$2 million in tax credit."

It wasn't any accident that that tax-dodging company tax-dodger waited till the last minute. The Senate—having no choice in its rush to get business out of the way—passed the bill because it had many good provisions. The bad ones, the special favor-seeking, had to be accepted in the package. Typical of the special deals slipped into such bills was one a few years ago that let a Midwestern lawyer get away with a tax debt without paying a single penny. Nobody knows how many such "individual" tax breaks get by each year. These special privilege provisions are written in such obscure language even Senators admit they're confused.

THE biggest step in a long while toward getting you equal and just taxes was taken last fall when a team led by the top tax economists in the country concluded six and a half years of research to produce a report called "Federal Tax Policy." The study cost \$2.5 million. The Ford Foundation contributed the cash; the Brookings Institution, a non-profit, top-ranking economic research group, carried out the actual study. The result: a prediction of tax reform in the next ten years that will shake the tax structure of this country from top to bottom. It will pulverize the fat cats who have gotten rich at the ordinary citizens' expense, and it may result in your paying less taxes to the Government every year—as percentage of your salary—than most Americans have paid since pre-WW II. In brief:

■The Federal Tax Policy report would actually cut all income tax rates—by as

like it, and substantially rewrite and much as one-third—straight across the board.

■It would knock out the oil "depletion" allowance and all other loopholes stiffen "capital gains," "depreciation" and so forth.

■It would get rid of "tax free" municipal and state bonds, or "tax free" anything!

■It would increase the amount the small taxpayer gets for a basic exemption and would consider the idea of a "negative" income tax: a kind of social security that comes to you even before you reach the age of 65.

Among the points stressed by the report was the fact that tax breaks theoretically meant for *everybody* too often really benefit only the few and well-to-do.

According to sources such as the top business journal *Business Week* any tax reforms that do come about will come as a result of recommendations in the Federal Tax Policy report. The report arms reformers with facts and statistics they never had before; facts and statistics that prove not only that the present tax system is unfair but that, in the long run, it gets the Government less money than a fair system would.

The fat cats aren't worrying—yet. One powerful lobbyist for a farm group said, "We've got the special interests all over the country going for us. As long as all the biggest boys fight to keep their privileges, the rest of us don't have to worry."

The oil industry, the capital gains operators, the special-treatment artists, the tax-free foundation racketeers, none of them alone, can swing the whole day. But the interest of the smallest of them is the same as the interest of the biggest in this issue: all want to keep the tax rates unequal, and the "breaks" up where the rich and the privileged can take advantage of them.

Right now they hold most of the cards. Said the Senate's top tax expert Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee recently about the most notorious of these special interest tax groups:

"The oil and gas lobby, with the vast amounts of money at its disposal, is, I believe, the most diabolical influence at work in the nation's capital. It has for

years succeeded in blocking the assignment of public-spirited members to the tax-writing committees of House and Senate and also intervened in the election of leaders and assistance leaders of both houses.

"No worthwhile tax reform is possible, in my opinion, until the grip of this power group on our Government is broken."

But don't count tax reform down-and-out. Along with Senator Gore, Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon, Philip Hart of Michigan, Thomas Kuchel of California and Robert Kennedy of New York—highly respected legislators and veteran political gut-fighters all—are among the many who have lined up solidly on the side of the lower bracket and middle bracket taxpayer. In the House of Representatives, Texan Wright Patman, too, has skillful allies, such as Florida's Congressman Claude Pepper, New York's Emanuel Celler, and even the "father" of the tax laws as they stand today, Arkansan Wilbur Mills.

MILLS is believed by veteran Washingtonians to be in favor of only those reforms that have a chance of getting through, but he has been a constant advocate of progressive tax rewriting "within reason," from year to year. Every President since Harry Truman—Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson—has advocated tax law reform for greater efficiency and fairness.

Actually, the answer to all this probably lies with the individual taxpayer—who is also the individual voter. Said one legislator recently, off-the-record:

"Hell, I know how unfairly the tax system works. I've been writing these laws for over a generation, haven't I? But it's my responsibility to represent the interests of *all* the people in my district. That includes quite a few big companies, for example. Now, the average voter seldom pays attention to tax legislation—he just doesn't understand it. The big companies, though, they have professionals to find out what's good for them, and to see that I know what they want me to do. An elected representative has to go where the pressure pushes him, ninety percent of the time."

A veteran staffer of a Congressional committee dealing with tax-law writing laid it on the line:

"I don't think any legislator's afraid of the big interests, if he has the citizens behind him. But most people are too lazy to fight for their interests—the big companies aren't. So . . ."

So? What are you, the little guy who wants a tax break, going to do about it? Sit on your hands? Or sit down and write a postcard to your Congressman or Senator. With your postcard and your neighbor's postcard and thousands more like them to back him up, the next time an oil company man says to him, "Do you want to get re-elected? Then you'd better string along with us," he can fire back: "To hell with you, buddy. The voters will vote for me because of tax reform. They don't want to put up with your grifting any more. So buzz off!"

You don't believe it? Try it and see. What have you got to lose except the price of a postcard—and it could turn out to be one of the best investments you ever made.

Get mad. Remember, the special interest tax dodgers are getting away with robbery—and your tax dollars—to make their millions on right now. They aren't worried; they don't see anybody to stop them.

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PILLOW TALK—Most Americans think of a pillow fight as nice, clean, good-natured fun among kids growing up. Hop across the Pacific Ocean to Japan, and the custom takes on all



the sexiness of making a serious pass at a girl. Actually a centuries-old custom, the Japanese pillow fight becomes a ritualistic bit of love play. In the old days, both husband and wife would wear masks, grab the pillows by their sides, rather than near the tops, and whale away at each other. Today, they belt each other with the feather-filled cushions until one gives up, then they both collapse on the floor and make love to each other on the spot. In fact, many a suspicious wife has pinned a roving husband by the fact that he returned home in the evening with some feathers still clinging to his clothes. Try alibiing yourself out of that one!



THE CASE OF MR. ALBRECHT vs GOD—Angry because he sustained an injury which a jury hearing the negligence case ruled “an act of God,” an outraged Mr. Albrecht brought suit in another court against “God and Co.” for \$25,000. The “and Co.” turned out to be every minister, priest and rabbi in town who, the injured party claimed, were God’s cohorts. Reactions to the suit ranged from comments like “If he brings the principal defendant into court, I’ll be glad to testify for Him,” from one minister, to “It may be dismissed for lack of jurisdiction”—an observation from a court official. At the moment, the court has

tossed out the suit as being “frivolous” and “disrespectful,” but the plaintiff is planning to carry it to the Supreme Court. As he said, “This ‘act of God’ thing just gives the insurance companies an easy out. I think I should at least have a chance to plead my case in court.”



DON'T EAT UNTIL YOU READ THIS—Somebody has figured out that in the time it takes you to polish off a nice leisurely dinner—from appetizer to dessert—417 people will die of starvation somewhere on the face of this planet. Which boils down to roughly one death from malnutrition every 8.6 seconds.



HOTTEST WEDDING ON RECORD—If anyone in the bridal party wondered why the registrar at Caxton Hall in London seemed to be hurrying through the wedding service, their question was answered as the registrar intoned, “I pronounce you man and wife,” then added, “I also must tell you that this building is on fire.” When the startled bride, groom and guests looked out the window, they saw four fire engines that had been battling the blaze for the fifteen minutes the ceremony took to complete. It was the registrar’s decision to go through with the wedding, even though he was the only one aware of what was going on outside. P.S. Everything worked out o.k. and the marriage was recorded in a blaze of glory.



'COPTER HELPS GI DUCK VC—It isn't very often that an American GI gets a chance to escape from the Vietcong, but one of the most dramatic rescues of any war took place recently near Cantho. A GI had been led into an ambush and jumped by some Cong guerrillas who quickly made off with him. For

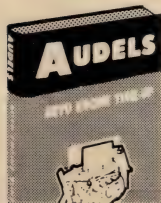


ten days they held him prisoner, but on the tenth day, while they were transporting him downriver by sampan, they were spotted by a cruising helicopter. Zooming down, the 'copter's gunner began lacing the sampan with everything he had, causing the two Vietcong soldiers to jump overboard and into the river. The GI, trying not to get hit by friendly fire, rolled himself and the sampan over and swam to shore. Once in the bushes, he watched the 'copter put a fast finish to the two VC who'd been guarding him, then ran out of hiding and waved his arms around to attract attention. For a while, he was sure he'd be chopped down, too, but the pilot—recognizing him as an American—called off the gunner and dropped down low enough into Cong-held territory for the escaped GI to scramble aboard the plane with the help of the crewman. Interrogated after the dramatic rescue, the GI said that the VC hadn't mistreated him during the time he was prisoner, but kept him hidden most of the days and moved him usually at night. “I don't know how the helicopter spotted me in the sampan,” wondered the returned prisoner, “because I was kept covered with twigs and branches to hide me from spotter planes.”

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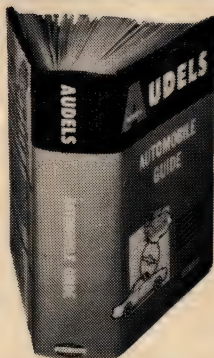
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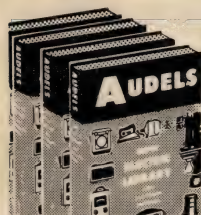
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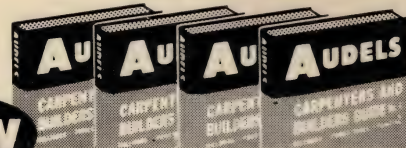
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FEMALE ORGASM

Continued from page 13

our money fights were really fights about something else.

Wife: And you were right.

Dr. L: I see. And *what* did you realize was the actual cause?

Wife: The usual thing.

Dr. L: What's "the unusual thing"?

Wife: Sex. Isn't that what husbands and wives always fight about?

Dr. L: No. But we're not interested in other couples. Why do you and your husband have trouble with sex?

Husband: Because Julia can hardly ever make it, if you know what I mean—she can't, uh, you know . . .

Dr. L: And this upsets her?

Wife: No. It upsets him.

Dr. L: Excuse me, let me make sure I understand. You, Mrs. T., usually fail to have an orgasm. And this upsets *your* husband?

Wife: That's right.

Dr. L: But it doesn't bother you?

Wife: Well, it would be sort of nice to have a climax more often, I suppose, and lately I *have* been a little upset afterward. Only it's not because I feel cheated or anything. It's Mike's being upset that makes me upset. He makes me feel that I've failed him, that a real woman would be better in bed.

Husband: Boy, has she got the cart before the horse! She makes me feel like I'm a lousy lover.

Dr. L: *This is a classic exchange. Here is the vicious cycle of pure projection. The wife, feeling that she's a sexual failure, is secretly convinced that this is what her husband thinks and feels. And the husband, who believes it's all his fault, projects this onto his wife. Then, since they don't talk about it, each is furious at the other—which relieves them of the need to do anything about it except be angry. It's one of the games couples play, which I call "Heads you win, tails I lose."*

Wife: Here we go with Mike's theme song, doctor! It's always "put the blame on Mame," as far as he's concerned.

DR. L: Before the two of you start giving each other failing grades on sex report cards, let me ask you some blunt questions. Mr. T., do you consider yourself a good lover?

Silence.

Dr. L: What about you, Mrs. T.—are you good in bed?

Silence.

Dr. L: *Both husband and wife shook their heads. They didn't think they were good in bed. And since I want to move ahead on this tape, I'll summarize what I learned in the following discussion. First, this couple had sex relations on the average of twice a week. As you all know, this is a good average. Second, each had had limited premarital sex experience, and had found it enjoyable—which would seem to indicate a generally healthy attitude toward intercourse. Third, this couple said that they loved each other and had never talked of divorce. Why, then, were they getting along so badly that they came to the Institute for help? Let me go ahead on the tape to*

the point where they talk about the wife's orgasm—or lack of it.)

Husband: Let's face it. If I were a real pro, I could make sure that Julia made it every time.

Wife: It's both of us, Mike. If I were better, we could make it together. But as it is, there must be something missing in me.

Husband (barely audible): What's missing is me.

Wife: You're just imagining things, Mike.

Dr. L: What things are you imagining, Mike?

Husband: It's not my imagination. I've got eyes and I can see. I was in the Army for three years, so I know what I see when I see it. I'm on the small side, that's all. If I were bigger, my wife wouldn't have any problems.

Dr. L: *The sexual problems of this couple were more in their heads than in their bodies. Because of their mistaken ideas about the female orgasm and its relation to sexual pleasure, they were failing to enjoy intercourse. The remarks you've just heard contain a number of myths about the female orgasm that I find quite commonly believed, and I think it is important for the general public to be taught the truth. Like Mr. and Mrs. T., what many couples need is not therapy but education—and many of their sex hang-ups would disappear.*

(Here, in my opinion, are the ten myths about female orgasm that I think do great harm. (1) The myth that orgasm proves a woman is sexually healthy and awakened. (2) The myth of two different kinds of orgasms. (3) The myth of simultaneous orgasms. (4) The myth of the ideal position for achieving orgasm. (5) The myth that females can experience only one orgasm during a single act of intercourse. (6) The myth of the superiority of the large penis in inducing female orgasm. (7) The myth that a good lover can bring any woman to orgasm. (8) The myth that the true female is passively brought to orgasm and does not actively cooperate in achieving it. (9) The myth of female ejaculation during orgasm. (10) The myth that female orgasm is proof of marital happiness.)

These ten myths about female orgasm did not have to be examined in detail at the A.M.A.A. seminar because they were already familiar to the doctors, psychiatrists and marriage counselors who were present. Later, however, the myths were discussed by a panel of experts at a public meeting. Drawing on recent research, including up-to-date reports of the continuing experimental work of Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson, the experts cast new light on old sex beliefs.

Myth No. 1: With the orgasm, a woman proves herself sexually healthy and awakened.

As with some myths, this one contains an element of truth. The woman who can frequently attain orgasm during normal,

loving intercourse is obviously a sexually healthy and liberated female. But the orgasm isn't the "proof." The only proof that matters is whether the woman enjoys making love, surrenders herself to it, anticipates it with pleasure and feels fulfilled at its completion. A surprising number of women report that they rarely, or in some cases never experience orgasm but enjoy sex nevertheless and are eager to have it.

One woman who said that she rarely achieves an orgasm described her attitude in these blunt terms: "Men are always writing about sex, not women, and men don't know a damn thing about a woman's feelings. I love being touched, for example. I love it when a man's hands know where to go and what to do when they get there. And men just don't seem to understand how exciting it is to a woman when she hears the sounds a man makes, and the things he says when he lets the words come without censoring them."

"SOMETIMES, though, it doesn't have to be lightning and thunder and all that kind of exaggerated thing that men go for, and still it's great for me. It's like lying on the bottom of a canoe and drifting with the tide under the sun, and it couldn't be nicer. I'd like to have more orgasms—I'd be a liar if I denied it—but the way it is, I'm not about to complain."

Further proof of the meaninglessness of this particular myth can be found in the fact that some women have orgasms virtually at will but are emotionally ill. The primary symptom of their malady, in fact, is their constant orgasmic responsiveness.

One of the most striking cases in psychiatric literature was presented by Dr. Edrita Fried, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "Helene," Dr. Fried reported, "a beautiful and talented actress of thirty, was contemplating her fourth divorce. She was continuously, and quite against her conscious wish, disloyal to her husband, either having love affairs with other men, or inviting them or wishing for them. During one Sunday she obtained three orgasms through sexual stimulation and manipulation from three different sources. In the morning she had satisfying intercourse with her husband. In the early afternoon she met another actress, was excited by the girl's compact body and had a lesbian relationship with her. And at night she had a love affair with her husband's best friend."

As Dr. Fried explained the case: "Relatively slight stimuli called forth sexual action in this patient, who, like others who function similarly, had a sense of smell, of touch and of visual perception that was extraordinarily ready to receive impressions. She was undoubtedly unable to delay reactions, that is, to control her impulses. Despite her multiple love affairs and intense and manifold activities, Helene often felt apathetic and drank heavily to become stimulated and sociable."

Thus, as in cases like that of Helene, a woman's ability to achieve orgasms may be no proof at all of her sexual health but, on the contrary, may be a symptom of emotional illness.

Myth No. 2: A woman can experience two different kinds of orgasm, the clitoral and the vaginal, with the vaginal orgasm being superior.

Of all arguments over the true nature of female sexuality, none raged more fiercely than this one—until April, 1966, when the Masters-Johnson research was first published. Some doctors had argued,

(Continued on page 58)

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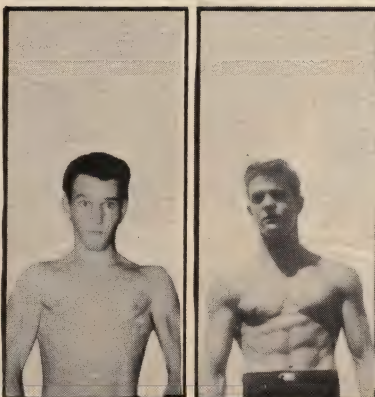
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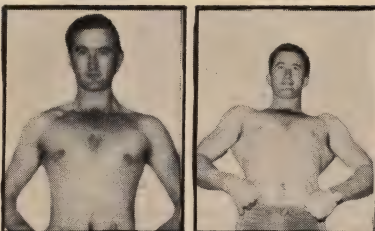
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on the basis of the testimony of a considerable number of women, that stimulation of the clitoris induced an emotionally immature orgasm, in contrast to the mature orgasm that followed from stimulation of the vagina. This is no longer a medically acceptable view. Irrefutable evidence from Dr. Masters' sex laboratory participants proved that physiologically, at least, the orgasmic response is identical no matter how it may be induced: by masturbation, machine, heterosexual sex play or actual penetration. Or, as Gertrude Stein might have put it, an orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm.

With this new knowledge, however, medical science is now on its way to new understanding of female sexuality. For the fact still remains that a woman, unlike a man, has two separate sources of sexual responsiveness: the clitoris and the vagina. The clitoris is by far more sensitive. It possesses a denser concentration of nerve endings than the penis, for example—or, incredibly enough, than any other organ in the body, male or female. Thus it is extraordinarily responsive to stimulation. The vagina, by contrast, is not well equipped with nerves and consequently not very receptive to stimulation.

BUT stimulation of a woman's sex organs isn't the whole story, and this is something most men don't understand. A simple analogy may help. Anyone who has ever passed an airport has surely seen a radar screen pivoting in a circle as it seeks out the presence of distant planes. If a signal bounces back from a plane, it is sensed by the screen, which then relays the signal to a control room. In response to the signal, the control room reacts and sends out instructions to the plane. This is essentially what happens to the human being in most of his daily experiences. Sensations from the outside are relayed to his brain, which then orders an appropriate response from the body.

During the sex act, to take a single example, the woman's nerve-rich clitoris

senses stimulating motion and sends powerful, excited messages to the brain which responds by ordering the rest of the body to act with increasing sexual intensity. But the human mind can literally deaden nerves. Whenever fear is strong enough, for instance, it can make a person deaf, blind or insensible. During intercourse, a frightened tense woman will not feel what is happening to her body. Her clitoris will be like a radar screen that can no longer sense the signals that are reaching it: No "messages" or feelings are sent to the brain and, consequently, the brain does not order further responses from the body. Under such circumstances, sex for a woman is experienced as something happening outside her body, to be patiently accepted and passively endured until the man brings it to an end.

For the sexually mature and liberated woman, however, all her sensory nerves are alive. She is stimulated by what she sees and hears, by the odors that reach her, by everything that touches her skin, and, of course, she senses what happens to her sexual organs. The clitoris sends stabbing, flaring signals to the brain. The vagina sends slower, deeper, more rhythmic currents of feeling. And here lies the clue to a new understanding of the female orgasm. Because the vagina is less sensitive and sends weaker signals to the brain, many women do not receive its messages. For them, orgasm is a gift of the clitoris. But for other women, who can be stimulated vaginally as well as clitorally, and who fuse both sets of sensations in their brains, the responses of their bodies are complete. The orgasms they experience will be no different, physiologically, from the orgasms of other women—but subsequent feelings of satisfaction and achievement may well be more profound and more enduring.

Myth No. 3: The goal of sexual intercourse is simultaneous orgasm.

Few erroneous notions have caused more harm in the past ten years than the idea that if a husband is to be successful as a lover, he must time his orgasm to coincide with that of his wife. It can, of course, be done—but only under

the best of circumstances and not with any regularity. If it is made into a conscious and deliberate goal and attempted too often, it can actually produce unresponsiveness on the part of husband or wife—or both.

Such a case was recently reported at a New York medical conference. The husband was 32 and a stock market analyst. His wife was 30 and taught elementary school. Both were college graduates. When the wife began having such intense headaches that occasionally she could not go in to teach, she went to an internist for consultation. During the course of a diagnostic interview, she admitted that shortly before the headaches started, she and her husband had "not been enjoying love-making as they usually did."

Patient questioning elicited the fact that the couple consistently tried to achieve simultaneous orgasm. The wife said that her husband managed it quite often, but it seemed to her that he paid a price for it. She said that on several occasions he had brought her to a climax but had then discovered that he himself could not achieve release. "He keeps telling me it doesn't matter," she reported, "that he gets enough pleasure from my orgasm, but I can hardly believe it. And even if it is true, I wind up feeling awful. Sometimes it makes sex seem like an athletic contest—you know, a lot of hard work, trying to score."

It also developed that the husband's interest in sex had, not surprisingly, begun to wane. Occasionally, even with his wife's active encouragement, his body failed to function satisfactorily in the act of sex.

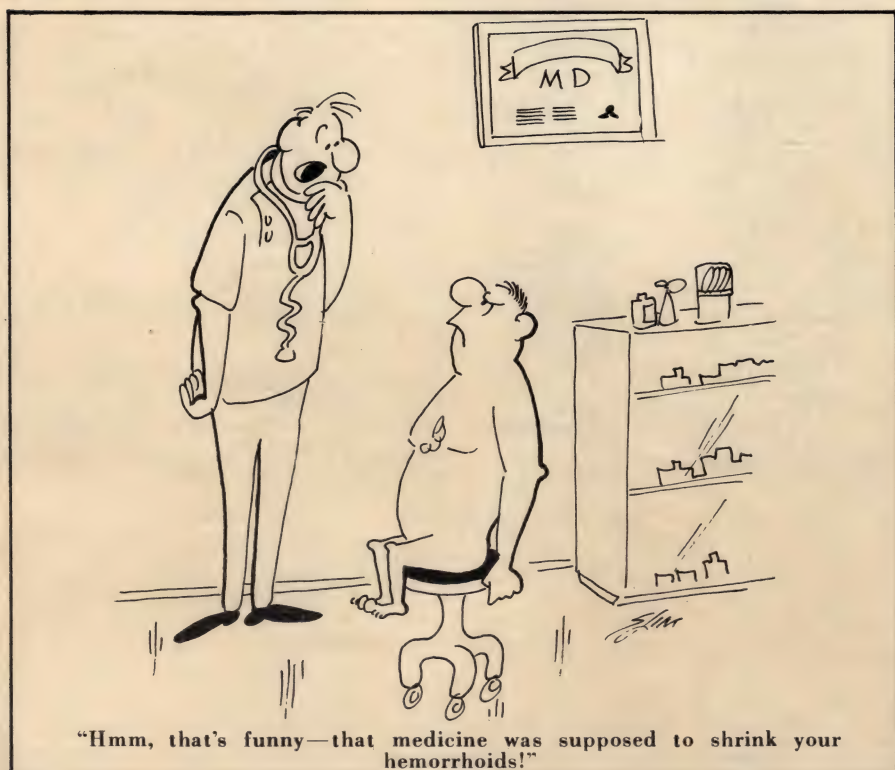
The diagnosis amounted to a cure. Once the internist told the wife that overintensive striving for simultaneous orgasms was responsible for her headaches and her husband's occasional impotence, the couple quickly regained their normal pleasure in making love. More than that, the wife discovered an additional truth about the pleasure of sex. Having simultaneous orgasm can, at times, deprive a woman of the joy she wants and needs: experiencing her husband's masculine drive to climax as a tribute to her body's desirability. "It's no good," she explained, "if I'm completely involved in my own body and my own feelings just at the moment I could be getting a lot of satisfaction from what's happening to my husband."

Myth No. 4: The ideal position for bringing a woman to orgasm is with the female above, the male supine.

HERE again is a myth with an element of truth. For many years, sex manuals recommended this position as a means of increasing the woman's pleasure. This opinion was based on the belief that during intercourse the clitoris could be stimulated by only direct friction. If that were true, a couple would gain a physiological advantage by having the man on his back because in this coital position the clitoris comes into the closest possible proximity to the penis.

But it is now known that such direct contact is not necessary for a woman to become fully aroused. The normal masculine sex motions are all that is required. No matter what position a couple may find comfortable, healthy male activity will have essentially the same effect on the female sex organs, combining friction and traction to achieve complete clitoral satisfaction.

Most doctors today, far from encourag-



(Continued on page 60)

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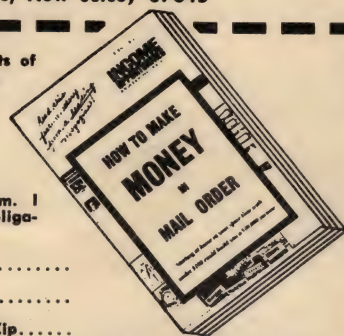
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"You're the most beautiful creature I've ever seen."

(Continued from page 58)

ing couples to find the one "best" position, believe that coital variety isn't the *spice* of sex life—it's the very essence of it. And they believe there are virtually no limits to the ways in which couples can, and should, explore the pleasures of sex.

In a recent contribution to the medical literature on sex, Dr. Leon Salzman, professor of clinical psychiatry at Georgetown University School of Medicine in Washington, D.C., wrote: "There is a growing conviction that sex activity should be practiced in whatever manner is conducive to the greatest mutual enjoyment, provided there is no physiological or psychological damage to either partner. The manner of stimulating the penis or clitoris should not be viewed in terms of either normality or maturity."

Myth No. 5: The larger a man's penis, the better the woman's chances of having an orgasm.

Biologically this is totally untrue. Psychologically this is a paradox—both true and untrue, depending on the individual women concerned.

Biologically the facts are clear and beyond dispute. It is a "phallic fallacy" to believe that the size of the male organ influences to any degree the pleasure a woman experiences during intercourse. For one thing, there is far less difference in size among men than is generally believed. This is because the organ that may seem small when relaxed becomes considerably larger in the state of excitement, while one that seems large when relaxed does not become proportionately larger. For another thing, during sexual intercourse the woman's vagina contracts and accommodates itself so that the man and woman, in most cases, fit snugly no matter what the male proportions may be.

Psychologically, however, a curious con-

tradition exists. Some women become frightened by seeing a man who seems large to them, and they often prove incapable of having intercourse at all. Other women, obviously believing in the phallic fallacy, become highly stimulated at the sight of a man who seems well-endowed and therefore respond more fully.

According to most psychiatrists, women who attach much importance to the size of the penis are probably neurotic and troubled with sexual problems. A Chicago psychiatrist reported the case of an unmarried woman, a nightclub singer and entertainer, who had come for help because she claimed she wasn't enjoying sex very much. "No man can satisfy me," she complained. "They're either too small or too clumsy."

IN the course of treatment, she kept trying to seduce the doctor. Her motivation was simple: if she could show him that he, too, was inadequate, she could treat him with the same contempt she used to punish all other men. Sex was, for her, the perfect way to put down any man she chose.

As she ultimately admitted to the psychiatrist: "It's so easy to stick a pin in a man's balloon! I just wait until he's naked, and then it only takes a sentence or two. Like I ask him what he's going to do with that little toy of his. Or else, after he's been busy for a while, I'll just say that I wish he'd stop exercising and get down to work. Sometimes it's good for a laugh—like I'll ask if maybe we shouldn't put a couple of other men on the job. It usually works—the guy is finished. Not always, though, because I've had a couple of guys get sore as hell and then they gave me a workout like they wanted to kill me. But I got them in the end. Afterward I'd tell them how they scored. 'Nothing,' I'd tell them, 'absolutely zero.'"

For such women, cures are virtually impossible and they often prove to be

latent lesbians. Their belief in the myth of the large penis is their defense against confronting the truth of their own sexual natures.

Myth No. 6: A woman can experience only one orgasm during a single act of intercourse.

Of all the disclosures made by the Masters-Johnson study, none proved more sensational than the fact that women can achieve multiple orgasms with comparative ease. The authors of *Human Sexual Response* wrote: "If a female who is capable of having regular orgasm is properly stimulated within a short period after her first climax, she will in most instances be capable of having a second, third, fourth and even fifth and sixth orgasm before she is fully satiated. As contrasted with the male's usual inability to have more than one orgasm in a short period, many females, especially when clitorally stimulated, can regularly have five or six full orgasms within a matter of a few minutes."

For skeptics, there are interesting kinds of corroboration. In a 1938 study of marital happiness, Prof. L. M. Terman reported that about 13 percent of his sample of 792 married women reported having multiple orgasms, while Dr. Kinsey in 1953 stated that about 14 percent of all women in his study, who had experienced intercourse at least 25 times whether married or not, had had multiple orgasms.

Indications are that more startling facts have yet to be revealed. According to preliminary reports on the new sex research being carried out by Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson, women who had been sexually frigid before being given therapy in St. Louis for periods ranging from a mere ten days to three weeks actually succeeded in achieving not just orgasm—but multiple orgasm. What is more, they achieved this with ease and rapidity.

If these findings are confirmed, there is little doubt that medical science will have to redefine the dimensions of female sexuality.

Myth No. 7: A good lover can bring any woman to orgasm.

This is pure bull-session bull. Psychiatric literature abounds with case histories of emotionally crippled women whose sexual frigidity couldn't be thawed by Don Juan himself. But that doesn't stop some men, who want to brag about their bedroom virtuosity, from telling tall tales about their performances in melting female icebergs.

The danger of believing this myth can hardly be better illustrated than by a tragic incident that took place two years ago in a New England college town. It involved five fraternity boys and a "townie," a girl who lived in the local community. She had been having an affair with one of the boys and had found herself not only unable to have an orgasm but virtually unresponsive. The boy, who was comparatively inexperienced, blamed himself for lacking the skill required to arouse her.

He talked it over with some of his fraternity friends, and they agreed that she could be "cured" by someone who really knew what to do. One fraternity brother volunteered—and, incredibly enough, the boy friend managed to talk his girl into accepting a little sex therapy.

The experiment failed, and no doubt it would have ended there without too much harm if the girl herself hadn't begun fearing that she might not be normal. Now she wanted another boy to try, and so there was a third, and a fourth and a fifth. What made it worse was that her honest desperation drove the boys to try everything they knew, and to use every

far-out technique imaginable, in a frenzied pursuit of orgasm.

One night they reached the limit. The five boys took turns, with the friend coming to her last. At that point he found himself impotent. Although he insisted it wasn't her fault, the girl refused to believe him. And that night she committed suicide.

Myth No. 8: The mature female achieves orgasm by passively cooperating with the active, aggressive male.

The persistence of this folklore foolishness is remarkable. A heritage from Victorian days, it has been consistently attacked as an ignorant prejudice for several decades—and still it hangs on. A recent survey of college men and women revealed that an astonishing 71 percent of the men and 66 percent of the women still believe that the best female sex partner is the one who "follows the man's lead at all times." In addition, 79 percent of the men and 71 percent of the women believe that a girl who initiates sex activity is "almost always" masculine in character.

Few, if any, sex authorities today would agree. Certainly the woman who *always* takes the initiative in sex is behaving in uncharacteristic and unfeminine fashion, but there seems little doubt that the modern emancipated female adds a very special ingredient to the sexual experience when she takes both an active and passive role.

Dramatic proof of this fact can be found in recent publications dealing with medical ways of helping men overcome sexual lethargy and inadequacy. The doctors first encouraged the husbands to accept any and all efforts made by their wives to promote a fuller sex life. The doctors then gave the wives specific instructions

for "exercises in sensual pleasure," which were not meant to lead necessarily to intercourse. They were, however, deliberately seductive and stimulating in ways that were more direct than most American women are accustomed to. In addition, the wives were told to take more active roles in love-making.

"All these couples needed," one doctor wrote, "was permission from an authority figure, and it was remarkable how quickly the new practices were adopted. With eight couples, the average for weekly intercourse rose from 0.9 to 2.1 (about equal to the Kinsey norm), and of these eight couples, where only one had ever used any coital technique other than the usual, *seven* engaged in, and enjoyed, up-to-then-shunned sex stimuli. Most striking of all, correlations proved that the more actively the wives encouraged sexual activity, the more interest the husbands showed in intercourse."

Myth No. 9: Women have an ejaculation during orgasm comparable to that of men.

THERE is no truth to this. Ejaculation by the male involves the expulsion of seminal fluid, which does not happen in the female. Oddly enough, however, orgasms in men and women are biologically identical. In both sexes, excitement floods the organs with surging rushes of blood, which in turn causes erectile chambers to swell and become full. When the climax is reached, certain muscles contract and forcibly empty those chambers. But only in men does this squeezing action of the muscles result in ejaculation.

Another curious sidelight to this myth is that, better than any other, it demonstrates the power of imagination. Because men and women believed that this was

biologically a fact, they constantly reported that it happened to them! This is vividly documented in *My Secret Life*, the recently discovered 19th century erotic autobiography of an anonymous writer. As Professor Steven Marcus of Columbia University notes, the belief in female ejaculation is "one of the most widely cherished of male fantasies" and it allowed men and women alike to describe how it felt while it was happening—even though nothing of the sort was happening at all.

Myth No. 10: Female orgasm is proof of a good marriage adjustment.

It would be nice if this were true. If, in fact, the wife's ability to experience orgasm during intercourse with her husband could be demonstrated to play a part in strengthening a marriage, this would give marriage experts and sexologists alike a single, simple goal: improvement of the wife's orgasm potential as a means of preventing divorce.

But research does not lend itself to this simple approach. Based on a sample of over 1000 women who were interviewed in detail about their sex lives, Dr. Paul Gebhard—Kinsey's successor at the Institute for Sex Research—reports that almost 5 percent of the women with "very happy" marriages said that they "never, or hardly ever" experienced orgasm. But of the women with "very unhappy" marriages, almost four out of every 10 came to a climax in 90 percent or more of their sexual unions! What is more, in 94 cases a divorce had taken place even though these women, too, reported orgasms almost every time they and their husbands had intercourse. The wry comment of one divorced wife seems painfully true: "Couples that fly together won't necessarily thrive together." ♦♦♦

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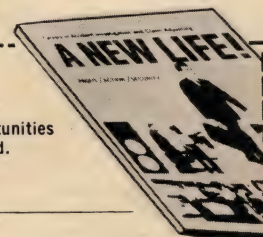


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"JUST CALL ME CANDY—BABY"

Continued from page 28

toward him, shook her head and said, "No." And he noticed her face for the first time. She was beautiful. Her hair was auburn, combed straight back; it hung down loosely, but carefully combed, over her shoulders. She had high cheekbones that drew all her features into perfect focus, but not in the way of fashion models—there was a lushness to her, as if she needed love and loving instead of food and water to keep her alive. The softness of her mouth confirmed this impression. And the full look of her breasts in the black jersey dress completed the image perfectly.

She turned back to her window after telling Mac the seat wasn't taken. He didn't press for conversation. He had plenty of time. This was the through bus to Los Angeles. A few people would be getting off along the way, but most would remain on. The odds were with him and the way his luck was running, he took the bet.

IT wasn't until they had cleared the New Jersey Turnpike and were in Pennsylvania that she turned to Mac finally and said, "Excuse me, please."

He got up and stood in the aisle to give her room to get by. The skirt moved down a little when she was standing, but not much. For a moment Mac watched her walk toward the rear of the bus where the rest room was, then sat down so as not to be caught watching her. A Marine a few seats away smiled at Mac in a way that said, "You've sure got yourself something there, mister!"

When she returned, he stood up again. This time, after she had slid in and Mac was seated, she said, "Thank you."

"You're very welcome," Mac said. Then: "I'm Mac Dawler. We might as well know who we are. It's a long trip."

"I'm Candy Wilson," she said easily. "Are you going all the way?"

He nodded. "Los Angeles. Two weeks of business under the palm trees. You headed there too?"

"My family has a ranch outside of Ash Fork," she said. "That's Arizona."

"You don't look like a cowgirl." She smiled, pulled down a little on her skirt. "I still haven't gotten used to showing quite so much leg. I'm afraid," she said.

"With your legs, I wouldn't worry." "Thank you again," she said. "But back at the ranch..." They both laughed.

"Actually I've spent quite a lot of time in the East," she said. "Believe it or not, this cowgirl was sent to Smith for an education. We have over six-hundred acres and I guess daddy sent me off to school so there'd be someone in the family who could count the cows."

"You live in Arizona?" Mac asked her. She nodded. "I get to New York four or five times a year." I love the trip. Sometimes I fly. Sometimes I drive. Sometimes I take the bus."

They talked for a while about the different pleasures involved with flying or driving or taking the bus and of sights to see along the way when you have the

time and how people lose too much of the real sense of traveling when they fly.

"Boom! you're there!" she said. "You don't get the feel of the country at all that way. There's so much to see."

And then they stopped talking as if by calm, mutual consent, not at all as if they had nothing more to say to each other.

Candy looked out of the window. Mac did, too, for a while, his eyes going from the view to her face, back and forth. And then he leaned back and dozed.

She woke him when the bus stopped for dinner at a Howard Johnson's in Pennsylvania.

They shared a table, but she wouldn't let him pay for her dinner. They each had two drinks. And by the time they returned to the bus, it was dark.

Mac noticed as she got into her seat that she made no move, futile as it might be, to pull her skirt down. He still saw the same amount of leg. But the fact that she hadn't made that conventional move both pleased and excited him.

When they pulled away from the restaurant, the bus was lit only by individual reading lights. Each seat had one. Both of theirs were on.

She asked him about his work. He represented a firm in New York that sold assorted furnishings to hotels and motels. He was going to Los Angeles to set up several new accounts that had already been negotiated, and had to investigate the customer potential of other new hotels in the Los Angeles area. She asked him if he traveled much and he said yes, and that he liked buses for the same reason she said she did; he liked to see the country and also to just sit back for a few days instead of only a few hours and relax.

As they talked, the reading lights all around them began to go off one by one. They soon found themselves talking in softer voices as they noticed people settling themselves for the night, letting their seats go back as far as they would go, taking pillows down from the overhead rack and pulling blankets around them.

Then they stopped talking. They were looking directly into each other's faces. Mac reached up slowly and placed one hand against the side of her face. She made no move to stop him. He leaned forward and kissed her very gently on the mouth.

He backed away from her. Her expression was calm, pleased. She was obviously no woman for fake battles or tire-some seductions. She was that rare kind of female who will say no even as the first move is being made if no is what she means. But if she does not say no, then whatever passion may be part of seduction she will put into the love-play—to excite, not to tease.

They looked at each other in this way for several moments. Then Mac reached up and switched off both their reading lights. Theirs were the last, leaving the bus in complete darkness now, except for highway lights that flashed by outside or the moon that rode along with them in the black sky.

Mac took hold of her hand. Her fingers pressed hard against his flesh. He leaned over again, but this time when he found her mouth the kiss was hungry, frank in its desire and without restraint.

As Mac probed with his tongue inside her mouth, he felt her move in closer to him, felt her legs against his. He reached down with his left hand and touched her breast. She moaned very softly. Her arm went around his neck, pulling him in even harder against her.

Mac moved his hand from her breast down to her silken thigh. Her tongue shot into his mouth, darted wildly. The softness of the inside of her thigh excited him as he moved his hand slowly upward toward the edge of her skirt. She had to press her mouth in as hard as she could against his shoulder to muffle her moaning until she could be silent again. Later, she lifted her mouth to give him grateful kisses in the dark...

They were no longer merely amiable strangers in the morning. They'd come to know each other in a night and Mac was very grateful for his good luck. She even let him pay for breakfast, and when she did, Mac smiled at her and said, "I guess this makes it official."

She returned his smile and said, "Yes." "Come to Los Angeles with me," Mac said.

"I can't."

"Come to Los Angeles with me," he repeated.

She shook her head with a hurt look in her eyes and said, "I can't."

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"Then come."

"I've told you I can't," she said. "I wish very much, I truly do, that I could come with you. But I just can't."

They heard the bus horn blow three times, the signal for them to return.

"It wasn't a bad idea," Mac said. "You've got to admit that much."

"It was a very good idea," she said, taking his hand and pressing it in a way meant only to tell him her words were the truth.

It had been a very long time since merely touching a woman's hand had excited Mac as it did now. In daylight, there was little more they could do.

Kentucky was green rolling hills. Candy pointed to thoroughbreds running and grazing in a large pasture. "Aren't they beautiful?" she said.

"You are," said Mac.

She smiled and said, "We have very different horses out in Arizona. Not nearly as refined as these. They handle much better though. You couldn't be comfortable riding one of these horses for a whole day on the range."

"I've got an idea," Mac said.

She touched his lips lightly with the tip of her finger and said, "I'll bet you do."

"AT the next dinner break, we'll have close to two hours," he said.

"I'm not going to start playing games with you now," she said.

Mac was not sure what she meant. "We could get a room," he said.

"We've almost been there already anyway," she said, smiling.

The dinner stop was in St. Louis. Mac checked with the driver to see how long they'd have. "We leave at nine," the driver said. Mac looked at his watch. It was only a few minutes after seven.

They went to a hotel directly across the street from the bus terminal. There was no fuss, no discussion. They both knew what they wanted. It was as happily simple as that.

Neither one of them took more than a quick glance around the room. As soon as the bellhop closed the door behind him, Mac took hold of her, drew her in against him. Her mouth was even more alive to his kiss than it had been on the bus. Standing more than six feet in height, he towered over her and he could feel her body tremble in his arms.

"I should walk out of here right now," she said, backing calmly away from him. "That's the truth and I know it."

"But you won't," Mac said.

She did not speak. She reached back and unzipped her dress, pulling it down off her shoulders so it fell to the floor around her feet. All she wore underneath was a black bra cut to cover only half her breasts and a pair of sheer black panty-hose.

She stood there, almost as if waiting to be inspected. A faint smile came to her lips. Mac removed his jacket, tossed it over a chair, then removed his tie and shirt.

"It's bad luck for a girl to take off her own bra," she said. "Did you know that?"

"I'm a good learner," Mac said.

She stood perfectly still as he reached back and unfastened the bra, tossed it into the foot of the bed.

Then she removed the panty-hose and stood before him, completely naked.

Mac just looked at her for several moments. She was indeed a sight to behold. He'd had more than his share of women in his 29-year life, many of them very beautiful. But never one quite this fine, this perfect.

She was not at all embarrassed or uneasy by the way he stared at her. She reached down, cupped her breasts in her palms, looked up at Mac and playfully asked, "Like them?"

"Almost as much as I like Chinese food," he said. She laughed.

"The first time I was in New York, I tried to get a job as a fashion model," she said. "They wouldn't take me."

"I'm glad," he said.

He took her in his arms, kissed her again, this time feeling the full length of her naked body against him. Finally, he picked her up and carried her over to the bed.

And her body was as wild and wise as anything he could have conjured in his imagination. She seemed to turn an hour into years of loving between them by all she gave him, by the grateful and passionate way she received what he had to give in return.

WHEN they were done and she was getting dressed, she paused and looked over at Mac in bed and said, "This is a perfectly awful thing to say, I know. It's so trite I'm ashamed, but I do have to tell you..." She stopped, then went on: "It's just never been as good as this for me in my whole life." She shook her head and smiled in a funny way. "There! I've said it! It sounds so damned silly when you say it. But it's true. It really is true. And I wanted you to know."

They didn't need as many words now. They sat there and touched as much as they could during the day and then at night in the dark under a blanket.

But it wasn't until they had pulled out of Flagstaff the next day and he realized it would be only a short time before she got off at Ash Fork that Mac tried to make a joke out of it. He said, "We should have taken a covered wagon. We'd only be in Philadelphia by now."

"Will you be coming back the same way?" she asked him.

Mac nodded.

"Will you stop..." She paused. Then she said, "Will you please stop off here on your way back?"

"I'll stop."

"Call me," she said. "I'll give you my number. Call me and tell me when and I'll meet you. O.K.?"

The two weeks in Los Angeles were a bad time for Mac. He'd always been able to walk away from a woman when the time came for walking away. He wasn't walking now, and what made it worse was that he couldn't quite imagine a woman like Candy meeting buses, especially in her own hometown. He even doubted if the phone number she'd given him was on the level. It just didn't figure.

But it was the right number. He called the afternoon before he was due to leave Los Angeles. She sounded very glad to hear from him. He told her what bus he would be on. She said she'd be waiting.

When the bus pulled into Ash Forks, however, Mac had become so certain she wouldn't be there he didn't even get off the bus with the other passengers. He just sat in his seat and gazed out the window.

It was a very small terminal and if she'd been there he would have seen her. But she wasn't there. He'd been right, he told himself as the other passengers returned aboard the bus.

But just as the bus started to pull out, he saw a dusty black open sportscar speed into the parking lot. Candy was behind the wheel, looking windblown and anxious.

Mac got up quickly, called to the driver to stop and let him off. He'd catch the next bus, he explained.

Candy was noticeably relieved when Mac slid into the front seat of her car.

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She told him she'd been delayed and that she was very sorry. He told her he was glad she had come. She said something about how hot it could get in Arizona in the summer, then made a suggestion:

"If you feel like cooling off first, I know a secluded lake about thirty miles from here. There'd be nobody around to bother us if we wanted to take a dip. The motel's just beyond it, but it's kind of old-fashioned. . . a couple of small cabins, and no shower or bath."

"Let's go," Mac said. And Candy drove, going 65 all the way. . .

The lake was cool, refreshing, and the sight of Candy's naked body once again excited Mac. Later, in the cabin, after it was over, she said:

"I had to see you once more." They were both naked in bed, happily exhausted. She lay peacefully in his arms. It had been even better this time. "I just couldn't leave us hanging up in the air that way," she went on. "It was too good to call a one-night stand and forget it."

MAC had never heard a woman talk this way. She had the straight, open style of an honest man. It was not that he believed all women lied—he simply felt that they were moved by a different kind of logic, that they spoke a different language, lived almost in a different land.

"I had to tell you why I couldn't come to Los Angeles with you even though I wanted to," she said. "And if you'd ask me to come to New York with you, I'd want to come, I'd want to with all my heart, but I couldn't. I . . ." She paused only a moment, then said, "I'm married. I've got a child." She turned away from him. "It's a dirty damn world, I think," she went on. "I've wanted all my life to feel what I felt with you and I never have. Not really. Now I find you and. . ." She stopped. She turned around to look at him. He was sitting up in bed. She smiled and said, "Why in hell couldn't you have been a cowboy!" She laughed without joy and Mac grinned briefly.

"Will you mind very much if I don't drive you back?" she asked him. "You can call a taxi. I . . ." She stopped, stood there looking at him. Then she finished dressing.

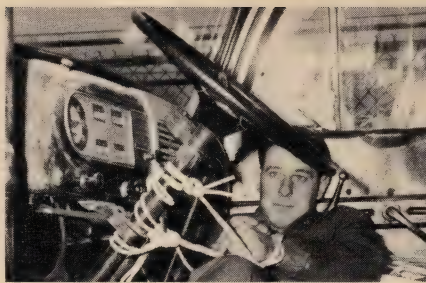
She kissed him once more, lightly. He was still in bed. "I'm going to fly next time," she said. "It's much safer." Then she turned and left. Mac heard her carelessly race the motor as she started her car, heard her drive off.

Mac lay in bed a long time. It was funny how things happen, how feelings come and go. Had he left it hanging without seeing her this time, he would have had to carry it around with him always perhaps, it had been that good, that rare. But seeing her this time, fine as it had been, had somehow finished it neatly and very pleasantly for him. Now he could walk away. He had not even given her his office number in New York. He was finished. It was as if he had come back together again. And it was a good feeling.

He got out of bed, picked up his wallet and found his telephone credit card.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, asked for long distance, gave his credit card number and then his home telephone number.

When his wife answered, Mac leaned back comfortably against the pillows and said, "No . . . nothing's the matter, honey. I'm fine . . . Yes . . . I'm calling because I'll be home a day later than I'd expected . . . No . . . Really . . . I'm perfectly fine . . ."



sometime around 1:00 A.M., when the driver suddenly stopped the car, and the frightened Mahaffey was pushed through the door.

"Get out," the man in the black raincoat told him. "Walk straight ahead. Don't turn around."

Ken Mahaffey did as he was told. It took him a few minutes to realize he was somewhere in Astoria, Queens. As soon as he heard the car pull away, he ran for the nearest phone booth and called his dispatcher.

"My truck's been hit, Mike," he shouted into the phone. "I've been hijacked!"

Soon after, Mahaffey repeated the story of his "hit" and wild ride to police officers. What it added up to was that \$500,000 in ready-to-wear furs had been entrusted to an unarmed driver, in a lightly locked van for a trip to the airport. Hijackers had easily managed to grab both the truck and its valuable cargo.

Just three days before, Friday, at 11:30 P.M., a stout, bald-headed truck driver had been steering a diesel tractor-trailer loaded with TV sets down Roosevelt Boulevard, in Philadelphia, when a passing motorist blew his horn and pointed urgently toward the trailer's rear axle. Waving "thanks" and stepping on the brakes, the driver pulled over, parked his rig and walked back to see what was wrong. As he knelt down to look, a blue Buick carrying three men pulled alongside; one man, wearing a uniform identical to the truck driver's hustled out of the car and into the cab of the truck.

Before the startled driver could get to his feet, another man, wearing Mod sunglasses, motioned him with a snub-nosed revolver to get into the car's back seat. A canvas bag was jerked over the trucker's head. He was shoved down on the floor, covered with a blanket and driven around for what seemed like two or three hours.

Finally, he heard the car stop, doors open, and somebody get out. A cold gun barrel was pressed against his neck. A deep-voiced man said, "Listen, creep, if you ever want to see your wife and kids again, crawl out of this door and don't even touch that bag over your head for five minutes, got it?"

"Yes, sir," the driver said softly, stumbling out of the car. He was so scared he waited almost fifteen minutes before removing the bag from his head. When he did, he found himself standing on a deserted farm road, miles from any place likely to have a telephone. It was well over an hour before he was able to get to one and blurt out excitedly to his dispatcher: "I've been kidnaped! I've been hijacked!"

Next day, the police found the diesel rig parked behind a warehouse in a rundown Philadelphia suburb, the \$90,000-worth of TV sets gone and no clue to the hijackers.

Hijacking is booming in the U.S. today. Statistics show that, on an average, there are four hijacks a day in New York City alone (often in broad daylight!). Hijacking

HIJACKING!

Continued from page 20

far surpasses the more publicized bank robberies in both volume and profits to the underworld. While there were 1,544 bank stickups totaling over \$5 million in losses in the entire United States during the first ten months of 1967, there were 1,415 robberies from trucks involving \$6,533,987 in New York City alone, and an estimated 19,000 such crimes elsewhere in the nation during the same period.

Nobody knows exactly how many truck robberies occur, because many enforcement agencies toss them in with statistics on "transportation offenses," such as stealing suitcases at air terminals. The crime of "lifting trucks and their cargoes" is listed under a whole string of definitions:

If a four-man gang (the usual size of a hijacking team) uses a gun to force a driver to surrender his truck, that is listed as "armed robbery" on most police registers—though it's called straight "hijacking" by the thieves themselves. If the thieves wait until a driver leaves his truck to make a delivery or get a bit to eat and then steal his rig or cargo that is usually called "truck larceny" by the cops; it's "jumping" to the crooks.

It doesn't take any sort of genius to figure out why hijacking—in all its forms—is so attractive to criminals and getting more so all the time. In brief: goods are guarded where they're made and guarded where they're sold, but seldom when they're on their way from the one place to the other.

Most large factories, distributors and department stores have better security equipment than many banks. But sooner or later every product made and sold is transported—usually in large trucks with one unarmed driver and a couple of locks. At best there might be an alarm system which, more often than not, is disconnected.

EACH day, 90,000 of these heavy trucks enter and leave New York City (Philadelphia—50,000; Boston—32,000; New Orleans—44,000 etc.) with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of easily disposable merchandise: liquor, cigarettes, electrical appliances, typewriters, drugs, furs, clothing and meats.

A lot of this tempting merchandise is stolen, looted or hijacked, police maintain, "on order." Professional old-time hijackers take orders from "clients" for certain merchandise, then "lift" or hijack a truck carrying the goods wanted. To confirm the quality and price of their heist, hijackers present the invoice (which usually travels with the cargo) to their customer who, in turn, pays them a standard "one-third of the ticket," meaning, one-third of the price listed on the invoice.

To make sure they're not caught short during the holiday season, some hijackers "bury" (hide) a cargo several weeks in advance. That way, according to one convicted road thief who prided himself on his businesslike manner: "I don't have to make no jumps when I should be home celebrating with my wife and kids."

If the "buried" cargo is meat—favorite loot of hijackers—then there is even less danger of it being discovered and the heist pinned on a particular thief. As Casner Bugeresta, a New York police detective, put it: "Try identifying a plucked chicken or a sirloin steak in court."

Unlike run-of-the-mill mobsters or common, hard-eyed hoods, most hijackers are "specialists" and rarely commit any other crime. They are also extremely methodical and wouldn't dream of going out on a heist without taking along an experienced truck driver to handle the complicated, multi-gear rig once it's been hijacked. One hijacker recently sentenced in the Southwest was so careful about his "business methods" that he incorporated his operation, calling it a "salvage construction company" and listing income from stolen merchandise as "items recovered from firms destroyed by fire and floods and sold at auction," and carefully recording payments (and social security taxes) to getaway drivers and decoys.

But it's not just their bookkeeper mentality that makes hijackers unique in the Underworld, there's also their "staying power." It seems that, like old soldiers, hijackers never die, they "just fade away."

"We have regular customers here that we see more than our own relatives," Detective Robert J. McDermott of the New York Police Department said recently when asked to discuss the problem of hijacking in his precinct. "Look at this bird," McDermott said pointing to a faded photograph in the hijack file. "He's 72 years old and first got a collar put on back in 1927. Still going strong. We got him again the other day."

Picking another card out of the file, McDermott went on: "Whole families hi-

jack like it's an honorable trade or something, handed down from father to son. This guy's been one of the most active truck thieves around for thirty-five years. He's got five sons and they've all been busted for hijacking. Not helping the old man, no sir. They each have their own assistants—just like kids who make good and set up their own shop."

Free-lancers though they may be and rarely working in groups of more than four, this doesn't mean—a West Coast police official pointed out—that hijackers aren't tied in with the rest of the nation's hoodlum syndicate. They are. While the majority of hijackers are not "members" of local crime syndicates (as compared to, say, bookies or dope pushers), they usually are well known to syndicate operators and are heavily dependent on them.

"The cargoes being hijacked are made up of precisely the sort of stuff that can easily be used by mob-run businesses," said Virgil Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission. "If the syndicate guys don't take the chance of actually hijacking, they order the stuff at cheap prices for their restaurants, saloons, hotels and vending machines."

To illustrate his point, Mr. Peterson told of a sealed truck containing \$40,000 worth of bourbon that was hijacked in Chicago. The Federal Bureau of Investigation traced the cargo to three Mafia-controlled bars. Jimmy (The Monk) Allegretti and Frank (Hot Dog) Liscandrello, two of Chicago's best known mobsters, were convicted of "criminally receiving."

How do hijackers know what a truck is hauling? Well, to begin with, often they don't! Even the "best" of truck thieves and the most methodical sometimes pull a whopper. Mistaken truck spotting is

just another hazard of the profession. One "poorly briefed" gang jumped a truck outside St. Louis they thought was carrying electric razors and ended up with 2,000 cases of marmalade and tennis balls. Another butterfingers trio, looking to heist a cargo of high-priced dresses, found themselves in possession of \$7,000 worth of chocolate cookies. What did the gangs do with these unwanted "gifts"? Being professionals in their trade, they abandoned the loads intact.

To avoid this sort of "embarrassment," hijackers usually buy information from trucking company employees, or watch freight platforms and docks themselves. Often they will hire young boys to "play ball" in nearby lots and watch what is being loaded in what truck. Short hauls starting at an industry plant are hijackers' favorites. As one told an F.B.I. investigator: "If a truck comes out of a distillery, you know it ain't full of candy bars." Hijackers simply follow the short-haul trucks until they get a chance to make the grab.

A good deal more complicated and much harder to nail down is the sort of intelligence that'll tell a hijacker what company's truck left, say, North Carolina with a load of cigarettes, and when and where that truck will appear in the hijacker's area, say, Boston.

The hijacker has to find out: what route does the driver take? Where does he stop to eat, (and for how long)? Does the rig have a time clock on it—that is, can the driver unlock the trailer, or is the yellow seal on the vehicle ("Warning: Trailer Not Under Driver's Control") for real? Does the driver telephone his dispatcher at regular intervals to report he's all right? And, as is more frequent now with valuable shipments, is somebody riding

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MEN

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"shotgun" with the driver? (The William J. Burns Detective Agency is sometimes hired to escort trailer-trucks along particularly hijack-prone turnpikes and strips of lonely freeways.)

Aside from such intelligence as when the truck is coming, and what's on board, the hijackers have to decide where and how to make the "hit." The plan doesn't have to be as elaborate or precise as a military maneuver (such as Britain's "Great Train Robbery" obviously was) or as colorful.

"Local hijackers were successful with a simple approach when I entered the force thirty-two years ago," said Inspector Ray McGuire, boss of the New York Police Department's Burglary-Larceny Bureau. "And they're still doing the same thing as I'm getting ready to retire. They don't attract attention with phony detour signs or have cut-off cars running trucks off the road like TV hijackers. All they do is wait until a driver stops at a red light or an entrance to a tunnel and have two guys get out of a car with pistols and say: 'Scoot over, chief, and look straight ahead.'"

"A gun in your hand and a scowl on your face makes you as persuasive as you can get. Later, they put the kidnaped driver in the car and hold him until they get clearance by phone that the load has been switched and the truck abandoned."

Of course, as Inspector McGuire pointed out, if truck thieves spot a weakness in a trucking company's security, they change plans accordingly. If, for instance, they notice that a driver leaves his rig in a dark parking lot, takes an hour to eat, play a pinball machine and, perhaps, enjoy a "little action" with the waitress, they don't hesitate to drive off with the truck—leaving behind a rear guard in case the driver should happen to return too quickly and have to be delayed.

A driver hauling a tanker truck containing \$160,000-worth of unbottled bourbon from Kentucky to Canada, woke up from a comfortable night's sleep in a motel in Montreal's north end to discover his rig had vanished. The Canadian Royal Mounted Police figured out that the truck and its precious cargo could have been deep in the Northwest Territory by the time the hijacking was reported.

To fight just this type of "delayed reporting" in the case of many hijackings, a new weapon has been introduced by American trucking outfits in their endless battle against road bandits. The weapon is the Radio Alert Network.

The minute a truck is reported stolen—even, though, as in the case of the Kentucky bourbon, the theft took place many hours before it was discovered—a description of the hijacked vehicle is flashed to drivers of the over a hundred trucking companies who've installed two-way radios in their rigs.

That means that as soon as the word is sent out some 4,000 mobile "detectives" are looking for the hijacked vehicle in a radius of several hundred miles. No police force in the world can duplicate this kind of coverage or mobilize this kind of manpower.

Introduced a year ago by the Empire State Highway Transportation Association, the Radio Alert Network—and its over one hundred subscribers—has already bagged enough hijackers and helped in the recovery of enough stolen cargoes to have paid for itself many times over. Here's how it works:

A \$50,000 tractor-trailer load of cigarettes arrived at 2:00 A.M. at the Hemingway Transport Co., Inc., Brooklyn, one day recently. The driver parked his massive rig in the yard and left to get some sleep. Three hours later, another driver was assigned to move the vehicle. He found the tractor-trailer and its cargo gone.

The driver quickly reported the theft to company officials who notified the police, the F.B.I. (because interstate commerce was involved) and the Radio Alert Network of the truckers' association. In a matter of minutes a detailed description of the stolen truck was broadcast to all drivers on the road in trucks equipped with the association's radios.

Mid-morning of the next day, a driver for Red Star Express Lines spotted the stolen tractor trailer parked at a gas station in Brooklyn. He called his office which reported the location to the police; the tractor-trailer and its \$50,000 load were quickly recovered.

Frank Mack, controller of the Empire State trucking group, explained this re-



George Cole

"Doctor Shaw is a real stereo nut."

covery of the stolen rig as "one one of the advantages we now enjoy, thanks to our radio alert network. By far the greatest benefit to subscribers comes from the deterrent to thieves our network provides. A thief is discouraged from risking a hijacking job when he knows that four thousand drivers are going to be looking for the truck he's just heisted. It sure as hell doesn't make his job any easier."

If stealing a truck provides one set of problems for the thief, the job of getting rid of the rig (after its cargo has been looted) turns up a whole new set of difficulties—especially if the hijackers don't have a comfortable margin of time to work in. Now, with the Radio Alert Network, this is more true than ever.

There is also another drawback. As soon as the cargo has been removed and the stolen vehicle is back on the road again, the pressure is on the hijack gang's driver—alone. According to Detective McDermott:

"During all phases of the hijacking—the planning, the approach, the heist and the getaway—this guy's had three buddies with him and, let's say, a \$75,000 load. He can look forward to a big piece of that in cash.

"Now the job is done and he's all alone with a hot, worthless truck, and knows if he gets busted, he'll face charges for assault and robbery, kidnaping, grand larceny, criminal receiving and anything else we can dig up on him—even if it's only jaywalking.

"Most guys in a hot rig will keep clear on going, figuring that as long as they're moving they won't attract attention. Also there's the problem of parking. Where the hell are you going to pull up to a curb with a rig and trailer, climb down and walk away, without somebody wondering what you're doing there?

"But now and then a hijacker goes two blocks and catches a red light. He passes a police car and sweats. He's only gone five or six blocks from where they've buried the cargo and he sees a nice parking spot. Bingo! He can't wait to park it and get his tail away from there."

This is exactly what three detectives attached to the New York Safe and Loft Squad sensed recently, when a tractor-trailer loaded with coffee beans valued at \$65,000 was hijacked in Brooklyn and found abandoned alongside three parking meters in lower Manhattan, only a few minutes ride away.

One of the detectives noticed that the trailer's tires were half flat and that the top of the vehicle had been scraped in several places leaving traces of green paint. Obviously, the detectives figured, the tires had had to be deflated to get the truck into a building with a low green door.

FINDING that the trailer measured 9 feet 5½ inches high, the cops placed a dot on the map where they'd found the stolen rig, marked off the territory within a seven-block radius, then began checking the area on a door-to-door basis. Within an hour, they found the green door on a garage and the hijackers (minus the nervous driver) happily playing poker on top of the coffee bags while waiting for their receiver.

Not all hijacking stories end as quickly, or as successfully, for the police as this one. On the contrary, even with improved methods of detection and communication, the number of hijackers who make a clean getaway is increasing each year.

"The only consolation (if it is one) in the whole dirty business," says an official of the Chicago Crime Commission, "is that

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if the cops grab a hijacker they can usually nail him with so many crimes—such a broad range of offenses—that the guy is out of circulation for a pretty long time."

Other police and crime-fighting officials dispute the value of catching hijackers and giving them long sentences. "Sure they should be busted," says Ronald Lombardi of the San Francisco Racket Squad, "but they're only the hands and muscle of the guys we should be after—the ones who order the hit, the ones who buy the hot stuff, the 'clean boys' with the fat bankrolls."

Whether receivers are the direct cause of hijacking, or whether an increased number of thefts have brought more "fences" out of their holes, is something like the chicken-or-the-egg question. Even though most old-time road bandits won't make a hit until they have a firm commitment from a buyer, not all fences are 100 percent reliable.

SOMETIMES the receivers show up with only enough money to buy part of a stolen shipment, leaving the luckless hijackers in the position of having to go out and scratch for a buyer who'll take the remaining merchandise off their hands. Even more "unethical," hot cargo buyers are not above paying for stolen merchandise with counterfeit money, putting the hijackers into a sort of "double-jeopardy."

A hijacker left holding part of the shipment because a buyer has run short of cash has to go out and find smaller receivers to take the stuff off his hands. There are shady bars, saloons, nightclubs in the country's major cities where small-time fences and out-of-town buyers are known to transact business, and here the hijacker goes to find his man. Sometimes he's lucky and makes a sale in the first joint he hits. Other times, it means a nightlong or weeklong pub crawl—with each hour that goes by increasing the danger of arrest.

Not surprisingly, these saloons where hijackers and buyers do their business are known to the police. Not long ago a bartender in one such place, located on Manhattan's upper West Side, tipped a hijacker that a man wearing a blue pin-stripe suit and apparently from Chicago had let it be known that he was "interested in some typewriters." After some whispered haggling over price, the "Chicago man" bought a half trailerful of typewriters, then identified himself as a member of the New York Police Department and arrested the thief.

"How in hell's name did I know he was a cop?" the hijacker moaned to his three helpers, arrested with him. "He looked as crooked as any fence I've ever sold a shipment to."

Law enforcement officials and trucking executives both agree: hijacking is on the rise. There are more rigs and trailers on the road—and more thieves to steal them. What is the solution?

As one trucking fleet owner put it: "You're guess is as good as mine. We could have a man riding shotgun on every rig on the road, but that'd up freight costs and that means raising the price of everything people buy. So forget it."

"If there is an answer to this business of hijacking, people in my line of work have been looking for it ever since the first outlaw hid behind a rock and waited for the stage coach to come down the trail. And you remember how they handled outlaws in the Old West? Well, you threaten a modern hijacker with a rope and tree, and he'd just laugh himself to death."



DE GAULLE

Continued from page 30

their heads and saying: "poor man, he's flipped . . . he's senile."

Even the French, who respect de Gaulle as their war hero, are slowly coming to the conclusion that the "Big Asparagus" (his military academy nickname) is now bananas.

In fact, the de Gaulle quotes leading off this article are from a book that for some months now has been a best seller in France, a book appropriately titled, *The Tragedy of the General*, by Jean Raymond Tournoux, political editor of *Paris-Match*.

For years the French watched silently while de Gaulle went around insulting and antagonizing friendly countries.

And just as *The Tragedy of the General* was making a lot of Frenchmen question the Old Boy's sanity, de Gaulle pulled one of his wackiest stunts.

De Gaulle was invited last summer to make an official visit to Canada. He said, "Fine," but before going to Ottawa, the country's capital, he'd like to visit the world's fair—Expo '67—in Montreal, and maybe see a few exhibits, etc. Canadian officialdom figured: why not?

Montreal, incidentally, is the capital of Quebec Province, where most of Canada's 600,000 French-Canadians (out of a total population of 19 million) live. You will recall that back in 1759, seventeen years before our Bunker-Hill, the French and the British fought over Canada. The British won in a colorful war during which both sides employed Indians who collected more scalps than there are wigs in Hollywood.

Well, de Gaulle sailed for Canada in his usual grand fashion aboard the cruiser *Colbert*, polished until it sparkled like a dowager's tiara. On landing he stepped into a 1967 Lincoln Continental and drove to Montreal in a motorcade that stretched five miles!

THE Canadian Government, aware that the Big Asparagus likes pomp, was determined to make his visit a spectacle worthy of Joseph E. Levine. At Montreal's City Hall, little girls threw flowers in his path and screeched like he was the Beatles.

Everything was going great, GREAT, and then de Gaulle appeared on the city hall balcony, silenced the crowd with an upraised hand, and shouted:

"Quebec is French! French-Canadians want to be their own masters! Quebec must be freed!"

The crowd didn't do anything, clap or boo or whistle; they were simply too stunned. One man said to his neighbor, "He's got to be kidding!"

De Gaulle then retired to a villa for the night and, after his usual five fingers of brandy, slept well. No other official in Canada caught a wink.

What de Gaulle had suggested, more or less, was that the French-Canadians secede from Canada and then if they were good, he, de Gaulle, would let them join France.

It was as Alice-in-Wonderlandish as if the British Prime Minister, en route to an official visit in Washington, stopped off in Boston and said:

"You people in New England are British! Anglo-Americans want to be their own masters! New England must be freed!"

True, French-Canadians often grumble about English-Canadians, the same way Italian-Americans often grumble about Irish-Americans. But the Italian-Americans have no desire to start a separate country.

That goes for French-Canadians. A recent poll showed less than 10 percent thought a separate state was even a remote possibility. As for joining France, forget it!

By morning, Canada was uptight; the Big Asparagus had his nerve! Prime Minister Lester Pearson said, politely, that if there were Canadian problems they would be settled by Canadians. Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau, who is as French as a shrug, said simply that de Gaulle's nose didn't belong in Canada's business, and anyway the Big Asparagus didn't know what he was talking about.

Still, plans went ahead to give de Gaulle the red carpet treatment. But de Gaulle read some of the violent Canadian press comment and, as he drove to the fair, a woman shouted at him: "Go home, old man!"

De Gaulle can dish it out, but he can't take it. Though he had planned to spend two days in Montreal and two more in Ottawa, that night—without even a "Thanks for inviting me"—he chartered an Air France jet and flew back to Paris.

The global reaction to de Gaulle's Canadian caper was: "This proves it! He's bats for sure."

More formally, the *National Observer*

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said: "As a result of the Montreal speech, there is some speculation that de Gaulle might lose control of his government. But there is a much sadder thought: that de Gaulle has already lost control of himself."

In Paris, *L'Information*, a substantial paper similar to the *Wall Street Journal*, editorialized: "... there is much serious discussion about de Gaulle's senility."

If the sanity of a President of the United States were seriously questioned, there are laws (and customs) which would permit the cabinet and Vice President to summon the medicos.

If the country's most eminent psychiatrists agreed that the Chief Executive was "mentally incapacitated," the Vice-President would automatically become acting-President and immediately move into the White House.

IT doesn't work that way in France. De Gaulle himself wrote the present constitution, which makes the French President untouchable, beyond interference—except by earthquakes, tidal waves and the common cold.

De Gaulle could shinny up the Eiffel Tower, wearing only a pink diaper and an "I AM GOD" button, and all the French could do about it would be to let the tourists take photos for a fat fee. There is absolutely no way to induce de Gaulle to get on an analyst's couch.

But when a man has been in the public eye as long as de Gaulle, has spoken privately to as many people as de Gaulle has, and has written as much as de Gaulle, it is possible to check his grey matter without personal contact. Because de Gaulle has been "on stage" 30 years, a psychiatrist can come up with a pretty good analysis without getting the General onto a couch.

With that in mind, this correspondent got in touch with three outstanding psychiatrists. Obviously, I had to promise these men—one in France, one in England, one in America—that I would guard their identity. Each man is over 50 and has long been fascinated by the de Gaulle spectacle. In separate interviews, each man answered several basic questions about the General's stability. Oddly enough, they were in general agreement on every question. Let's examine their findings and the events that influenced them...

Question: Is de Gaulle senile?

Senility is an ailment of the aged: "senile dementia." They slow down, in body and mind; they often get times and places jumbled, and repeat the same story several times a day, like a commercial.

Such oldsters don't harm themselves or anybody else, if they retire from their jobs and live a quiet life puttering around the garden or mixing martinis. But it wouldn't be wise to have an oldster with poor eyesight and slow reflexes running a bus on the Los Angeles Freeway—let alone running a country!

Senility, then, in many forms, is the heart of the de Gaulle matter. The doctors agree that de Gaulle shows many typical senile characteristics and still he's undertaking projects as if he were 20, with 40 years to go before Medicare.

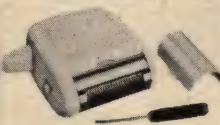
Senile people refuse to hear of anything different. You know: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

That's de Gaulle, who never really listens to anyone but himself. He'll spend hours in the evening listening to tapes of his speeches.

Pierre Vianson-Ponte, a director of the distinguished Paris newspaper *Le Monde*, describes a typical visit with de Gaulle



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No, ruled a Kansas court. Luckily for you, the woman married during the trial and thus the extent to which her character had been defamed by you was lessened in the eyes of the law.

■ ■ ■

PUCKERED UP — You go to your first hockey game with a reserved-seat ticket your friend gives you. You sit in a rink-side seat and enjoy the spectacle until you are smacked in the side of the head by a flying puck. Can you sue the owner of the rink for damages?

Yes, ruled an Ohio court, because in your case you were not familiar with the dangers involved in watching a hockey game, were not forewarned of such by the management and, therefore, are not obligated to assume the risk of the ordinary spectator of such a sport.

■ ■ ■

A TRIP ON A TRIP — While on a train trip you feel a little rail-sickness coming on, retire to the washroom and immediately pass out on the floor. When you come to, you find that your head is under a water cooler and that your face has been severely burned by a hot steam pipe. Can you sue the railroad for damages?

No, decreed an Iowa court, because the area in which the injury occurred was not intended for public use and your assumption of such an unusual position and injury therefrom could not have been reasonably foreseen by the railroad.

THE WRONG BABY — After you and your wife go through the usual nine months of pregnancy and subsequent childbirth, the hospital attendant hands over a stranger's baby for you to take home. You are deeply shocked and claim to sustain great mental suffering from the careless deed. Can you sue the hospital for negligence?

No, said a California court. In this case you cannot recover for your shock and anxieties because they did not manifest themselves in any physical injury.

■ ■ ■

"PLAIN" CRASH — You rent your airplane to a competent flight instructor, fully aware that he will allow his student pilot the use of the craft as part of the instruction. When the plane subsequently crashes into a house, can the homeowner sue you for damages on the ground that you allowed an incompetent person to fly your plane?

No, said a California court. Flight instruction is a legal activity of which student participation is a necessary part.

■ ■ ■

A FREE BELT — After you have managed to drink yourself into the best of spirits at the local bar the bartender asks you to leave the premises. When you refuse his first, second and third requests that you remove yourself, he deliberately attacks you and injures you. Can you sue him for damages even though he claims that your refusal to leave was contributory negligence?

Yes, ruled an Indiana court. The bartender's action against you was willful and wanton misconduct for which your negligence is no defense.

in his best-selling book, *The King and His Court*:

"No sooner is the visitor seated, then the General begins to talk. He never stops, even though his visitor has come to make some request dear to his heart . . . The visitor's name, the mere sight of him, unleash a monologue studded with personal memories, sweeping historical evocations, or caustic expressions of opinion. . .

"De Gaulle's thought unfolds, expands, soars. Time passes. The interview draws to an end. One last idea and the visitor is at the threshold. The aide-de-camp is waiting. The visitor leaves. He has not a chance to utter a single word!"

Question: Does de Gaulle suffer delusions?

Senile citizens often delude themselves into believing they're in as good shape as they were 50 years ago which accounts, to some extent, for the large number of very old parties arrested yearly for making passes at college-age cuties.

The doctors figure de Gaulle is, in his way, a "living in the past" person. Unfortunately, the men around him—men who've made de Gaulle their career, their meal ticket—flatter the General as if he were 50 years younger and conceal his increasing infirmities.

For instance, de Gaulle has of late been bothered by arteritis, inflammation of the arteries and blood vessels which, among other things, partly numbs the soles of the feet as if they were asleep.

Like all arteritis sufferers, de Gaulle has developed a tendency to stumble when he stands up. If he ever did flop in public—particularly while on television prime time—he and the French might get the message. But, no—his faithful lackies have taken precautions against such a disaster. During ceremonies, a bodyguard is now stationed near de Gaulle's left shoulder to apply a quick arm under the General's elbow if he seems ready to hit the deck.

Question: Is de Gaulle schizophrenic?

From studying his record, the psychiatrists are sure de Gaulle has moments of schizophrenia, which, clinically speaking, is "a mental disorder involving the assumption of a second personality."

Schizophrenic people act one way one minute and another way the next. A meek-as-a-pussy cat fellow suddenly imagines he's been offended and turns into a raging tiger.

De Gaulle, sensitive as a man with a bad sunburn, is easily offended—and you never know how he'll pay off the imagined slight. For example, France, in years past, had a pro-Israel policy. But after the June war, de Gaulle suddenly shifted to a pro-Arab position; why, you'd think his name was Abdel Gamal de Gaulle!

Most Western diplomats feel that de Gaulle got "camel fever," because he imagined Israel personally insulted him by not taking his advice. (A State Department official said: "If the U.S. got sore at every country that did not take our advice, we'd now hate everybody—from Algeria to Zanzibar.")

De Gaulle, himself, leant support to the "insult" theory in December when he told reporters: "Before the Mideast war, I told Israeli Foreign Minister Eban: 'If Israel is attacked. . . we will not allow it to be destroyed. . . But you must not attack!'" Then the General paused dramatically and added, as if it were not possible: "Israel disobeyed me!"

The way de Gaulle has, for no concrete reason, carried on recently about Israel has made even some of his staunchest supporters think the General needs a

new tailor—one who specializes in strait jackets.

De Gaulle not only nixed the delivery of French planes to Israel (though they were ordered long ago), but he also linked "Jews" and "Israel" as if they were one and the same and made shameful racist remarks.

The General described the Jews as "an elite people, sure of themselves and domineering. . ." He said for this reason they had, through the centuries, "provoked, or more exactly, aroused ill will in certain countries at certain times."

"De Gaulle," cried a prominent French jurist, "sounds like his favorite bedtime reading is now Adolf Hitler's 'Mein Kampf.'"

Le Monde agreed, said the General's words had the "unpleasant smell of anti-Semitism." Furthermore, *Le Monde* saw this outburst as another example of de Gaulle's senility.

The older de Gaulle gets, said *Le Monde*, the more he seems to identify with one of his youthful heroes, Charles Maurras. Maurras, in addition to being a nationalist (which de Gaulle certainly is) was also a royalist (which de Gaulle has considered), and a wild-eyed anti-Semite (which *now* interests de Gaulle).

As far back as WWII, when de Gaulle was the controversial, self-proclaimed "leader" of the Free French, U.S. Intelligence, watching him break violently—overnight—with his oldest friends, put him down for a "possibly dangerous" schizophrenic. Alexander Werth, the noted British historian, did a book on de Gaulle in which he said:

"The American Secret Services were so suspicious of [the temperament] de Gaulle that during the latter's first meeting with [President Franklin D.] Roosevelt, several armed agents were hiding behind a curtain, ready to shoot if de Gaulle bodily assaulted the President."

While de Gaulle didn't get along with Roosevelt—not at all—he didn't lay a glove on the President and there was no need to gun him down.

Roosevelt, however, thought de Gaulle was a little strange, to say the least, because the General talked about himself in the third person. He'd say things like: "de Gaulle is the future of France."

In 1944, when de Gaulle was invited to Washington, Presidential Press Secretary Hasset wrote in his diary: "When I told the Boss (FDR) that de Gaulle was quoted as saying 'I will go to the United States to present our greetings to America' the Boss cut in: 'He's a nut!'"

The British psychiatrists on my "panel" said that, early in the war, no less an observer than Winston Churchill was aware of de Gaulle's split-personality. In his *The Second World War* (Volume 10, page 611), Churchill wrote: "De Gaulle thought himself the living representative of Joan of Arc."

QUESTION: Has the General got a "love-hate" complex?

The French psychiatrist told me, "The General often indicates a 'love-hate' complex by automatically opposing anything suggested by people who have helped him."

De Gaulle despises, above all, the United States and England, the two nations that rushed to France's aid in WWII. On this subject the American psychiatrist said:

"The irrational way de Gaulle misses no opportunity to put down the British and Americans can be compared with the way a rebellious teen-ager does everything his parents ask him *not* to do."

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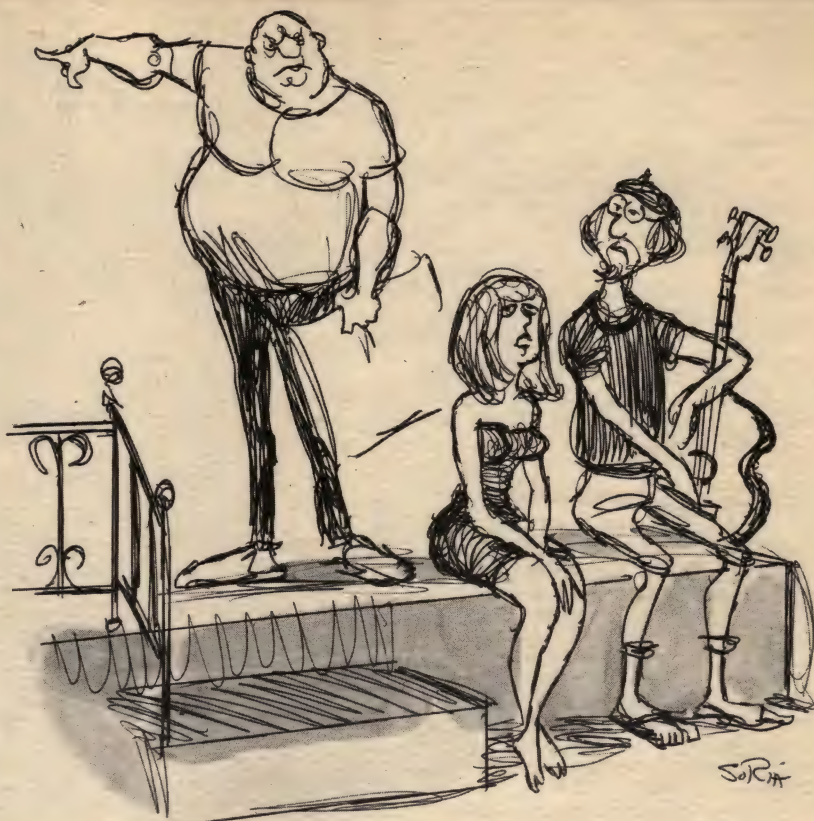
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"What do you know... Hitler lives!"

It happened when the U.S. and Britain urged de Gaulle to strengthen the common European front against the Soviet Union and the Red Army. De Gaulle's response to the "unity" plea was to pull out of NATO—weakening the common front—and make a pilgrimage to Moscow.

If there was some profit for France in disembowling NATO and going it alone, well, you might say, de Gaulle is for France—even if that means knifing old buddies in the back. But looking at it strictly from the French standpoint, it's way out. Continental France is on the main invasion highway from Moscow to slavery.

De Gaulle, bristling with "love-hatism," says that Britain is nothing more or less than an American satellite—the 51st U.S. State. Listening to the Big Asparagus you'd think the British Prime Minister wore a ten-gallon Stetson, instead of a Seville Row homburg, and preferred barbecued beef to steak and kidney pie.

Accordingly, de Gaulle recently again vetoed England's entrance into the common market, which promotes free trade in Europe, on the spurious grounds that England is *not* in Europe, but is an extension of evil America.

On top of that de Gaulle, using France's treasury as if it were his private bank account, began buying gold. That helped force England to devalue the pound—which means you can now buy a Jaguar 14 percent cheaper.

De Gaulle heartily approved this ditty circulated by his palace pals:

"Where has Harold Wilson gone?

"Creeping to the Pentagon."

Here again, de Gaulle's "love-hate" madness didn't hurt only England, but France too. The British are so incensed about being pushed around many of them have mailed directly to de Gaulle their French war decorations and told him where to put them.

Yes, the British *and* the Americans, having been kicked in the face so often by the Big Asparagus's 13½ shoe, are beginning to kick back.

Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, lost his cool a few months ago when de Gaulle put the final nail in NATO's coffin and ordered the few remaining U.S. GIs in France to hit the road—as if they hadn't paid the rent.

Rivers appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives and cried: "The U.S. should disinter the thousands of American soldiers who died and are buried in France and bury them here at home."

"Charles de Gaulle is the most ungrateful man since Judas Iscariot betrayed his Christ!"

Daily the airlines report that British and American tourists are canceling their trips to France. This year's total number of rubberneckers on the Champs Elysees is expected to fall as much as 33 percent.

THE owners of two perfume stores on the Rue de la Paix, which do most of their business with American tourists, told the *New York Times*:

"There has been a sharp decrease in the number of orders from America."

One wholesale perfumer said he wrote to a store owner in Waukegan, Illinois, asking why he had canceled his usual order.

The Waukegan merchant replied: "We wish to advise you that as long as Charles de Gaulle is President of France we will discontinue doing business with France. I'm very fond of the French people, but your President is a senile old man!"

Former French Premier Mendes-France, who supported de Gaulle's return to power a decade ago, said that de Gaulle's

"hate-hate-hate" makes as much sense as putting shoe polish on filet mignon.

"De Gaulle says he wants a glorious France," said the former Premier, "but at the rate de Gaulle is insulting customers, we'll soon have a glorious France—gloriously broke."

The General's inability, these days, to find almost anyone he really likes (he's broken with most of his original supporters) is, according to the psychiatrists, "an expression of neurotic hostility."

The average citizen with "neurotic hostility" fights with his wife (he imagines she's bedding with vacuum cleaner salesmen). He fights with the tradesmen (he imagines the butcher overcharged for lamb chops). He fights with his co-workers (he's sure they're knocking him to the boss).

DE Gaulle is as suspicious as a cat in a strange cellar. He sees plotters and assassins behind every potted palm, goblins in the night.

"The worrisome thing about a case like de Gaulle's," said the French psychiatrist, "is that with increasing age his 'love-hate' complex, his 'neurotic hostility' is bound to become more serious. It will make it almost impossible for him to cooperate with anybody."

Right! After a brief romance with the Russians, de Gaulle snorted: "It is unpleasant to be dealing with a Government whose leader (Khrushchev) is first presented as a demi-God, then as a feather-brained, lamentable puppet."

De Gaulle is even becoming fed up with France! As quoted in *The Tragedy of the General*, he said: "I have tried to lift France out of the mud. But she will return to her errors and vomiting. I cannot prevent the French from being French."

Question: Does de Gaulle have delusions of grandeur?

The psychiatrists say: That's for sure! "We know enough about the General's regal mannerisms, his historic mysticism," said the American doctor, "to believe that in his secret life de Gaulle imagines he is the Emperor of France, Emperor in the days of her Napoleonic splendor, when she was the richest country in the world and ruled half of Europe."

De Gaulle, of course, won't admit that he is only the elected president of a small country of 50 million people; a country that in today's world power structure, is not a major contender. Certainly he does not care to be reminded that less than two years ago he was elected President by only 53 percent of the total vote!

We don't know whether or not the Big Asparagus wears Napoleon's old crown around the house, but we do know that he lives like a 19th Century King with 20th Century plumbing.

De Gaulle has revived the super-formal, royal style dinners so stuffy that, by comparison, a state dinner at the White House is like a snack at Howard Johnson's.

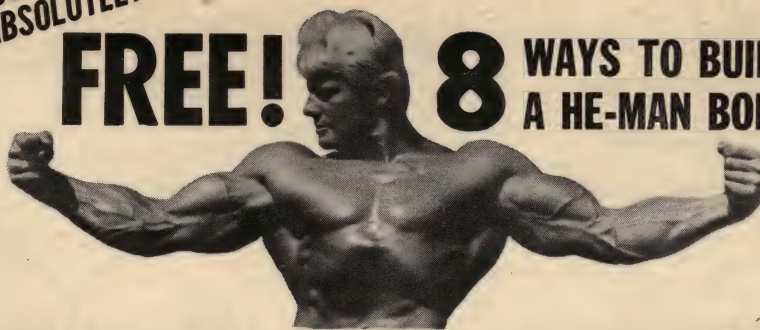
Two hundred guests, well sprayed with deodorants, stand around a huge U-shaped table waiting for the General (King Charlie) to take his place. When he finally does, there is a great crackle and rustle as men in tails or uniforms and ladies in long silk dresses imitate their host.

De Gaulle, naturally, is the first to be served, and since it's impossible for the waiters to serve everybody simultaneously without creating a traffic jam, de Gaulle (a fast eater) is finished with his dish before anyone else.

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A diplomat, who attended one of King Charlie's affairs recently, explained:

"I sat near the end of the table and my plate was removed when it was still three quarters full. You see, the General insists that the meal be concluded in exactly one hour. He certainly won't wait for anybody. So, I only had one quarter of a meal. After I left the Palace, I went out and had a ham sandwich and a glass of beer."

Incidentally, at these de Gaulle dinners, on his order, no cheese is served—it's too malodorous. And there are never any apples, pears or oranges—they take too long to peel.

Question: Is de Gaulle frustrated in any way, say, sexually frustrated?

De Gaulle has a standard of morality straight out of Queen Victoria or the court of 17th century monarchs. In those days, women wore chastity belts when their husbands were out of town. A Princess caught gift-wrapping herself in a flimsy robe for a Palace guard was locked in the tower; the guilty guard was turned over to the royal torturer. Of course, de Gaulle doesn't have any aide caught diddling tortured, but said aide would be out of a job—fast.

The General is against divorce; divorced people are *never* invited to his dinners. "Probably de Gaulle would sever his last connection with America," speculated one Washington official, "if Nelson Rockefeller, a divorced man, became President."

De Gaulle's horse-and-buggy morality made two of our three psychiatrists wonder whether at the bottom of the General's assorted neurosis there wasn't plain and simple sexual frustration.

"A man who has not, for whatever reason, completely satisfied his sexual desires," said one psychiatrist, "a man who is frustrated, is inclined to resent people who have had a full sex life. This

resentment, or envy, often turns to a desire to punish others—the frustrated want to punish the satisfied."

You will find, in any country, sexually frustrated people leading the busybodies who oppose "The Pill" (as de Gaulle does).

Psychiatrists analyzing Adolf Hitler some years back, concluded that his compulsion to destroy the world and himself stemmed from a boyhood and manhood as sexless as a fortune cookie.

When de Gaulle was a cadet at St. Cyr, France's West Point, he got his nighttime jollies with a history book while his fellow cadets were engaged in fun and games with the local numbers. Asked once if he'd marry after graduation, de Gaulle said: "I am married—to France!"

EVENTUALLY, he did marry. Strangely Madame de Gaulle is just as strait-laced as the Big Asparagus. It's partly through her influence that today Gay Paree—which used to be the swingiest city—is as dull as North Platte, Nebraska, the night before pay day.

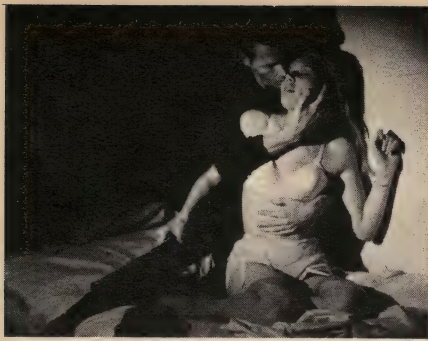
Summing up, our psychiatric panel of three concludes that de Gaulle is "unstable"—and getting more so every year. Meanwhile, he rules France—is France—and nothing can be done about it, certainly not by the United States. It's up to the French, and even for them gagging de Gaulle would be tough. His term as President runs until 1982! And he's making noises like he may run again!

A man who has often parlayed with de Gaulle, former U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, expressed our frustration when, speaking at the University of Michigan, he said:

"De Gaulle cannot be intimidated. He cannot be bribed. Certainly, he cannot be reasoned with."

"The only hope in de Gaulle is his mortality!"





"FREE SEX" HITS RUSSIA

Continued from page 36

room, before a blazing fire in the fireplace, but with nearly every other light turned out, might have been familiar in sophisticated European and American cities, but in the USSR it was a shocker.

As Semichastny put it later in an impassioned letter published in the Red journal, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, titled by the editors, *Where are our youth heading?*:

"I could not help thinking, how can a man defend the Revolution when his own son betrays him? When I entered the room the first thing I saw was my own son, dressed in his undergarments; and with him, two girls of the same age, both quite naked. They were daughters of men I knew, girls of good Communist families.

"All about the room were more than a dozen others, all in similar stages of disarray and, to speak frankly, of sexual promiscuity.

"Later, when I asked my son what had brought him to do this, he said he had been introduced to a new world through his friends, and he showed me what appeared to be a cube of table sugar, and told me this was what meant more to him than Communism and the Soviet revolution put together. I could not understand him at first—a cube of common table sugar. But it was not an ordinary sugar cube, I was to learn only too soon.

"When I was a young man, getting drunk, having a wild time with the girls, these were, I must confess, not unfamiliar to us. But getting drunk is one thing. Filling your system with a filthy chemical, a chemical known to every Soviet engineer, that is quite another thing! And to call it 'a trip into another world,' the term I was to hear my own son use to me! No, we never did that! That is Western formalism, in the worst sense . . . And still, when I tried to explain to my son the seriousness of what he had done, he only laughed! He said all his friends did the same, and what was more, they meant to continue! If this is true, readers of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, I can only ask you, *What is the world coming to?*"

This story of an LSD binge, the first reported on Soviet soil, has other implications besides the fact that the Russians, too, have begun to prove blind to the dangers of this mind-destroying chemical. In recent months the Soviet press has begun a formal campaign of outrage at what it calls a general state of "licentiousness and sexual depravity" among that country's young adults. A selection of these reports shows that things have indeed changed in the Soviet Union, even more than this first presence of "flower children" and "hippies" would indicate. The change, experts say, is directly related to economic prosperity, which the Reds now enjoy for the first time.

A good example of this change can be found in the testimony of 19-year-old I. Sirokin during a recent Soviet murder trial which received unusually heavy publicity:

"When I walked into the room," he began, "the first thing I noticed was a classmate of mine, a 17-year-old girl whom I had always admired for her brilliant work in physics. She was dancing to the music of American rock-n-roll records, and was surrounded by a group of young men.

"As she came near each one of the men, he would reach out and pull off a piece of her clothing. Already she had nothing more on than a little sleeveless vest covering her breasts and a pair of cotton panties.

"I pushed through the crowd to try and stop it, but the men held me back. The girl, Ludmilla, only laughed and continued to let them undress her. . . ."

Russians are capricious about what they will allow to be published. The scene Sirokin described trailed off into a row of dots only a few sentences farther on in the monthly journal in which it was printed. There seems little doubt, however, that the testimony he gave in court described a full-fledged orgy, with some twenty or thirty Soviet youths of both sexes taking part.

The article, titled *Outlawed Practices Which Corrupt Soviet Youth*, also hinted at adultery, premarital sex relations and what sounds suspiciously like the Western phenomenon of wife-swapping.

THE Sirokin trial started out as a routine murder case. The defendant, K. Sirokin, was the brother of the witness already quoted. A 27-year-old former student, he apparently "hung around" Leningrad University, refusing all gainful employment and leading a group of Russian "hippies." He was accused of killing a young schoolgirl, whose body was found in a bathtub the day after the wild party. An autopsy showed that she was pregnant, and the trial exploded into a full-blown scandal. It was soon revealed that the girl was only one of a dozen or more who regularly attended parties in the luxurious apartments of the parents of these Russian "privileged" students.

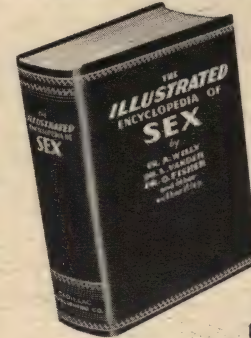
But Sirokin produced an alibi which convinced the Soviet investigators that they had no case against him. And in the ensuing scandal, thousands of Soviet citizens wrote letters to the press, either complaining of the miscarriage of justice that let an obvious murderer get away, or else complaining of the persecution by the State of young people for suspecting Sirokin in the first place.

The case was never settled, but some extraordinary bits of information came out of the fuss it raised:

■ At many Leningrad high schools—different from American high schools in that their students are more mature and end their educations at about the level of second-year college in the U.S.—there were clubs of teen-aged girls who made a regular practice of attending parties thrown by older youths either in advanced studies or in their first jobs. The youngest of these girls were only fourteen; the

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oldest had progressed in some cases to part-time duty as professional mistresses for high-ranking party members.

■ Before the lid of secrecy clamped down, rumors had extended to a similar ring, said to include wives and daughters of Army officers on active duty, "women without men."

It soon became clear to both the authorities and many Soviet citizens that Russia was in the midst of another "revolution." A kind of "sex underground" had revealed itself in the Communist motherland, and some of its manifestations were shocking. Take the case of a young Soviet engineer named Yuri Brolev:

On March 19, 1967, about 11:30 P.M., Brolev met a petite, trim-waisted nurse of 27 named Yulya, in the dining room of the Hotel Tashkent, located in one of the hinterland vacation areas of the Soviet Union. On the bandstand a six-man orchestra was playing.

"I'm from Moscow. Where are you from?" Yuri said, after introducing himself.

"Rovno."

"You're here on vacation?"

"No, I work here now."

"I'm on vacation," Yuri said.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, but it's lonely. Will you join me for some tea?"

"No, I don't want any tea," Yulalaughed. "But I'll have a drink if you wish."

After a few hours of drinking and dancing, Yuri took the girl to her home, a small two-room flat in a new apartment building which she shared with a young couple and two girl friends.

"May I come in with you?" Yuri asked.

"No, it's too crowded. I'd be embarrassed," Yulya said. "But I'd like to sleep with you. If you like, you may join the club I belong to."

"Club? Will that give us a place to be together?"

Again Yulya laughed. "You'll see. Will you join?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll meet you again, tomorrow night."

The next night, after an hour's drive, Yulya brought Yuri to a low concrete building which he recognized as a World War II bunker. The surrounding countryside was completely deserted.

"It looks like nobody's been here since the war ended," Yuri said.

"Nobody has been here in years," Yulya said. "Except us."

"Just you and me?"

"You and me . . . and the rest of the club."

INSIDE, Yuri had to pick his way through rubble and debris scattered about the bunker's concrete floor. He began to wonder if he'd picked up a girl who was more than a little crazy—until Yulya went to the heavy trap door that led to the underground levels of the bunker. She rapped three times with an iron bar on the trap door, and suddenly it seemed to open by itself.

A set of stairs led down into blackness. Yuri realized that this was a command bunker, that there were cavernous rooms below.

"Listen, are you sure you want to go down there?" Yuri asked, not exactly keen on the idea.

"Do you want to make love to me?"

"Of course, but can't we do that up here just as well?"

With a snort of contempt the girl led the way down the steps. After a second's hesitation, Yuri followed her. When they finally reached the bottom he couldn't see his hand in front of his face, but the echo

of his steps told him they were in a very large room. Yulya stood very close to him.

"Are you ready now?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm ready," Yuri said.

"All right," the girl said, suddenly speaking very loudly. "Then I'm ready too!"

A battery of lights flashed on, blinding Yuri momentarily. Beyond the lights, he dimly realized, were people watching them and laughing.

He blinked, stared at Yulya. Somehow, she had taken off her clothes without his knowing it. She stood there, naked, a smile on her face.

THEN his eyes grew more accustomed to the light, and he saw that everyone else in the room was naked, too, except himself.

Yulya took him by the hand.

"Yulya," he stammered. "What, what—?"

"You said you wanted to join our club," she said softly. "Now you must prove yourself—if you aren't too afraid."

But still Yuri could not understand her.

"You mean it's a nudist club, Yulya?"

"No," Yulya said. "Something else."

Then at last Yuri understood.

Yuri spent his entire vacation with the club. He learned that it was only one branch of an informal, but closely-knit, underground society that had sprung up in a dozen or more areas of Russia, a society dedicated to sexual enjoyment.

After his vacation ended, Yuri returned to work in Moscow. One day shortly before lunch he received a phone call, and heard Yulya's familiar voice.

"What are you doing in Moscow?" Yuri asked.

"My job transferred me here," Yulya said. "I'd like to see you tonight."

"Listen, what happened on vacation is over. This is Moscow. This is different."

"I'd still like to see you," Yulya said.

"Don't be such a stiff-neck. Don't you remember the things we did together last summer? Wouldn't you like to do them again?"

"What? No, I wouldn't, not here where I work," Yuri said. "If you want, I'll see you tonight, for old times' sake. But I don't want to start up that other business again. A good clean break is best."

"Whatever you say, just so long as I can see you tonight."

But despite his resolution to keep his sex life in his home city strictly on the up-and-up, Yuri found that, once he'd seen Yulya, he could not resist sleeping with her again. Then he discovered for the first time that the "club" he had joined in Tashkent also had members in Moscow. He resumed going to meetings which were held, as before, in abandoned WW II fortifications—in this case a subterranean concrete blockhouse on the outskirts of the city.

Soon, Yuri began to worry that he might lose his job. "I want to get out of this," he told Yulya.

"You can't," Yulya replied.

"Why can't I?"

"Because if you do, someone will tell your superiors the whole story."

"Someone? You mean yourself?"

"I might."

Yuri never had the courage to test Yulya's threat. But at the same time, he was enjoying the meetings less and less, and getting more and more afraid.

The Moscow club was different from the one in Tashkent. Its members were older, richer, and held high positions in the fields of medicine, law, technology and industrial management. From time to time Yuri and Yulya traveled together; almost

everywhere they went, Yulya found a "club" of some sort to take them to. "Do all these club members know each other?" Yuri asked her once.

"Not everyone. But there are always people from one city who know other peoples like themselves in another town."

"But how do you recognize each other? How do you know where to go?"

"There are ways."

She showed Yuri a list she had of "sure" sex club members in a dozen major Russian towns. She also showed him a mimeographed "newspaper" which she said she received periodically in the mails.

Weeks passed. By now Yuri was too much involved with the club to withdraw from it. Even though Yulya had finally lost interest in him and was living with another man, Yuri continued to go to the meetings as often as they were held, and he spent his vacations in other parts of the country in the same way.

Late in September, 1967, the Russian police crackdown on sex mavericks of the privileged elite began. Yuri was one of the first arrested, along with most of the other members of his club. As a result, he lost his job, was declared by a court to be a "social undesirable" and was given a seven-year sentence doing farm labor in the north to "purge himself of his corrupted Western habits."

At that, he was lucky. Shortly after her arrest, Yulya died of an overdose of sleeping pills.

Their story, as told here, was originally slated for publication in *Novy Mir*, a Soviet journal of literature and comment on Russian life. At the last minute it was judged too "negative" for publication and tossed aside. This version comes from the original manuscript, which was smuggled into the West along with other materials related to the same subject and published in Italy under the title *Secrets of Soviet Life*. But it is not the only example of such material, by any means.

Early in November, 1967, a pudgy, jolly man of 50 named Josef Soloviev skipped aboard the Russian destroyer *Kamchatka*, anchored in the Black Sea as a possible reinforcement for the Mid-East crisis of last spring. Soloviev was a peculiar man in Russian prototypes—nothing like him could have happened anywhere else in the world. As he described his task:

"My job is to keep our Soviet seamen happy and contented on their jobs. To do so, I am allowed to take whatever means I consider necessary."

Soloviev did not get paid for his one-man morale operation. But the Soviets recognized his peculiar services by permitting him freedom of any ship he chose to board. Once on board, Soloviev would go into an inimitable demonstration of the ways to enjoy yourself in the Navy—particularly while on leave in a foreign country—complete with songs, dances and jokes.

He was continually written up by the Soviet press and soon became something of a national hero. Some of his pieces of advice became folk-sayings: "To meet a girl in a foreign port, it is important to be interested in what *she* is interested in—at least at the start." Or, "The worst thing about being away from home is loneliness, but you aren't going to make it better if you just feed it with vodka."

But when Soloviev climbed aboard the *Kamchatka*, something had changed about his act, Soviet officials later said. They found him passing out cards to ship's officers which gave a list of addresses "for the homesick," in a dozen of the ports Red ships visited most. Soviet officials apprehended Soloviev at once.

ONLY SIX SURVIVED

For the 86 naval cadets-in-training aboard the four-master *Par-mir*, the shakedown cruise from Argentina to Bremen had been a ball, at least until they reached a point 300 miles west of the Madeiras. Then suddenly they were belted head-on by Hurricane Carrie and the nightmare began. Before it was over, only six survived the terrible man-against-the-sea ordeal that saw 75 ships from 15 nations attempt a desperate rescue mission. For the incredible minute-by-minute horror, don't miss this exclusive story.

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They also checked out his "operation homesickness." The results, printed in an official Soviet Navy report, also managed to get out of the country "by means unknown." They were published in an Albanian newspaper run by pro-Chinese Reds there, as an example of Soviet decadence.

If a Soviet sailor visited any of the addresses on Soloviev's cards, the Red Navy report said, he would be greeted by a Russian-speaking woman—no matter what country he was in. She would ask the sailor what part of the Soviet Union he came from, exchange light conversational tidbits with him and offer a list of suggestions as to where he could find cheap prices and a "clean good time" in that particular port.

THERE was no fee for any of this, and many sailors simply took the service at that. But for those who pushed on, there was more, much more. For an exorbitant price, the friendship-service would arrange a date, or a party, or whatever else the sailor had in mind, with a "local girl of good family" who was "guaranteed to appreciate the role played by Russian seamen" in keeping the world's oceans free for Communism.

A Soviet officer using this "service" could drop two or three months' pay in one or two nights, or even more if he had it in his wallet. But, according to the pirated version of this Soviet report, the services of the "friendship club" did not stop there. In certain Mid-East nations it was even possible for a sailor to "buy" a girl, and then rent her out to his shipmates for as long as his vessel was in port. The gimmick was that the "service" would agree to buy the girl back, "at a discount," and was advertised as a "bargain in the best interests of Soviet-Arab friendship."

Still another Soviet investigation blossomed from a different direction at about the same time as but quite independently of, the Soloviev episode. This started when an ambitious Russian magazine reporter began a sarcastic series on all the things Soviet VIPs could get for free, things less-important people might not be able to get at all. These were not necessarily party bigwigs. The reporter learned that although plant managers and those of higher rank in Soviet auto factories had to go on a waiting list like anyone else if they wanted to buy a new car, they could get the use of a new car, free, for as long as they wished as



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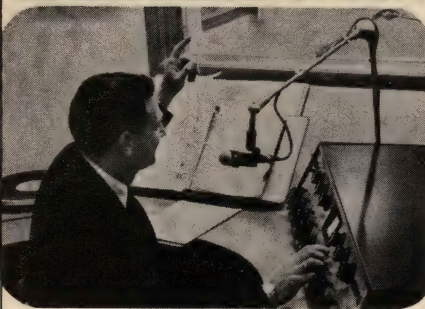
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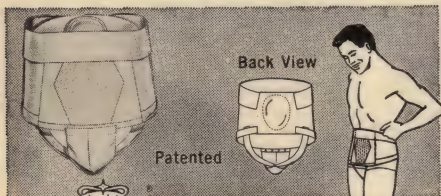
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part of what the factories called a "long range testing program." By switching cars every three months or so, these executives got their new autos without having to buy them.

Similarly, local party officials managed to get many of their needs free, from auto repairs and plumbing jobs to tickets to the ballet and gold inlays in their teeth. One head of a local party committee was even given a mountain cabin and the land around it for his vacations. When the reporter pointed it out, he protested, "But I asked for nothing. People give me these things because they think I should have them."

Finally, the reporter hinted, officials, executives and other important people also had access to free sex when and if they wanted it. He did not dwell on the subject because prostitution was officially "eliminated" in the USSR years ago and it is only on rare occasions that officials will allow evidence that it exists to be printed.

The reporter wrote of letters he had received, ostensibly from madams plying their trade, that told of dinners with "entertainment" provided free—paid for by the madams—for officials who wanted to curry favor with visiting higher-ups. "The 'entertainment' presumably consisted of young women provided for sexual license," the reporter wrote, "but since I had no way of checking this matter further, I had to let it drop. Surely if such evils do go on in our country, they are nowhere near so extensive as to demand full-scale attention."

But the reporter's revelations stirred up a hornet's nest of anger and indignation among Russia's citizenry. In the following weeks journalists seemed to vie with each other to produce newer, more shocking scandals:

■ A Black Sea resort hotel which provided free sexual service for its most important customers—and then made up the difference by padding the bills of others who wanted to come to the same hotel the communist bigwigs used.

■ A major steel plant which made sure that manufacturers specifically ordered its steel by providing three-to-seven-day vacations for the procuring agents, with women thrown into the bargain if desired.

■ Several hundred individual instances of assorted favors—including free sex—provided to newspapermen, who are perhaps even more important in the Soviet Union than they are in the U.S. "If I get a mention in the newspaper for outproducing my quota, or for keeping my employees proud of their work here," one ball-bearing plant manager said, "it bounces right up to my district party central committee, as well as to the economic administrators in charge of my section, and it makes them all happy with me. Even my wife likes me better."

Just by itself, the selection of items culled from recent Soviet press reports—both those permitted to be published and those which were suppressed but smuggled out to the West—indicates that the Russians have a serious new problem on their hands: sexual misbehavior.

Some experts believe that the result of all this may be a substantial net gain for the West, as the Reds learn to face up to sex and other "uncommunist" sins. "Russia," says Dr. Graham Christian of the London-based Free Institute for Soviet Affairs, "remains firmly committed to the policy of 'Americanization.' This means a rising standard of living for its citizens..."

"Meanwhile, the State as a whole remains just as firmly committed to the theory of idealistic communism. The two

philosophies, however, cannot remain long enclosed in the same box. The recent rash of expose material coming from the USSR, on the subject of sexual license and almost 'beatnik' behavior on the part of some privileged citizens, is one of the best indicators we have had in a long time of the kind of dislocations that are produced. Since the Russians have found that the policy of liberalization pays off in a more smoothly functioning economy than the old-fashioned communist system could produce, our most hopeful expectation should be for more of the same."

The learned opinions of the professors are perhaps best substantiated by a brief incident described in one of the Soviet provincial papers a few months ago:

ASOVIET police inspector in the North, near the new scientific complex of Akademgorod, had carefully laid a trap for a group of smugglers who operated in the area. Akademgorod is a complete town built within the past few years, and inhabited completely by engineering and scientific personnel. This ability to create a modern research complex in the midst of the Siberian wilderness is one of Russia's most remarkable achievements. But the record shows that the longtime inhabitants of the area have resented the extra privileges and higher scale of living which the technicians were granted by the State. Notoriously disrespectful of the older-style "Communist austerity, the young men of the settlement had also angered longtime Siberian citizens by their ability to import both Western-style luxuries and visits by *mozgnos*, "permitted girls" a level above that of the ordinary prostitute.

Now the inspector thought he had his quarry trapped: a half-dozen girls, the smugglers-procurers who brought them and over twenty young researchers from a nuclear engineering plant. But as he and his men crept up quietly on snowshoes, their horses tethered a quarter of a mile farther back in the wilderness, the little inn that was their target suddenly erupted human beings. Someone had spotted the interlopers in advance.

The police rushed forward on their clumsy shoes, trying to round up half-naked girls and men as they struggled into their fur-lined garments on the run. Then suddenly the inspector heard a roar as seven of the powered sleds the Russians call "ice birds"—similar to American snowmobiles—whirled away across the frozen surface, each carrying four or more male factors. In a few minutes they were gone.

"What made me angriest," the inspector told the press later, "was that I myself had ordered four ice birds for my own men, at least six months before. And I still haven't received any response to my request."

Soviet newspapers howled in righteous indignation, but since then there's been no report that either the ice birds, the girls in them, the smugglers who brought them in or the young privileged-class engineers who made the whole thing profitable have been apprehended.

Somewhere in the frozen Russian North there are pretty girls ready to shuck off their furs and hop into bed at the drop of a ruble, zipping over the ice at a whirling pace in their mechanized sleds. Somehow, in that picture, you can get an idea of what the academic scholars think they have discerned in Russia's new outcry against the spread of sex, flower children and the rest of the "corruption of the West" in their country: the chance that one day Russians will start to see things the way the rest of the world does.

But don't hold your breath. ♦♦♦



DEATH JUMP

Continued from page 17

cords until absolutely necessary. It was the soundless, exhilarating flight before the canopy snapped open overhead that lured skydivers into making more and more jumps: those moments when a jumper seemed to be floating away from reality.

At 4000 feet Coy sliced into the white, fluffy, innocent-looking clouds and knew it was time to open his parachute. He had dropped approximately 16,000 feet "free." Now he had to stop the 125 mph drop and head for the clear landing zone at Ortner Airport. He hoped to land directly on target. The fact that he wouldn't be able to see the ground until the last minute or two of the jump after he broke through the overcast made the challenge greater.

Crack!

The canopy of his main chute snapped open, and Coy felt his leg straps dig into his groin. Although he was still in the clouds he could see that the canopy was all right, that it wasn't split or torn; that, as usual, everything was okay. Next he searched below for a sign that the overcast was thinning. He knew that the clouds would appear darker as he neared the bottom of them—a reflection of the darker ground—and he wanted to be ready to make instant corrections in his flight path when he broke out. That was the only way he could hope to land directly on the target, since his altitude would be limited and his time for adjustments cut to a minimum.

The clouds gradually darkened and Coy tensed, eyes straining for the first sight of ground. One second... two... three... four... five...

The gray curtain suddenly turned much darker; an instant later, the skydiver shot out of the overcast into open sky. For a moment—a long, unbelieving moment—Coy looked at the sight below, too stunned to act, too shocked to comprehend.

He was nowhere near Ortner Airport. He wasn't even over land: there wasn't a square foot of solid ground in sight! All he could see in every direction was water. Cold, rough, wind-whipped water! "My god! I'm over Lake Erie..."

To some people the idea of jumping out of an airplane five miles up with or without an open parachute is a symptom of advanced insanity. To others, like Robert Coy, it is a thing of beauty, a sport one notch above all others. There's no doubt that skydiving has developed into one of the fastest growing sports in the nation. In Coy's home state of Ohio there are 600 jumpers, many of them expert enough to enter the National Parachuting Club Championships every year. The U.S. Parachutists Association has over 30,000 skydivers on its rolls, and the number increases every month.

The term skydiving is sometimes confusing; in its simplest definition it refers to the technique of a jumper maintaining complete control of his body during a free-

fall before the parachute opens. The skydiver usually tries to land as near as possible to the center of a 1000-foot circle which is used as a target. After leaving an aircraft at an altitude of 15,000 feet or more in the usual jumper's position, some skydivers hold their legs wide apart and control their flight path in that manner; others use the swan dive technique combined with body movements to change direction, maintain balance, and drop on the target. At a minimum altitude of about 1500 feet, the skydiving parachutist opens his 'chute and floats to earth.

Robert Coy in his 262 previous jumps had never had an accident; he had always popped his 'chute and landed within a few feet of his intended touchdown area without incident. One of his companions in the converted B-25 that fatal day was Dorsie Kitchen, Jr., a 33-year-old veteran of 300 jumps. Another skydiver with Coy and Kitchen was pretty Patricia Lownsbury, who had been married three years earlier aboard an aircraft. After the ceremony she and her husband, Alvin, had skydived to a wedding reception in a field below. Alvin Lownsbury wasn't with his wife this time, because he was recovering from a broken leg suffered on another jump.

"This was supposed to be a fun jump," Bernard Johnson said afterward. "Each of us had over a hundred jumps to his credit, and there definitely were no overtones of tragedy as we boarded the B-25 for the take-off."

As the group climbed into the cabin of the plane, Kitchen checked the weather report carefully. "The wind is really kicking up a fuss at twenty thousand feet," he told Gerald Freeman.

"How strong is it?"

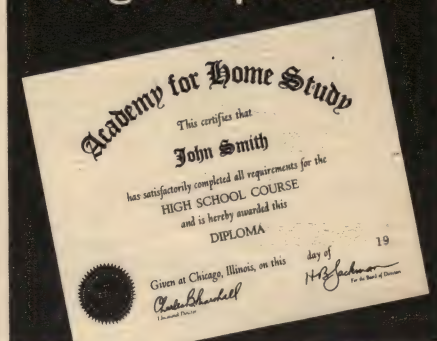
"Sixty miles per hour."

FREEMAN whistled softly. He knew that for such a high-altitude jump the wind could be a very important factor. Such jumps were usually made only on clear, calm days and from perfectly positioned aircraft in order to avoid such hazards as rivers, lakes, highways and woods. But he, like many of the others, had traveled a long distance to participate in the mass jump and he didn't want to have it canceled now.

As the B-25 labored toward 20,000 feet, Pilot Karns had to climb through a 2000-foot-thick overcast. He entered the clouds at 4000 feet and exited when the altimeter read 6000. Robert Coy, studying the overcast, hoped that by the time the B-25 reached the planned bail-out altitude, there would be some holes in the clouds which would permit him to see the ground. While he had confidence in the radar controller, he would feel much safer if he could see the airport below before jumping. Besides, he hated to knowingly break an FAA regulation.

"Feels like he's leveling off," Freeman

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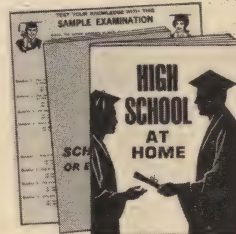
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said, and grabbed a brace on the side of the fuselage to steady himself.

Coy nodded, and checked his parachute and his harness so he'd be ready to jump when Karns gave the signal. They couldn't stay at 20,000 very long without oxygen; he knew that Karns would get them out of the plane as soon as possible. He stepped to the door, looked down and searched the overcast far below for an opening. He couldn't find one.

Behind Coy, Freeman was staring out the other side of the plane. Both the wind velocity of 60 mph and the solid overcast hiding the ground worried him. He had made many jumps but never under such conditions.

"Well," he joked, "I can't think of a better way to die."

No one, of course, took him seriously. They should have.

AT that moment, Ted Murphy, in his Cessna, assigned to photograph the mass jump, was making a right turn west of Ortner Airport. Suddenly his radio crackled, and he heard the radar controller at Oberlin give the B-25 a radar vector:

"B-25, you are three miles west of Ortner."

Murphy looked around the sky in surprise. He knew that if the vector was correct, the B-25 should be close to his Cessna... maybe too close. But searching the surrounding area, Murphy saw no sign of the converted bomber. Something was wrong!

Robert Coy didn't, at that time, know that anything was wrong. But five minutes later, when he broke out of the overcast and saw not Ortner Airport but Lake Erie below, he knew he was in deadly danger.

Coy, stunned, stared at the water below. There was no time to try and figure out what had happened, what had caused the tragic mistake; the water was coming up fast.

He tried desperately to take advantage of the wind, which was blowing toward the distant shore. Yanking on his shrouds, he tried to drift as close to land as possible, but within seconds, he realized that he didn't have enough altitude to drift very far. He was going to drop into the water much too far from shore to hope to swim for it unless he could get rid of some of his gear.

He drew his legs up, trying to reach the laces of his jump boots. His fumbling fingers had trouble with the knots but, finally, he got the boots loose and kicked them off. He was reaching for the buckle of his reserve chute when he saw another parachute to his left but lower. He couldn't tell who the jumper was at that distance, but he yelled for him to start unbuckling his equipment.

"Untie your shoe laces," he shouted across the intervening space. "Get out of your boots."

The jumper, if he heard Coy, paid no attention. Instead, he rode the parachute straight down to the water without making any effort to remove any of his heavy jump equipment. He hit hard, sending a small fountain of water skyward, and was hidden from view as the canopy of his chute settled down on top of him. Coy waited for the man to appear from under the canopy, but he didn't. Slowly the water lapped over the parachute making it heavier and heavier until it began to disappear under the waves. Inch-by-inch it sank, taking with it the skydiver still harnessed to the main chute.

It was then that Coy truly realized the slim chance of survival he had. He had no life vest, no survival equipment

of any kind. He could not expect any help from the other jumpers—they faced the same situation as he did. Pilot Karns was still high above the clouds in the B-25, confident that the skydivers he had just unloaded were landing safely on Ortner Airport, so he would be of no help either. Murphy in the Cessna was nowhere in sight. Coy was strictly on his own—and the odds were all on the side of Lake Erie.

Very carefully, he unfastened his helmet strap; he didn't want his head dragged under the surface in case the helmet filled with water. Gripping the shroud cords of the parachute tightly with his left hand, he unbuckled his left leg strap, leaving the right strap tight to support him during the rest of the descent. That left only the chest straps. He hesitated, afraid that if he loosened them a sudden gust of wind or some violent motion might make him lose his grip on the shroud cords and he'd fall to his death.

While he was still debating whether to risk unbuckling the chest straps, he saw another parachutist hit the cold waters of the lake, saw him try desperately to swim away from the canopy before it landed on top of him. He appeared to have won the fight at first, but just as he reached a point about five feet north of the 'chute, he was jerked backward by the shroud cords. As the canopy disappeared beneath the lake surface, it pulled the helpless parachutist with it.

Coy no longer hesitated: he unbuckled the chest straps of his parachute harness. He would rather take his chances in the air, holding on to the floating canopy's shroud cords, than risk drowning with the canopy dragging him down like an anchor.

Gripping the shrouds so tight his fingers threatened to cramp, Coy watched the waves below. He wanted to be prepared when he hit the water, wanted to land so he wouldn't be stunned. If the wind swung him violently at the last moment before hitting the water, and he landed on the downswing and was knocked out, he'd drown. He had to be careful. Very careful.

Maneuvering the shroud cords skillfully, Coy kept his body dropping straight toward Lake Erie with very little swinging. It was hard to judge his distance above the water. Finally he decided that he was about fifty feet up and began calling out the altitude:

"Fifty... forty... thirty—"

HE hit the water hard and went straight down. It was so sudden, so surprising, he lost several precious seconds before he started propelling himself back to the surface with his arms. Finally his head popped back above the surface and he filled his lungs with air. As he did, he felt a tug on his leg. The next moment the wind-filled canopy of the parachute was dragging him feet first across the water; the one leg strap still buckled around his right leg attached him firmly to the parachute. He knew that he had to get the strap loose or die, drowned.

Coy tried to pull himself up out of the water as the canopy dragged him, tried to lean far enough forward to reach the leg strap. He couldn't make it. Waves kept hitting him in the chest, knocking him back to a horizontal position each time he tried. Water went up his nose, into his mouth. Choking and coughing, tiring rapidly, Coy felt the fight draining out of him, felt his arms and legs going numb.

"Got to get that strap," he muttered. "Got to get loose."

Just when he had given up hope, the

wind eased and the canopy sagged down on the water. Coy got his legs under him, reached down and tried to unbuckle the leg strap. Twice his fingers slipped off the buckle. He was making a third try when the wind started picking up again, and he felt the harness tugging at his leg. Desperate, Coy grabbed the buckle with both hands and finally got it loose. Instantly, the wind whipped the canopy and the harness away from him. Coy shuddered as he watched the 'chute bounce across the surface of the lake. One second more of fumbling with the leg strap and he would have been dragged through the water with the canopy. He might not have survived.

Quickly, Coy took off his reserve parachute pack and put it under his arms to help support him in the water. The pack sank about an inch below the surface when he put his weight on it, but it did help keep him float. Yet he knew that it would serve as a makeshift life raft only for a short time; eventually it would become waterlogged and sink. After that he'd have to start swimming.

"Can anyone hear me?"
The waves were high enough to keep Coy from seeing if any of his fellow jumpers had landed in the lake near him.

"This is Coy . . . do you hear me?"
No answer.

Waves began breaking over his head more often, and the tired skydiver realized that the reserve pack he was using to keep himself afloat was beginning to sink. He kicked his feet; as long as he kept kicking he could keep his head up and the water out of his nose and mouth. But there was a limit to how long he could keep on kicking. Finally his leg muscles were so tired, he just couldn't kick any longer. He took one last look at the distant shore as his head started dipping below the surface.

Water splashed into his helmet as a high wave hit him in the face, and that gave him an idea. It was a wild idea, but the only chance of survival left him as he floundered in Lake Erie.

Maybe I can trap some air under my helmet, he thought, and use it to support myself."

It was worth a try, he decided. Grabbing the helmet from his head, he used it like an upside down cup to provide buoyancy. Surprisingly, it gave him better support than the reserve parachute had before it got waterlogged and sank. Leaning his arms on top of the helmet, Coy tried to regain some of his strength.

It was a tricky, dangerous way to get some rest. Every wave threatened to upset the helmet, or tip it far enough so that the air trapped beneath it would escape and it would fill with water. Coy kept moving his arms and body, so the helmet would stay balanced in the water, but gradually he felt his strength going. He knew now that it was only a matter of minutes until it would all be over: he would be too weak to be able to stay afloat.

His muscles ached, his throat was raw from swallowing water, his eyes burned. Even his hearing seemed to be affected, because suddenly he heard a roaring sound which kept getting louder and louder. He tried to shake any water that was in his ears out of them, thinking that this was causing the roaring noise. As he tilted his head, he caught sight of movement to his left on the surface of the lake. He stared, waiting until a wave came along to lift him up a little bit higher.

"My god!"
Coy still doubted what he saw, and he strained his eyes to get another look as the roaring got louder.

"A boat! Thank God, a boat!"
A pleasure boat was moving slowly toward shore only a few yards in front of Coy, but the waves made it difficult to see.

"Over here! Here I am!" Coy yelled.
"Over here!"

HE waved his arms frantically, upsetting his buoying helmet as he did. He had renewed energy now, though, and started swimming toward the boat.

"Hey! Here I am. . . here. . . here. . ."

Finally, just when he thought despairingly that the boat was going to move away, it made a sharp turn toward him. Coy, coughing and choking as water washed over his head, kept waving until the occupants of the boat grabbed his arms and pulled him to safety. By that time he was nearly unconscious, wasn't certain what was happening to him. Even when the same boat rescued Bernard Johnson, Coy was still dazed. He was only sure about one thing: he was out of the deadly waters of Lake Erie!

Of the 18 skydivers who jumped from the B-25 at 20,000 feet that day, Coy and Johnson were the only survivors. Larry Hartman and Al Homestead, the two jumpers equipped with oxygen, bailed out at 23,000 feet a few minutes later unaware of the tragedy unfolding below them. Both of the men landed safely on target.

A five-day search for the missing 16 jumpers turned up ten bodies; the other six were presumed drowned even though their bodies were not recovered during that period.

In September, 1967, during Senate subcommittee debate on a bill to give the FAA greater power to regulate the sport of skydiving, an official of the National Transportation Safety Board put the blame for the Lake Erie tragedy on the jumpers themselves for bailing out over clouds; on the B-25 pilot for allowing them to do so, and on the air-traffic controller who apparently monitored the wrong plane on radar.

The day after the tragedy, Robert Coy watched the search operations being performed on Lake Erie, in a rainstorm, and shook his head sadly. "I can't condemn the sport," he said, "but I'll never jump again."

The last jump for Robert Coy was a death jump for 16 of his companions. He knew when he'd pushed Lady Luck far enough.

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RED BERET BUSHWHACKER

Continued from page 27

"Here. Take this rifle and keep out of sight. If Charlie shows up, start shooting." The sweating sergeant hurried back to the landing zone. Although Tri was leading his men deeper into the jungle, the VC still had the clearing in sight and as Wijas moved out into it again enemy snipers began firing at him. Disregarding the enemy fire, the sergeant helped several more wounded Rangers to cover, working as fast as he could. Finally, satisfied that he had helped all those he could, he dived into the jungle to join the fighting.

Wijas had gone only a short distance when he met the Rangers moving back toward the landing zone, firing as they retreated.

"What the hell is the matter?" he demanded, crouching near a tree beside Tri.

"Too many," the Vietnamese answered. "They're everywhere."

Anger flared in Wijas. He wasn't use to having his men retreat. They were good fighters and he knew it; but he also knew that without someone out front to show the way, they weren't aggressive. If Tri couldn't do it, it was up to him.

"All right! You've gone as far back as you're going!" he bellowed. "We're going after those guys and right now. Follow me!"

Wijas didn't feel as confident as he tried to sound. Ahead of him, the jungle was so thick he couldn't see more than three feet. It was a dark, deadly trap and he knew it. But he also knew that there was no other way to rout the VC guerrillas whose objective was to block Highway 4, the vital road linking Saigon and the Delta. If that road were cut, the Mekong Delta was lost!

Wijas moved out from behind the tree he had been using for cover. Behind him, the Rangers slowly got to their feet and followed. In the jungle, only a few steps away from Sergeant Rodney Wijas, a black-clad VC rose silently and stood poised to throw a grenade. . .

The Mekong Delta battles of June and July, 1966, were lost in the publicity given the air raids on the oil and storage facilities at Hanoi and Haiphong. On the same day that U.S. Navy and Air Force fighter-bombers hit North Vietnam's largest oil depot, only two miles northwest of the port of Haiphong, Sergeant Wijas and his 43rd Rangers were fighting for their lives in the swampy jungle terrain of the Mekong Delta far to the south. Their battle was just as important to the all-out Allied effort in Vietnam—maybe even more important—but few heard about it.

In fact, the fighting in the rice paddies and undergrowth of the Delta is the "forgotten war." It shouldn't be, Washington admits, but it is. The Delta is the "rice bowl" of Southeast Asia, and the main prize Ho Chi Minh still hopes to win for the Communist world. It contains the bulk of South Vietnam's agricultural resources and 40 percent of its people. Yet, until early 1967, no American troops were committed to the region. Only U.S. arms, material, and men like Wijas who

served as "advisors" to the South Vietnamese soldiers.

Wijas worked with the red-bereted Rangers of the 43rd Battalion. Theoretically, it was his job to advise the Vietnamese soldiers, not command them—they had their own commanders. But in many cases, even if he didn't give direct commands, the rugged sergeant had to "lead" the Rangers by his actions. It didn't take him long to agree heartily with the lament penned by one frustrated advisor:

"It's not my place to run this train, The whistle I cannot blow, It's not my place to say how far This train is allowed to go. It's not my place to shoot off steam, Or even clang the bell, But let this train jump the track, And see who catches hell!"

The VC tried their damndest to make the "train" jump the track, but slowly and surely Wijas became wise in the ways of Delta fighting and the steps necessary to keep the Army of the Republic of Vietnam soldiers on the attack.

He was ready, on the morning of July 5, when the message was radioed from My Tho that the crack VC 514 Battalion had sent a unit to cut Highway 4 about 20 miles south of Vinh Long. The road was a vital link between Saigon, My Tho, Vinh Long, Can Tho, Soc Trang, Bac Lieu, and Ca Mau; the only ground route from the capital and the Mekong Delta. While helicopters carried much of the equipment and supplies needed by the troops fighting in the Delta, much of the stores were still trucked down Highway 4. If the road was cut or blocked, the Delta could be lost to the VC in a short time. The road had to be kept open at all cost.

WIJAS was summoned to a hastily-called briefing a short time after the radio message from My Tho. An officer from the staff of Brigadier General William Desobry, senior advisor to South Vietnam's Fourth Corps, explained the situation:

"The VC had decided to concentrate on blocking our ground supply route into the Delta. The new commander of the 514th is a hard-nosed Southerner called Sau Bich, who's promised Hanoi he'll cut off all supplies from Saigon."

He pointed to a small dot on the map just south of Vinh Long. "Bich is making his initial effort here. He has moved in a strong force about twenty miles south of Vinh Long. If he is successful, undoubtedly he will sever the highway at other areas. We could be in bad trouble. It's up to the 43rd Rangers to stop him."

Wijas nodded. "When do we leave?" "The helicopters will load in an hour." "We'll be ready."

Wijas started for the door, but the briefing officer called him back. He waited until the others had gone, then told the sergeant, "Charlie knows damn well we'll try to stop his maneuver. He also knows that there are only one or two landing zones on high enough ground to land troops in that area."

"In other words, you think he'll be waiting for us?"

The officer nodded. "The odds favor you getting one hell of a hot reception when you unload. Unfortunately, there's no alternative but to use the available landing zone."

"I understand."

"Good luck."

A little over an hour after the briefing, the 43rd Rangers, their red berets set on their heads at a jaunty angle, were riding the helicopters south. Wijas smiled as he looked at the small, wiry Vietnamese soldiers. Given the incentive and proper leadership, they could fight like hell.

At the LZ, with the enemy waiting for them, they got the chance to prove it. . .

Wijas moved into the jungle carefully, checking the terrain ahead with each step. Except for an occasional rifle shot, the jungle was quiet. Too quiet. It was an ominous quiet Wijas didn't like. Motioning Tri to join him at the point, he whispered, "They know we're coming and they're waiting. Tell your men to watch for an ambush, and—"

He broke off in mid-sentence, swung his .45 caliber pistol around toward his left, and pulled the trigger.

Five feet away, a Vietcong wearing black pants and bare from the waist up, tumbled over backwards. The grenade he was holding ready to throw hit the ground beside him. A moment later, it exploded.

"Get down! Get down!"

Wijas knew the Rangers had been spotted, that there were undoubtedly more guerrillas in the area ready to attack. Tri was still on his feet and Wijas reached up and yanked him down.

Whoom! Wijas felt the grenade fragments hit him before he heard the blast. Thousands of sharp needles seemed to be pricking his chest. Knocked backwards, he tripped over a tree root, landed hard on his back, the needles still stabbing into his chest. Then pincers of pain seemed to grab his chest on both sides and squeeze until he thought his rib cage would collapse. He grasped for breath; his lungs ached, burned. He didn't know it at the time, but the grenade fragments had pierced his chest and collapsed one of his lungs. All he knew was that he had trouble breathing and that his chest was on fire.

"Tri. . . Tri. . ."

Even his voice was affected. It was hoarse, weak, indistinct. There was no

answer to his cry, because the Vietnamese Ranger, several feet away in a depressed area of the ground, just didn't hear him. Wijas grabbed his chest with both hands in a futile effort to stop the pain. When he pulled his hands away, they were covered with blood.

Enemy bullets thudded into the ground only inches from him, and Wijas momentarily forgot his pain. All around him, he could hear the Rangers sniping back at the VC; but he knew from the intermittent firing that Tri and his men were not making a full-scale attack. They were dug in and holding only. Highway 4 would never be cleared that way.

"Tri. . . Tri. . .!"

This time the Vietnamese Ranger heard him and wriggled through the underbrush to his side.

"Get me a radio," Wijas gasped.

Tri shook his head. "I'll help you back to our position. It will be safer there and then you can use the radio. You—"

"Get me a radio!" Despite intense pain which now seemed to fill his entire body, Wijas shook Tri's arm off. The Ranger shrugged and crawled away.

WHEN the Vietnamese had gone, the sergeant managed to slide across the ground to a new position a few feet north which afforded a little more cover. If he thought he had fooled the VC, however, he soon learned differently. A bullet kicked mud in his face, nearly blinding him. Slowly, painfully, he inched deeper into the jungle, bullets trailing him. Suddenly a dark object pushed against his arm. The dazed sergeant swung his pistol toward it—and was relieved to see that it was Tri with the radio.

"I'm going to call an air strike. After the jets leave, fix bayonets and attack," Wijas said. Looking hard at the Vietnamese noncom, he asked, "Do you understand?"

"Fix bayonets?"

"Put them on and move out as soon as the planes leave the area."

Tri nodded. "I'll attack." He looked at Wijas. "Are you coming back now?"

"I'm staying here. Let the Vietcong concentrate on me while you guys get into position to move out. Besides, I'll have to direct the air strike. . . " He started to cough.

Tri looked at the blood on the sergeant's lips and shook his head. "You need help."

"I'm staying here. Get back to your men," Wijas gasped.

Tri crawled away still shaking his head.



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It took Wijas several seconds to get the radio into position, because every-time he moved his arms his chest hurt almost unbearably. Finally, he managed to make his call:

"We need an air strike, My Tho. Immediately."

Within minutes, the forward air controller in the area obtained the coordinates from Wijas and ordered the aircraft into the air.

"We have no FAC's at your position, Sergeant. Who will direct the air strikes? Is there time to get a Bird Dog to you?"

Wijas knew that there was no time to wait for a spotter plane.

"Negative. I'll handle the strike myself."

"Are you close enough to the enemy?"

"If I was any closer," Wijas said, "I'd be behind him."

Five minutes later, the F-105s came roaring into view. Wijas contacted the flight leader.

"Drop your load about two hundred yards directly west of the cleared landing zone. Do you understand?"

"I read you but I can't see anything but jungle. Are you certain of the position?"

"Roger. I should be. I'm there myself."

"Don't be a fool! We'll kill you! I can't—"

Wijas broke in. "Drop where I say. I'm under cover."

There was a second's silence, then the pilot replied, "Okay, buddy. It's your decision."

The bombs hit directly on target, right where Wijas hoped the VC were hiding in the jungle. The concussion rocked the ground under him; the jungle undergrowth started to whirl before his eyes. He fought desperately to stay conscious as the jets made their passes over the target area. But, finally, blackness swept over him.

It was the silence, the contrasting silence after the bombing, that roused Wijas. Opening his eyes, he saw smoke

rising from the jungle ahead of him, saw several trees burning, spotted a huge hole in the ground only a few hundred feet away. There was no sign of the VC, however. Nor was there any sign of the Rangers. The sergeant looked around bewildered, wondering how long he had been unconscious, trying to determine whether the ground battle was over, or just hadn't started yet.

Suddenly, the jungle ahead was alive with VC. Despite the bombing, many of the guerrillas had survived. Now they attacked, screaming, charging out of the undergrowth where they'd been hiding. Wijas struggled to his feet, swung his only weapon, the .45 automatic, toward the first of the guerrillas and fired. The wounded sergeant knew he didn't have a chance of holding off the VC by himself, but he was determined to go down fighting.

Suddenly, several shapes rushed past him toward the oncoming VC and met them head-on. The Yank looked after them in amazement; it was a second or two before he realized they were his 43rd Rangers, bayonets fixed, charging the enemy.

THE Rangers fought like wildmen, slashing into the guerrillas until finally the VC scattered and ran back into the jungle. It didn't help the pain in his chest any, but Wijas couldn't help laughing at the sight of the retreating enemy soldiers.

"They won't stop running until they get to Cambodia," he gasped.

In November, 1966, the soft-spoken Army sergeant was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. The medal was pinned on his uniform by General W. C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. Military Assistance Command in Vietnam.

One U.S. official in Saigon stated recently that, "If we can't win the war in the Delta, we can't win the war."

Staff Sergeant Rodney J. Wijas and men like him are making certain we do win it. ♦♦♦

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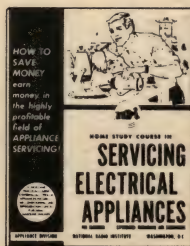
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Force had put on that day, so there was no attempt at camouflage. Searchlights bored holes in the sky. The flak guns went off in lightning flashes. Then the "Christmas trees" dropped, lazily floating flares, further illuminating the target for the British bomber stream.

The prisoners went wild. They had been locked up the whole day while the American bombers pounded their targets. Now, in the darkness, they blew a full head of steam.

"Pour it on!"

"Drop it on their goddamn heads!"

"Down the spout! Down their throats!"

The full complement of guards was turned out the moment the sirens sounded. The towers were manned double. The rest went from barracks to barracks, pounding on the locked windows and doors with rifle butts.

"Still! Halt den Mund!"

"Up yours, Fritz!"

"Eat arsenic!"

The British unloaded. Where the six-ton "Grand Slams" hit, it looked like flash bulbs seen through a haze of dust and smoke. Incendiaries tumbled down. Flames shot higher and higher until they reached fifteen thousand feet, and the bellies of the Lancaster bombers were lit, coming over in the irregular cluster formation they had adopted.

Occasionally, the "director" could be seen circling the target, guiding the drop-lets of planes over it so they formed a "stream." Sometimes he was caught in the searchlights and the guns concentrated on him. Little bursting lights almost obliterated him. The prisoners held their breaths even though they knew there was always another plane to take over his job, and when the director came out of it at a different altitude, they cheered themselves hoarse.

"Come on, come on, keep pouring it in there!"

"Halt den Mund! Halt den Mund!"

"Shut up yourself, Kraut."

"Hey, Warden! Come unglued from that window. Give someone else a chance."

TOM Warden stayed where he was. "You had it all day." It was a simple statement but enough to keep all complainants quiet. Warden had a reputation. He could watch the frequent fights in the barracks emotionlessly. Once he had been provoked into one and that was enough. Nobody wanted to tangle with a guy who went "King Kong" in a simple scrap.

The British raid lasted more than two hours because of the stream system of bombing. In the barracks, a watcher was assigned to keep a tally of the Lancasters shot down. There'd be a spark in the sky, then either a fireball or a long streamer slanting for the ground. No crash was noted. Not in that mass of flames that, it was discovered later, could be seen 200 miles away. The heat of the fires was so intense the bombers actually bounced as they came over the target. The British, having been on the receiving end of an "all out" bombing, also believed in "all out" bombing. When

they went after a target, they took out the area of the city where it was located.

"It's all over." Warden left the window and returned to his bunk. A few stayed to watch Berlin burn. Comments were passed about the bombing and what a night it had been. But most of the men were exhausted, due to the poor rations, and the barracks was gradually quieting. The All Clear screamed in the camp. The generators for the searchlights were kicking over when a roar was heard, a deep throbbing roaring that could be felt in the pit of the stomach.

"Hit the deck!" someone yelled.

Warden got to the window just in time to see a mass of flames sliding down a flat incline. A burning Lancaster, barely identifiable. The crew was either out or dead. It pounded in, beating at the brain, its propellers swirling firebrands. Light and noise and a potential explosion that could take out half the camp.

It hit outside at a shallow angle and skidded, leaving burning gasoline in its wake. It crashed into the electric fence. The sparks of high-arc voltage were smothered in the intense glare. The inside fence of barbed wire was ripped like so much string, support poles uprooted and thrown ahead. A guard tower was bowled over and crushed under the white-hot fuselage. Amid the thunder of flames and scream of crashing, the exploding ammo sounded like damp firecrackers. The Lancaster ploughed on, ripping and demolishing everything in its path. It tore out the fence corner and thundered into the stripped area surrounding the camp. About a quarter mile from where it had hit, it exploded, showering sparkling metal bits and fire in a large circle.

The guards and prisoners were stunned by the destruction. Where there had been a double fence—one electrified—was a line of burning gasoline.

"That's the way out!" Captain Shuster yelled. "Cover your faces."

"Give us the can opener!" Lieutenant Busby shouted from the top bunk near the door. A looped wire was tossed to him. He stuck his arm out the transom, hooked the handle of the locking bar, flipped it up. The prisoners surged out, running straight for the flames.

Warden paused, put his shoulder under a top bunk, lifted. The supporting post was saved neatly in two; the bottom section had been hollowed. He dipped his fingers in, removed a homemade set of wire cutters, scampered out.

The guys were gone through the flames. In the central guard tower the goons were beating an alarm triangle. The dogs in their kennels were yelping with eagerness to be freed. In just about five minutes a full-scale search would be underway.

Warden dived under the barracks and crawled on elbows and knees in the opposite direction. The connection to the electric fence was broken, so he'd have no trouble there. Behind him a door burst open and more prisoners ran out, yelling. The guards were moving into position. Burp guns spit. Deliberately, Warden turned and looked. POWs somersaulted

as slugs hit them. One tried to raise his hands and was knocked, spinning, by a stream of bullets. The fools! The poor bloody fools. Warden promised himself the next Kraut he saw in a gunsight would be converted into a "good German"—in the fractional second he lived with a bullet in his heart or head.

He stayed in the shadows. With all the noise and action, he was relatively safe. A party of goons had a hose and were washing a path through the flaming gasoline. At least a company of guards with about twenty barking dogs lunging on their leashes watched and waited.

HE came to the barbed wire, rolled to his back, cut his way into the coils, twisted a free wire around a loop so it wouldn't snap back and catch him. Then cut another, got in deeper. He squirmed out the other side with his leather flying clothes still intact.

The electric fence was a cinch. No electricity, no alarm system. Fast cuts along the supporting pole and he was outside the camp. Turning in the general direction of Berlin, he started trotting with a definite objective in mind. A memory was back, a lot of memories...

A meeting of the Escape Committee. Colonel Pratt—one joke allowed per man—seated at the table. The little room filled with smoke and damp body heat. A blanket covering the window; the hanging light shaded so only a cone of brightness fell on the map and accompanying plans Warden had laid on the table.

"Denmark," he was saying, "is the best escape route. I'm sure I can find a fisherman who'll take me to Sweden. Here's a list of the papers I'll need—passport, identification card, work permit, travel authorization, clothing ration, food ration, housing permit, a release-from-assigned-work letter, a transfer letter, a letter of authorization allowing me new work, and some personal stuff to 'prove' my identity."

"Speak fluent German, Warden?"

"Not fluent. Read and write it though."

"Speak any other language besides English?"

"No, sir."

"Then how are you going to account for your accent?"

"I'd cover it one of two ways, I was born deaf and dumb, or I've suffered a nervous trauma—maybe due to the bombings—and I'm being sent to Denmark for a cure."

"Why? Why should you be sent to Denmark?"

"I'm an engineer. A valuable one."

"With your education I don't doubt you could prove that. But the Gestapo could have you talking in ten minutes. They're clamping down harder than ever. God help legitimate deaf and dumb people who want to travel."

"Then how about the nervous trauma bit?"

"No reason to go across the border. A little vacation in Bavaria, maybe, then where are you going from there?" Colonel Pratt laid a pencil point on the kit of required papers. "You thought this part

He had all the diversion he needed for escape. What he didn't have

out very well. The rest is no good. I have to turn it down, Warden."

"Damn it, Colonel, Denmark is the logical escape route."

"No doubt about it. The SS and Gestapo know that too. But until you learn to speak like a German born in Germany—"

"I know, I know. No border crossings."

"That's it. The facts of life. And I mean life."

Warden turned to go. Already his brain was clicking over a new plan. He didn't have to be German, plenty of other nationalities in Germany. But have to know the language of the nationality he adopted—

"Warden!" Colonel Pratt called. "Want to take a chance?"

Warden spun around. "Does it mean getting out of here?"

"Yes. And what happens if you make it is worse than navigating a bomber over a target. If you make it. Willing?"

"Willing."

"You'd have to travel twenty miles without being seen or followed. How?"

Warden answered instantly. "Trot most of the way. Figure on a time limit of eight hours and that's all. Choose a dark night and a rainy one so the mutts can't sniff me and the footprints will be hidden. I'm still strong enough."

"Good. Now here," he marked Warden's map, "is a bridge crossing a stream called the Bienen. First contact point is under it. He'll take you to a farmhouse in the general vicinity—I don't know exactly where and I don't want to know. Anyway, they'll pass you into Berlin. Now, think this over carefully: would you be willing to live in tunnels for maybe a year or two, plant explosives where you were told, kill anyone you were ordered, never see sunlight?"

Warden nodded slowly. "Yes. I'd be doing something besides stagnating."

"Okay." Colonel Pratt pulled out a map of Berlin and placed an acetate overlay on it. "Here are the tunnels. They're old DC tunnels that have been abandoned. It seems direct current was discovered before alternating current—"

"It was. They still use it for mechanical equipment—it's the only way to get a good gear drive—they just transform the AC to DC."

"**W**ELL, you know more about it than I do. Anyway, Berlin became a boom city when Germany became a nation less than a hundred years ago. It expanded outward rapidly."

"I get it," Warden interrupted. "You can't transmit DC very far. You get line losses, ground gaps, lose a lot of power, have to install a generator for each section of city. And when AC came along, it was easier to bore new tunnels than use the old ones and keep them in repair."

"That's the way it was explained to me. An anti-Nazi group is living and working in those old DC tunnels now. It's Russian controlled, so look before you leap. They were recruiting escapers from concentration camps to replace their losses. Now they've reached the stage where they're asking for quality instead of quantity. I've been informed there's an entrance in this ruined factory near the Spree River," the colonel tapped the spot on the map. "Down in the basement. Watch your step—it's probably guarded. Before you crash out of here, let me know and we'll work up a diversion."

No need for a diversion now. He had plenty of it. Trotting clumsily in his heavy

flying boots, Warden did a minor time-distance math problem in his head. No matter how he cut down the time, there was just too much distance. He couldn't make the Bienen bridge during the night hours. He couldn't hide during the day—not with the dogs out and the whole countryside aroused. And he couldn't travel by day either. In other words, he was theoretically recaptured—or dead. But he had to give it a try; it was in his nature. He was the type of man who'd try anything once, and he hated to fail. He seldom did.

A dog barked somewhere off to his left. A submachine gun chattered. The guards obviously had orders to shoot down all the escapers, following that nice convenient excuse for murder: "Shot while attempting to escape." Okay, those were the rules of the game. His rule: A good guard was a dead guard.

In the predawn hours he crawled into the shadows of a grove of trees. He was breathing deeply and sweating from exertion. The frost-laden air was like an Arctic blast in his lungs. He had to keep moving, but it was nice resting against the bole of the tree. The starchy POW rations hadn't caused him to lose much weight, but they weren't designed to build endurance either.

Hobnailed boots thudded on the frozen ground. A fat soldier was walking toward the trees exhaling steamy puffs of air. Warden recognized him. Porky the Pig, a real sweetheart in the camp. He had his hands in his pockets and his rifle resting in the crook of his arm, muzzle down. Either the chase had outrun him or he had slipped away on his own.

Warden carefully removed his web belt,

eased around the tree. Stand still and Porky would walk right by him. Let him go on his merry way? Then an enemy would be in front of him.

The decision wasn't Warden's. Porky marched into the trees. Warden crossed his wrists, stepped from the shadow, slipped the loop over the helmet, slamming his knee into Porky's back. He tightened the noose, spun Porky to the ground face down, snapped up his wrists until the webbing bit his fingers, kept the tension until Porky stopped moving, then kept it one minute longer.

HE rolled Porky over, took the Mauser and the ammo belt, made sure the guard was dead. A pig, a real pig. Used to open the Red Cross packages in front of the prisoners and stuff his pockets with the chocolate bars. Warden was tempted to skewer him like a pig with his own bayonet.

Running till dawn, then stopping in the half light, panting. The land slid off to the left. Downhill, a helmeted soldier and his dog were bending over the body of an escaped American. The search had spread out this far. Warden took the prone position, ran up the sights on the Mauser. Hold on the chest. Squeezeeasy.

The butt slammed his shoulder. The echo of the shot sounded over the plain. The guard pitched backward, arms outstretched. The dog was coming at him full tilt, head high, fangs bared. A snap shot sent it rolling.

"Franz?" The shout came from Warden's left.

"Ja," he answered, squirming around.

"Did you get one?"

"Svei!"

The bridge was just ahead—he might reach it before the two SS men on the bank spotted him.



was enough time to make the Bienen Bridge contact before daylight.



She watched Warden anxiously as she began to undress: he was barely conscious, barely alive.

"Two?" A soldier marched over a rise. Warden's trigger finger moved through an arc of one inch. His shoulder absorbed the recoil. The white face under the helmet showed surprise just before death. Warden stood, whispered, "That's right. Two."

He came to a dirt road lined with bushes and trees and squatted in the thick cover. He heard the sound of a racing engine. Two small trucks swung by, loaded with soldiers holding dogs between their knees, Alsatian shepherds for the most part and a few Dobermans. The men were dressed in black uniforms. SS! Worse, they wore a Death's Head on their lapels. They weren't *Waffen* SS, elite fighting troops, but animals worse than their dogs. Brutes who guarded prison camps and would batter helpless human skeletons to death for amusement, then sit down to a hearty meal and boast about it.

WARDEN ran for the Bienen and the bridge that was the meeting spot. Behind him, in the clear cold air, dogs howled, men shouted. His trail had been picked up. The hunted is always at a disadvantage; he must pause and pick his route, and if he makes a mistake, he has to backtrack and lose distance. The hunters have all the odds: they can follow at full speed.

He trotted and climbed and slid and bulldozed in a straight line, trying to keep his head start. There was no sound behind him now; he was leaving a hot scent and the dogs were trained to be silent under such conditions. He was sweating from the fast pace and his heavy flying clothes were a burden, but

he didn't dare discard them—not if he hoped to survive a Northern European winter.

Quite suddenly he came to a stream that had gouged deeply into the soft land and could only be seen when standing on top of the bank. Whether it was the Bienen or not, he didn't know. It *should* be but he couldn't be positive. Anyway, he had run out of choices.

The stream was covered with ice except for a dark channel of running water in the middle. Any prolonged stay in water of such temperature and he'd freeze to death.

He turned to his right, trotted some hundred yards, backtracked to his starting point, then threw himself head-first down the slick bank, stopping at the very edge. The ground was frozen so hard there were no visible slide marks. His little maneuver should delay pursuit for precious minutes . . . maybe. His trackers were skilled at this game.

Warden spreadeagled on the ice, shifting forward slowly, distributing his weight so he wouldn't break through and leave a betraying mark. Near the edge of the channel he paused, pushed the incriminating Mauser and ammo belt into the water. They were useless to him now. He eased off with a seal motion that skidded him across the fragile ice without cracking through it. The shock of the cold water drove the breath out of him. His mind reacted to the plan he had set for it and he kicked, pulled down with his arms, struggled upstream like a sick salmon. Air trapped in his clothes acted like water wings, counteracted the weight of water flooding his boots.

But nothing could counteract the cold.

Nothing. It was icy knives ripping into his flesh. The violence of his movements, the frenzied pumping of his straining heart couldn't seem to drive the blood through his arteries. His insides seemed to shrink away from the pervading cold.

Through a white haze of frost filming his eyes, he saw indistinctly a bridge carrying a road over the stream. It might be the right bridge. He didn't care. What was important was that a whirlpool effect had formed under it and there was no ice on the shore. If the bank sloped there, there was a vague possibility that he had enough strength remaining to crawl out. If it was steep, then . . . then he was going under.

HE floundered into shallows, the reverse spin of the whirlpool pushing him toward the bank. He crawled out on elbows and knees, not sure he was on land because he had lost the sense of touch. His eyes were fixed on a hollow that spring floods had gouged out near the foot of the bridge. It seemed a thousand miles away. At some indeterminate time he fell into it, curled into the fetal position, treasuring a last flicker of heat that guttered in his body.

A man with a long bamboo pole came out of the stiff reeds growing near the bridge. He was short, round-faced; he had enormous shoulders, long arms, short legs with bulging thighs that strained against his trousers. A casual heave and he had Warden draped around his neck. Taking a bottle from his pocket, he sprinkled the hole liberally, muttering, "There. That'll stun their nostrils."

He walked across fields, stopping once more to drop the thick black liquid behind him, shaking the bottle to get the last drop out. Warden saw all these actions as though they were part of an icy nightmare from which he couldn't rouse himself.

At last they came to an isolated farmhouse. This is unusual in Germany where people prefer to congregate in villages and farm intensively the limited land area. The house was also unusual in that it was quite modern and well constructed.

The man whistled shrilly. A tall lean woman, her hair so blonde it was almost silver, opened the door. Her pale blue eyes narrowed in her long Prussian face as she saw the man's burden.

"Is this the one who caused the disturbance?"

"Yes. I found him under the bridge. He's a clever one. He swam in the Bienen."

"Are they following him?"

"You have an hour before they reach here. I left the dogs a couple of doses of fuel oil to sniff. Hah! They won't be able to smell their own food for a week."

"I don't like this."

"Respected frau, I don't want to argue. Do you take him, or do I throw him away?"

"Oh," she made a gesture of resignation, "bring him in."

The man carried Warden through a large kitchen into a heavily-curtained bedroom, threw Warden on a massive bed, turned to leave.

"Wait," the woman said. "See if he's alive. No sense . . ."

The man dug blunt fingers into Warden's neck, searching for a pulse. "He's alive. Just. Want me to come back tomorrow?"

"No. Send Johann. Lena!" She raised her voice in a shout. "Come here."

The woman, he knew, was trying to restore life to his frozen body

"Ja. Johann will be useful one way or the other," the man said. "I'll be going. Good luck!"

"Luck has nothing to do with it," the frau snapped. As the man left, a dark-haired, rosy-cheeked young woman entered. She wore a badly-made cotton dress and the wooden soles of her *ersatz* shoes clattered. She bent over Warden.

"He's nearly dead, Frau Linder." She spoke thickly-accented German.

"Boil water. A hot bath—"

"No time. I learned something at Ravensbruck. Help me undress him."

They pulled his stiff clothes off till he was naked, buried him under blankets. He still couldn't feel any warmth. He had to clench his teeth against the pain. Lena turned to Frau Linder. "Now if you will leave us alone—"

Lena pulled the dark brown dress over her head, undid her cotton brassiere. She was a voluptuous woman, big boned, wide-hipped.

She slid under the blankets next to Warden, pulled a thick comforter over their heads. Turning, she wrapped her arms and legs around his frozen body, rolled him on his side and crushed him to her. She rubbed his bare back vigorously with her strong hands, gave him all of her warmth, all the while crooning sympathetically in a strange language that he later learned was Russian.

Warden couldn't feel her flesh surrounding him, he felt only hooks of frost scraping his very bones. He wanted to scream his pain, but his jaws were still clenched in the contraction of cold. He knew Lena was trying to restore life to him, but he thought it was hopeless.

Suddenly he shivered. His whole body shook violently.

Lena crushed him harder. "*Ja, ja,*" she whispered in his ear. "That is good. Move, Father Ice. Move and live. Hold to me and live." She buried his head between her breasts, rocked him back and forth.

He didn't think it possible, but her warm flesh aroused him. He seemed to swell. His heart thudded violently. Hot blood pounded through his veins to his frozen extremities, thawed them, came roaring back with the heat of sexual passion. He fought against Lena, fought to attain the dominant role. She relaxed her hard embrace in acquiescent compliance. Warden had a sense of urgency, as if coitus were necessary to survival . . . and perhaps it was.

THEY lay still, enjoying the feeling of satiation. Then Lena squirmed to her side. Still holding him, she stroked his cheek, whispering, in German now, "Yes, yes, my strong man, it is a shame we cannot talk together. I could tell you of my joy and you could thank me for saving your life, and perhaps we could arrange another meeting. Yet, perhaps it is best that we let our bodies do the talking for us."

"I speak German a little," Warden said.

"What!" Her hands slid to his throat.

"Yes. I speak a little. I can understand almost everything said and I read perfectly."

"Where did you learn?" Her fingers relaxed to a degree.

"Two years at high school, and two years at college. I was studying to be mechanical engineer."

Lena pushed back the quilt. "It is all right to let me know you speak Ger-

man, and Frau Linder, and a few others we will tell you to talk to, but nobody else. Understand?"

"I understand. What is this Ravensbruck where they teach you such ways of saving frozen men?"

Lena laughed grimly. Ravensbruck was a woman's concentration camp not far from the farm where they were. It was better known as the "Women's Hell." Every day fifty women were systematically executed, and every day at least another 150 died of starvation, disease, overwork, exposure, or the more violent forms of brutality. To add to this extraordinary misery, the prisoners were subjected to "medical" experiments. One of the less grisly ones had to do with the revival of pilots shot down in near freezing sea water. A hot bath was the best method of thawing, and sexual intercourse was found to be the second best—if the individual was not too far gone. These experiments were no secret to the camp inmates.

Lena had been lucky. She was a Ukrainian, an artillerywoman serving with the Russian Army when her unit had been overrun by a panzer division. She was sent to a POW camp and ordinarily would have died there, as most Russian prisoners died who fell into Nazi hands, but the extreme labor shortage in Germany made the Nazi hierarchy realize they had been overlooking a potential gold mine, an untapped pool of working hands. Lena had been sent to Ravensbruck not for execution but for reassignment to domestic labor. Fortunately, she had been selected for Frau Linder's farm.

"Lucky for me," Warden reached for her. Lena smiled slowly.

The lock clicked; the door burst open. Frau Linder stood there, looking from one to the other. "SS! Quick, Lena, make the bed. You're alive, good. We don't have to get rid of your body. Hide under the bed, the wardrobe won't hold you. Be still and you'll be safe. Oh my God!"

She put her hand to her head. "He doesn't speak German and my English—"

"He understands German," Lena was already out of the bed, unshamed of her nakedness, pulling and tucking the blankets, pushing Warden to get moving.

"What!" Frau Linder's gaze narrowed as Warden stood on rubbery legs and struggled into wet trousers.

A hammering at the front door prevented any further talk. Warden staggered to the wall near the bedroom door, amazed at his weakness. Lena scooped her clothes off the floor and stood opposite Warden, holding her clothes in front of her.

"Yes, coming," Frau Linder answered the pounding. Two SS men stood outside, necks deep-buried in their great collars, woolen bands covering their ears under their helmets. One of them held a dog, snarling rage, pawing at a nose that was filled with oil fumes.

"Good day, Frau Linder," the other SS man said. "A prisoner has escaped. We suspect he is a professional terrorist."

"My God! I haven't seen him. I would have reported him, you know that."

"Of course," the man with the dog inspected a list. "But you understand it is our duty to search the whole area. You have a Russian worker here. Where is she? She may know something."

"I doubt it. She has been cleaning the house today. Lena!" Frau Linder called.

Lena slipped the dress over her head, motioned Warden to keep quiet, then

clomped out and stood respectfully behind Frau Linder. "Yes, mistress?"

"Have you seen a strange man about the place?"

"No, mistress. After I milked the cows, I—"

"Oh, yes." Frau Linder hit one hand against the other. "The barn. Search the barn, will you? I don't want any terrorists near me. We are alone here."

"You're safe," one of the men laughed. "He swam in the Bienen. With this weather he can't survive long. I think we'll find his body."

"Good. How goes the war?"

"Our brave troops are drawing the Russians into a trap. When they pull those animals in far enough, they will eliminate them. It's not a retreat, you understand."

"Of course not. The Fuehrer knows what he's doing."

"You can be sure of that. The Russian woman looks very healthy."

"She gets only the rations permitted by law. And if she steals any food, she knows the penalty. You'd have to send someone to take away her corpse."

"GOOD. No need to search here, Frau Linder. You are listed as a loyal German. We'll be on our way. Heil Hitler!"

Frau Linder locked the door, turned around to Lena. "Good. Now I think you had better go to the bog and cut peat for the fire. Make sure they see you working hard." Her gaze slid to Warden as he came out of the bedroom. "What is this about you speaking German?"

"I understand it well and read it better."

"School!"

"Yes."

"How do you feel?"

"Weak. Cold."

"Hot milk will be the best tonic. We had better hide you before they come back. And when they don't find your body they will be back, and they won't be put off with a few words."

She walked to the ornately-carved headboard of the bed, reached behind it, pressed. "Climb under."

"What?" Warden blinked.

"Climb under." She almost stamped her foot in irritation. "Push against the wall. Crawl one meter to a ladder. At the foot of the ladder is a table with matches and a lamp. The lamp will give you heat as well as light. Wait for me there."

He crawled into darkness, fumbled down twenty rungs of a ladder that was secured into packed earth on both sides and to the rear. He lit the kerosene lamp and found himself in a square pit. The walls and ceiling were braced at intervals by rough logs that kept the soft dirt from tumbling in. The room was very similar to a chamber in a mine shaft. Next to the table was a wooden chair; near the far wall was a handmade bed frame with a thick mattress, plenty of blankets, and an eider down quilt. It was damp in the room rather than cold. He wrapped himself in the quilt and brought the lamp close to absorb its heat.

A thud and his damp clothes, tied in a bundle, lay at the foot of the ladder. Frau Linder followed him, holding a small cloth-wrapped clay jug in one hand. From her apron pocket she took a glass, poured warm milk into it.

"Here," she pushed it across the table. "This will do you good."

He held the glass in both hands. "I want to ask some questions."

through hers. But he couldn't feel her flesh, only hooks of pain . . .

"Don't talk," Lena warned him as they moved on by the roadblock: a

"Tomorrow will be plenty of time for questions. Sleep first." She stood with her arms across her stomach, fingers curled around elbows, plainly waiting for the empty glass.

He drank the milk in a couple of gulps, moved to the bed, sat there, watched her climb up the ladder and disappear as if she were being swallowed head first. Not bad legs, he thought. A little tiny bit on the lean side. Nothing like Lena.

He yawned hugely as he snuggled under the blankets. It had been a long, hard time. The milk really made him sleepy...

He woke and thought mist had formed in his underground room. Two men were there. One leaned forward, his long, lined face focusing through wispy fog. He spoke, his voice resonant. "He's coming around now."

DRUGGED! The word throbbed in Warden's brain. The milk had been drugged. That's why Frau Linder had waited—not for the glass but to make sure he drank the stuff.

"Damn her!" he mumbled, trying to sit up. "She slipped me a mickey."

A strong hand pushed him back. The long-faced man said in good English, "You have nothing to fear—if you are, not from the Gestapo."

"You searched my clothes, didn't you?"

"Yes. Excellent precautions. A scarf with a map of Western Europe on it, a compass, a wallet that evidently has had all personal identification removed. We can't do much for you till we know who you are."

Warden thought quickly. A neat way to pump a guy dry. Lead him around by a ring in his nose. Deliberately save him from the creeps and he'll voluntarily pass over all the information he's got just to show his gratitude.

He waved his dog tags. "First Lieutenant Thomas Warden. Want my serial number? That's all you're getting."

The long-faced man smiled gently. "Believe me, I don't blame you for being suspicious. But it is we who are protecting ourselves against you. We do not care about your name or your rank so long as you can prove you are an American flyer. Identification disks are easily falsified."

"And suppose I won't cooperate?"

"I don't know. I really don't. It is we who are taking the risks. It is we who need protection."

"Who are you?"

"I am Johann. He," he pointed to the short man who had carried Warden to the farm, "he is Carl."

"No, I mean *what* are you. Why are you helping me?"

"Answer our questions first, please. Prove you are an American airman."

"My clothes!"

"I assure you the Gestapo possesses a good deal of American equipment. No, it won't do."

Warden tried a new approach. "Would a Gestapo man have thrown himself into a frozen stream?"

"Yes. If he thought it would gain him his goal. They are very dedicated, very fanatical. If you are who you say you are, you will be able to answer my questions."

Warden thought it over. Of course this whole thing could be an elaborate hoax, but he didn't think so. After all, this

was the contact point described by Colonel Pratt. He told his story:

The B-17E had just completed its bomb run over Berlin's Reinickendorf munitions center when a flak shell exploded in the root of the port wing. The inboard engine immediately went on fire. The wing fluttered violently.

The stunned crew inhaled once then held their breaths, wondering if they were going down in a flamer from which no one would emerge alive. All of them veterans, they had seen this happen many times. Probably each of them had awakened staring and sweating in the night, thinking he was trapped in a fuselage turned oven, screaming until he died. Now each was faced with this distinct possibility.

Captain Alvin Parkhill reacted calmly and coolly, his training overriding his emotions. The immediate problem was fire. While copilot Russ Meyer helped with the controls, Parkhill doused the hit engine with carbon dioxide. The next problem was vibration that shuddered and shook the plane so that the crew bounced in their seats or could barely keep to their feet. Feathering the prop of the dead engine stabilized the ship somewhat, but the gaping hole destroyed the smooth flow of air over the wing surface and caused a constant buffeting. The plates were jagged around the hole; the high air velocity was ripping them further, peeling them like a banana skin.

The navigator, Lieutenant Tom Warden, tossed on his table the E6B computer—a circular slide rule with which it was said he could do everything but fry eggs—took his chest parachute and snapped it on his harness. He was a cool man who didn't panic in a crisis, merely prepared himself for any eventuality.

"Have to drop out of formation," Parkhill announced over the intercom.

Most of them knew what that meant: a sitting duck target for the flak gunners. And if they did manage to limp out of the flak area, there were the German fighter pilots waiting to take a crack at them.

A waist gunner yelled, "The bomb bay doors are still open!"

"I know it," Parkhill replied. "Can you get them up?" he asked Bombardier Flight Officer Cal McGraw.

"Still trying. They're jammed."

"They're causing a drag."

"Can't help it."

"Warden. See what you can do manually."

The navigator was the useless man over a target, so Tom Warden took a "walkaround" bottle of oxygen, squeezed into the narrow aisle of the Flying Fortress, forced himself around the thick tube of the top turret and clumsily got onto the catwalk separating the bomb bay. The trouble, to him, was apparent as soon as he looked the doors over.

He plugged his jack into the intercom and reported. "The port door is out of alignment. Concussion must have got it."

"Can you fix it?"

"Wait." Warden stretched flat on the catwalk, put both feet into the cross bracing of the door and pushed. "Try it now."

Both doors creaked, then wedged.

"No good," Warden said. "Get someone back to try to crank them closed. The hydraulic lines may be out."

"New fighter protection is coming in. As soon as they form up, Redmond can go." Redmond was the radio operator.

Below, Warden could see the smoking ruins of Berlin, miles of ruins from incessant British and American bombing. February 3, 1945, was a thousand-plane effort, the first of the massive raids of the new year that had seen the Battle of the Bulge defeated, and was to end in defeat for the "Thousand-Year Reich."

Slowly the great armada of planes was turning away from their demolished targets, heading for their home bases. Parkhill swung with them, beneath the formation, dropping behind, yet hoping that his three remaining engines could pull him through as soon as the drag created by the bomb bay doors was eliminated. The loss of altitude had a certain advantage: it brought them below the flak pattern and as yet the gunners had not spotted the lame duck, or were ignoring it. All in all, their position wasn't hopeless, especially with the arrival of a new fighter escort composed of P-51 Mustangs, their wing tanks still attached so they'd have plenty of fuel for dogfighting through the protective wing of the Luftwaffe defense.

Someone yelled over the intercom, "The engine! It's smoking again."

"Oil?" questioned Parkhill, searching for a cause.

"No pressure," answered Meyer. "At least, no reading."

"Maybe a fuel leak. There can't be much gas left in that tank."

"Will you get Redmond back here?" Warden asked.

"Okay, Redmond, take off now."

The ship lurched sickeningly. Warden slid from the catwalk, grabbed hold of it, then kicked his legs which were hanging over nothing until he got them braced in an empty bomb rack. He couldn't report his predicament, because his jack plug had been pulled. It was okay though; Redmond was coming back.

Suddenly, Warden was tossed, spinning, out into empty air, like a playing card thrown at a hat. The world whirled. Dizzily he saw his ship tumbling end over end, a shorn wing fluttering behind it like a feather. No one was coming out; centrifugal force pinned them in place, the same force that had thrown him clear.

HIS hand groped for the D ring of the parachute, then his partially stunned mind cleared and started functioning in precise fashion. They had been bombing from 28,000 feet. They must have lost three or 4,000 feet before the damaged wing sheared off. That meant he was still about four miles high in thin atmosphere. A parachute would do him little good at that altitude; the white canopy would mark his descent and thousands of eyes would watch him and he'd float down into a reception committee. As it was now, his rate of fall was stabilizing, reaching maximum. He was traveling in a long arc out to the west and north of Berlin, destined to land somewhere on the Brandenburg plain. For convenience sake, he had wedged his walkaround bottle into his harness so he was breathing rich, thick air.

"I'm all right," he kept telling himself. "I'm all right."

He was correct. He was all right—for the moment. If he had come down in the streets of Berlin immediately after a bombing, there was a likelihood the hysterical and vengeful citizens would bash in his skull. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels slyly encouraged such murder, with the full consent of Adolf Hitler.

wounded Wehrmacht soldier and a nurse. "They are still watching us."

But if he could turn himself in to the Luftwaffe, he'd have an excellent chance. Surely there were plenty of air bases around Berlin. Of course, it meant a stiff interrogation and a POW camp, but it also meant survival.

He could distinguish features of the landscape now, especially the glare of sun on rivers and streams. That meant he was at about 5,000 feet. Wait. Wait. Wait. Count. Slowly. One . . . two . . . three . . . Now search for the D ring. He jerked the tube from his oxygen mask, threw away the walkaround bottle, got a good grip on the parachute release and pulled.

HIS body snapped. Then he was dangling from the shrouds, turning, and saw he was going to land in a wide area of frozen ground. About a mile away was a village and some people in the street, watching him. They started running. He landed hard, rolled off his momentum, and for some obscure reason tucked the chute under his arm before he started running across the fields, away from the village. The ground appeared level but actually there were long rolls to it, not very high but enough to let him pick a route that shielded him from the sight of the villagers.

He came to a dirt road lined with bushes and trees and squatted there, trying to reason a correct course of action. He couldn't escape. There was no Underground to aid him as there was in the Occupied Countries. Best to find a Luftwaffe field and turn himself in.

He whirled around as he heard a jeep bouncing behind him. The machine gun mounted on it was pointed in his general

direction. The officer next to the driver wore wings on his breast. Luftwaffe. The day hadn't been so unlucky after all.

He rose and held up his hands. "You guys going in my direction . . . ?"

Carl Schratter consulted a notebook. Johann asked, "Could any of your comrades have gotten out of the plane?"

"I don't think so. When the wing sheared off, the ship went into a bad spin."

"The identification markings of the plane, please."

"On the tail was three, vertical line, three, painted in green."

Johann's hand shot out and he shook Warden's. "Absolutely accurate. I'm sorry to tell you your comrades are dead. Now I will explain something about ourselves."

He belonged to an organization called the "Circle of Humanity," although the name came long after their work began. Johann was actually Pastor Johann Kraft, a Lutheran minister who had early protested Hitler's decrees, especially those against Jews. When the famous Pastor Niemoller was arrested and placed in a concentration camp for publicly speaking out against Hitler's racial policies, Johann decided it was time to take a more active role.

Between 1936 and 1938, he helped spirit Jews across the German borders, mainly to France. He aided many others who had to flee because of their political beliefs, some of them Communists. Johann Kraft looked at the humanity in a man, not his race, his religion, his political creed, or the mistakes he had made.

Of course it couldn't last. Soon the Gestapo was on his trail. He opposed Adolf

Hitler, therefore he was an "enemy of the state." Johann discovered an amazingly easy method to escape detection. He changed identities with a parishioner who had recently died, put the corpse in a coffin that bore the name of Johann Kraft, held a double funeral and buried an empty box where the deceased parishioner should have been. He could see nothing wrong in it, as names mean little to the dead, and it fooled the Gestapo for years.

From this small beginning and first insight into brute mentality, Johann discovered that SS guards at concentration camps were interested only in numbers, not in lives. As long as the same number of people returned at night in the road-work gangs as had left in the morning, everyone was satisfied—even if one of the number was dead. One dead body meant freedom for one live prisoner. A body was placed in the road and the prisoner hid. Under concentration camp conditions, there was little to distinguish between the living and the dead.

"Why," Johann smiled in fond memory, "sometimes we could free five or six people with the same body. Of course, that was before they tattooed an identification number on the arm. After that, we could only trade one for one. Carl here thought of taking prisoners straight out of the camps. It is not too difficult. There are always typhus epidemics and clerks help us by writing 'dead' after the names of the people we bring out."

Warden couldn't believe all he heard, yet couldn't disbelieve either. "My God!" he murmured.

Johann leaned forward in concern. "I forgot. You don't know what a police state is like. I can barely recall when it was different. Enough for today, my friend. I hope we meet again. If we don't, remember all Germans didn't vote for Hitler. All of us don't like what's happening, and a few of us tried. We tried."

Warden stood. "What's going to happen to me?"

"You will be taken to a safe place. The war won't last much longer. The Fatherland is caught in a nutcracker. The Americans and English are near the Rhine. Masses of Russian divisions are already breaking through the Eastern Front. Anyone but a madman would have surrendered last year, tried to preserve something out of the horror, but our inspired Leader has led the nation to the brink of the grave. We have lost millions of men. Every life is sacred in the eyes of God—and I pray God you never learn the full truth of what has happened in this country. Be patient, my son. Good-by."

WARDEN was left alone to review the conversation. The Circle of Humanity. A fine sounding name. There was no doubting Pastor Kraft's sincerity and no doubting his cunning in escaping capture by the Gestapo all these years. Still, it was armed might that would topple Hitler, not sneaking a few people out of concentration camps.

Frau Linder called him to come up. On the table in the big kitchen was a platter of ham and eggs and potatoes. Lena kept watch through a decorative carving in the shuttered windows while he ate. Frau Linder said,

"You understand we must get you out."

"I expected it. 'The Rats' isn't it?"

"There are worse things."

"Your papers," the SS officer said, looking at Warden suspiciously. Lena handed them over.



"I don't feel very heroic—being called a rat."

"The brave die quickly, the cautious stay alive. The SS came back last night and searched the house. I am supposedly loyal, but they trust no one, therefore we can never take chances. That is why we put you to sleep. Now that you have proved yourself, we can start you on your way. The SS don't give up. Of course, they say you drowned in the Bienen. That is what they say, not what they believe. They won't stop hunting until they find your body."

Warden ate steadily. "Have I been poisoned to supply a body?"

"No. We have thought of a body, yes. Getting one of the right age and condition is difficult. When we find one, we will dress it in your clothes and place it where it will be discovered. It may take some time, but we must be ready."

WARDEN stayed upstairs for the rest of the day. It was obvious Frau Linder had diverted a great deal of food from the Agricultural Inspector and with the connivance of Lena had hidden it so well that not even an SS search uncovered it. Dusk came early. After a massive dinner, when the chores were completed, Lena disappeared.

Warden sat rocking in front of the peat fire that glowed rather than burned and barely warmed the room. He wanted a smoke badly, only there was no tobacco.

Frau Linder snapped a book shut. "We rise before dawn." Her tone was decisive. "You may use my lavatory. There is a razor there."

The razor turned out to be a straight edge that gave him a deal of trouble until he got the knack of it. When he returned to the bedroom, his bare torso and face glistening from an invigorating rub with a coarse towel, Frau Linder was standing by her dresser gazing at an opened album.

He looked at the first page of the album. A pleasant faced, dark haired fellow grinned at him. He was holding hands with a shyly smiling blond beauty in a decorative peasant costume.

"Heinz Linder," she said. "Prosperous farmer, very eligible bachelor. Maria Silex, the prettiest girl in the region. I was only sixteen there."

Abruptly, she closed the album.

Warden asked, "Where is your husband now? Dead?"

"Yes. Dead. On the Russian front, 1942. Perhaps he's happy," she said cryptically, then shrugged and turned. "I am much different from the picture, yes?"

"No, not really," Warden lied easily. "The fine features are still there," he told the truth, and did some mental addition. She was eight years older than himself. "All girls are pretty," he added with the smoothness of much practice. "You have mature beauty."

She gazed at his torso, the long lithe muscles flowing smoothly into each other, the downlike blond hair on his chest. "Heinz was stronger than you, I think."

"He was a hard-working farmer."

"Yet his clothes fit you. You stand in his shoes." Her corn flower blue eyes softened as she studied his face and asked an unspoken question.

He put his arms around her slender waist, pulled her close. She didn't resist. She was a tall woman, and Warden didn't have to bend far to kiss her. At first her lips were stiff, unyielding. The body he

pressed to his was board hard. And then her lips grew soft and moved against his. Her arms came around his neck. Slowly, he walked her back toward the bed.

His hand found the buttons on the front of her dress. As he undid one, she made a startled gesture of withdrawal but he held her firm. Slowly he undressed her, then picked her up and put her down on the bed. In a sudden seizure of modesty she tried to cover herself with a quilt, but he pulled it away from her gently, saying "Don't be ashamed. Don't be afraid."

He was unbuttoning his own clothes. Now he kicked off the last of them and stretched out on the bed beside her. As he took her in his arms, he said again, "Don't be afraid—"

He did not go back to the underground hideaway that night. . . .

Next morning, Carl came carrying a burlap sack over his shoulder. He pulled out a German Army uniform and two women's uniforms.

"Soon," he said, "this area will become a battleground. The Russians are rolling onto the left flank of the Eastern Front. They're lining up their artillery hub cap to hub cap. It's only a matter of time until they burst through like a flood. It's best all of you leave now for Berlin. Here."

He handed the Wehrmacht uniform to Warden. "You are wounded, understand? I think the throat is the best place. That accent of yours is atrocious. These papers will take the place of any explanations. You," he turned to Lena, "are a nurse from Vlasov's army. Author: An army composed of captured Russians, a great number of them Ukrainians who hated Stalin and Communism with equal vehemence."

"Marie, I think you should be a Luftwaffe Woman Auxiliary reporting to Berlin for gunnery. (Author: Many of the anti-aircraft gunners were women.) You will all be traveling on foot because of the transportation problems."

Lena said, "Suppose my assignment is to escort this wounded man to the hospital?"

"That will be all right as long as your orders read that you have further duties on arrival. But don't put him in a hospital, he'll just have to escape."

Maria left the farm first, severe-looking in her Luftwaffe uniform. She held Warden by the elbows, kissed him on the cheek.

"Goodbye, my fine young man. We may not meet again. I am not sure whether I will join the Rats. It is one thing to pass escapers through your house, another to shoot men wearing the same uniform your husband wore. Ah, I could kill SS or Gestapo easily enough, but soldiers . . . I don't know, I don't know. Good luck on the road. Good luck always."

"Good luck to you, Maria. Find happiness."

Warden packed his American uniform in the false bottom of one of Lena's bags. The Wehrmacht outfit might save his life for now, but he had a hunch the old American gear would preserve his hide at a future date.

Using her nurse's kit, Lena went to work on him, efficiently placing bandages around his throat and, to make it look even more serious, a dressing over one cheek. A judicious addition of dirt gave them the appearance of age. They

took to the road, Warden following her, his mouth slightly open, eyes staring. His helmet was strapped to his shoulder, his canteen belt dangled across his chest, his knapsack he held in his free hand. If ever there was a picture of a shocked and defeated warrior, he was it.

It was only a secondary road, but it was fairly crowded with people going both ways, all of them burdened with bundles or pushing a wheeled vehicle of some sort. The people moving toward Berlin were the frightened birds fleeing the storm. Those leaving the city thought there was nothing worse than the bombing and shortages of food and clothing there, that surely it was better in the countryside.

The line approaching Berlin suddenly slowed, jammed up. Roadblock! SS troops on motorcycles and sidecars raced down the middle, guarded both sides of the line. "Papers!" they shouted. "Show your papers." Ahead, where a few trees grew, men were hanging from the branches. Each wore a placard on his chest: "Coward! Deserter!"

"Papers! Papers! Show your papers!" The line moved forward. A man in front came up to the knot of SS, where an officer was checking identities and a Gestapo agent was checking in his "black book" for photos of wanted "criminals."

The SS officer lunged, grabbed the man by the throat, threw him to waiting guards. "Traitor! He's a deserter."

"No! No!" the man screamed. "I'm a salesman of essential oils. Look at my papers."

"I looked at your hands. Calloused. Barbed-wire cuts. A soldier's hands. Hang him!"

"Don't!" the man pleaded. "I'll go back. I'd rather be shot than—" The desperate flow of words was cut off as they tightened a noose around his neck, then hauled his kicking body into the air. The body was still kicking when Lena presented her papers.

The SS officer looked them over carefully. "So. Vlasov's Army, eh. Where were you last stationed?"

"Aachen. I was detached from the 356th. During the Ardennes Offensive, I—"

"Enough. It is correct. This soldier . . . you are assigned to his care?"

"Temporary." She dug into Warden's blouse, brought out papers. "We were both going the same way and they didn't trust him alone. Unteroffizier Kurt Molden. I am to leave him at Central Military Hospital."

"Can't he talk for himself?"

"Throat wound. He understands you though."

THE SS officer studied Warden's papers. "Hmmm twenty-third Panzer Grenadiers. One of Manteuffel's boys. Hold out your hands, Sergeant."

He fingered Warden's palms carefully, checking for callouses, toughness, strength, hardness. Warden didn't have any callouses. The SS man looked back at the papers. "Wounded December 19. That would account for the smoothness of his hands." He clapped Warden on the bicep. "A week or two of rest and you'll be as good as new, soldier. And you won't need your voice to man a machine gun. It'll for you. Go on."

They marched forward. "Don't talk," Lena whispered.

Warden mopped sweat.

An "untried" newcomer, Warden had to sell himself to the "Rats" the

"Don't talk," she warned again. "They're watching. I know, I know, my stomach is still jumping too. That was a very smart officer. I don't think we'll meet his like again."

Warden spoke without moving his lips. "It was that SS bastard who had to worry. I had a gun on him. If they wanted to hang me, he was going to be the one to go first."

They passed through two more roadblocks, each easier than the one preceding it. At the fourth roadblock they saw Maria Linder up ahead having her papers checked.

Berlin was chaos. They had to pick their way over rubble. They hitched a ride on an Army truck that stopped constantly to wait for slave laborers to clear the streets of bricks, stones, steel. The air was filled with a kind of frenzied desperation. Some sections of the city were just uneven heaps of broken stones. Other sections were hollow shells, walls rising here and there, or a gutted building with its windows blown out and all its floors collapsed into a pile of junk at the bottom.

At the Alexanderstrasse they descended, walked back to the ancient buildings along the Spree River. Most of them were demolished into a hilly pile of shards. Bombed barge docks poked out of the river like fangs.

THE factory they wanted was a complete wreck. The basement, being close to the river, was too damp for even the most desperate to live there. The walls were fuzzy with fungus and long streamers hung from the ceiling. Lena shone her flashlight around.

"Nothing!"

"Hold it! There in the corner—holes where cables could have come up."

The light traced the barely discernible outline of a trap door. Warden put his fingers into the cable holes and heaved. The square of concrete didn't move. Taking a luger out of his overcoat pocket, he used the front sight to scrape at the dirt and mold sealing the edges. Using the barrel to get leverage, he heaved again. The square of concrete trembled. Lena added her considerable strength and the square cover flip-flopped, teetering. Below, concrete rungs led straight down.

The tunnel was a rectangle, wider than it was high, and yet it was seven feet high. Along the walls were cables separated from each other, their insulation tattered and frayed, rust marks dripping from them, staining the concrete red. Lena and Warden climbed down, and he fixed the concrete slab firmly in place behind them.

Lena tried to penetrate the darkness. "Are you sure this is it?" she asked nervously.

"Think anybody's been down here for awhile? Come on."

"Where?"

"Away from the river. Someplace it's drier, warmer."

They passed through a cross tunnel, marched for perhaps ten minutes. Their footsteps echoed, indicating they were passing through a chamber of some size. Suddenly, lights, like fifty cats' eyes, sprang out at them.

"Stop! Don't move!" came the command in thickly-accented German. "Soldier! Take your finger off the Luger's trigger. Now take it by the barrel and drop it in your pocket. Hands in the air."



Nikolai got a head hold on him; Warden stabbed back with his elbow, got him in the ribs.

Lena smiled a little, said something quickly in Russian.

There was an exclamation, then the voice in the dark boomed:

"Tovarich!"

A big muscular man stepped into the light and embraced Lena, even though he was holding a Schmeisser in one hand. Both of them laughed and cried and jabbered. Women appeared, holding burp guns. Many of the women were bristled-haired, indicating their heads had been shaved in concentration camps.

"Vous parlez Francais?"

"English!" Warden shouted. "I speak English."

"So do I. A little." A small girl with long luxurious dark hair came forward. "I am French, Angelique Hebard. You are a Tommy, yes?"

"Tom Warden. An American."

"An American!" The big Russian rumbled, letting go of Lena. "This is true?"

"Yes," Lena nodded. "The Circle of Humanity was hiding him."

"Those fools! Most of them have been shot or captured."

Warden's head jerked up. "Johann Kraft? Carl Schratter?"

"Pastor Kraft is alive, as far as I know. Carl Schratter was shot yesterday, running from a snap street search. He's dead, lucky bastard. Were you to contact him?"

Lena supplied the answer at length. The Russian cut her off.

"Yes, yes, you can tell your story to Gorga." He waved his thick arm. "Scouts! Put the red shades over your lights. You two, stay in the center of the formation. Move."

They marched in a regular patrol for-

mation. The red glow was eerie, threw enough light to see by, yet was dim enough to allow them to spot any white light first. Lena whispered to Warden as they went along:

"The Russian's name is Nikolai Korodin, one of the few who successfully escaped from a concentration camp. This Gorga, I take it, is a professional—you know, infiltrated in to handle just such an operation as this. The Communists take advantage of such things. Find out from the little French girl if the women are Communists."

"Aren't they all? I mean, aren't you?"

"Of course not," she snapped. "I am Ukrainian. We hate the Russians and their Communism."

WARDEN maneuvered until he was next to Angelique. "How did you get down here?" He touched her flowing hair. "You weren't in a concentration camp."

"No. I was caught in a German labor round-up. We were supposed to be sent to Essen, to the Krupp Works. Somehow—I don't know why—the train came to Berlin. We were weak from thirst by then but had managed to lift a few of the floorboards. I was the only one slender enough to get through. That was in the freight yards. Of course I was caught within a few hours. A passing soldier stopped me and asked me why I was out after curfew. My God," she laughed in remembrance, "I could hardly understand German in those days. I put a knife into his belly and ran. Nikolai saw it all and took me here. That was in Forty-three."

"Two years! You've spent two years here?"

hard way—by taking on the big Russian, Nikolai, in a title match.

Warden's plan worked: no patrols stopped the "labor party" return-

"Almost, but I'm alive and that's enough."

THE scouting party stopped and pressed a signal buzzer against the wall. There was an answering sequence of rings, granting permission to come in. Angelique flashed her light along the ceiling. A massive partition, studded with spikes, was ready to swing down or fall down on any intruders.

Angelique said, "We have other means of protection, if the Germans become bothersome."

It was like walking into a fort; parts of the tunnel were shut off with stone walls and the thick doors penetrating them were guarded. The proportion of

quality. I appoint you my engineering advisor, but you will have to make your own place with the men, understand? Now for a quick check on your identity."

"But I told you, Pastor Kraft interrogated me," Warden protested.

"A clever man but essentially an amateur. Where was your airbase?"

"Near Brussels."

"Names. I need facts, not generalities."

"Herens. Three groups and a fighter wing."

"Ah, Herens, yes. A comfortable base. Like most, it has been left untouched by the Germans."

Warden grinned crookedly. "Not on New Year's morning. A couple hundred FWs clobbered us good, shot up everything in

problem: they merely tapped the existing supply.

The women's quarters were overcrowded, every bunk occupied on a two-shift basis. None of them complained; they had all experienced worse. The men's quarters were relatively empty, a few Russians, a few Frenchmen, an Italian, a Czech, a few Scandinavians.

"A new one." Nikolai slapped Warden on the shoulder, knocking him forward. The men laughed. They had been brutalized in the concentration camps and physical aggression to them was an outlet, a form of amusement. There was no deliberate malice.

Warden turned. He understood the rules of the club. You had to find your place in the pecking order, and Nikolai was at the top of the heap. According to how well you did with him determined your status in this society. He put up his hands and came on guard in classic boxing style.

"Come on, little boy." Nikolai waved him in. Warden kicked suddenly, driving a jack boot into the Russian's knee. The leg buckled. Warden kicked him in the crotch, not a decisive blow because it war partly deflected.

Nikolai grunted pain, bent over, charged straight in, using his head like a battering-ram. He slammed Warden in the chest, stunned him, drove him back. Before Warden could regain his balance, gorilla arms encircled him for the bear hug. Warden bucked the Russian up and down, driving both fists into his belly, keeping the arms from closing around his spine. He had the psychological advantage. From the moment he had put up his hands prize fighter style, Nikolai—all of them—had thought he was going to fight in what, to them, was a ridiculous manner, and therefore was a sure loser. But Warden, in his calculating way, had made sure of catching his opponent off balance.

Slamming, butting, using his knees, he got working room, swung a hard punch into Nikolai's thick neck, a punch that should have knocked any man down. Warden stepped back to let Nikolai fall. That was his mistake. Nikolai blinked, drove stiff fingers into Warden's belly. Even though the Russian's timing was off, due to the effects of the neck punch, Warden thought he had been hit with a sledge hammer, stood still, waiting for his hurt body to recover.

NIKOLAI slid behind him, grabbed him under the chin, ready to snap his neck or shut off his wind. There's only one thing wrong with a head hold: it leaves your opponent's arms and legs free. Warden drove back a stabbing elbow that went into Nikolai's ribs like a spike, then stamped on the Russian's instep to root him in place. A groin slash to take the vinegar out of him. Turning out of the relaxed hold, he hit Nikolai across the throat, slammed knuckles deep into the kidney, grabbed his wrist, locked the thick muscular arm behind the back, bent him over and ran him toward a home-made heater: a bank of ceramic coils around which heavy wires had been twisted glowing with red heat.

Warden kept tight control of his temper because when he lost it, he went into a white killing rage where he didn't know when to stop. Right then he had every intention of pushing Nikolai's face into that electric furnace. Right then, he was a rabid animal.



Warden was signaling the stragglers to hurry when the ammo dump went up like a fireball.

women was very high; there were comparatively few men. Off the main corridor were dead-end passageways, lined with bunks stacked three or four high. Some were occupied by sleeping women. Tom Warden accepted the evidence of his eyes: here, in the center of Berlin, was an enemy stronghold.

In a small, well-guarded chamber, Gorga had his headquarters. He was a lean short man with black hair plastered to his skull and the intent, beady gaze of a crow. He listened to their stories without interrupting, then nodded vigorously. "Excellent! At last I am getting some

sight. I was there, Gorga."

"Obviously. I suggest you arm yourselves. Schmeissers are best for our purposes. Nikolai will familiarize you with our net."

The word "net." That was the giveaway. Gorga still thought like an intelligence agent. He hadn't had enough outside contacts for that spy school luster to rub off.

Nikolai took them into a large storeroom, gave them burp guns and ammo belts. Everything they needed, such as food and weapons, was captured on night-time forays. Food and electricity was no

ing from the warehouse, and the Rats had the supplies they needed.

Men swarmed off the bunks. They threw blocks and tackles, buried the two fighters, pulled Warden off Nikolai and pinned him to a wall. Sanity returned to Warden. He inhaled deeply, drove down the killer instinct.

"I'm all right. Let me go." The restraint was starting to pry the lid off again.

"Get loose," a Norwegian said in German, meaning, cool off.

"Let go," Warden grated.

"Let him go," Gorga said from the door, his face expressionless as he studied the scene. "You were fools to let it go so far."

Nikolai was on his hands and knees. Now he rolled to a sitting position. "Whew! SS guards played football with me, but—"

"I hope you've learned a lesson," Gorga's voice was glacial. "No more games, understand? Warden! Come with me."

They went to the office where Gorga offered him a chair and cigarettes. "Where did you learn the partisan style of fighting?"

"We were taught some hand to hand combat."

GORGA shook his head. "I am familiar with American training techniques, including those of the Air Force. Some of what you did was never taught you. You aimed for vulnerable spots that only a highly-skilled executioner would know, yet it was natural with you."

Gorga flicked ashes. "As you know, we make raids to continue our existence here. Tell me, could you put a knife in a man's throat?"

"I don't think so."

"I think you could. You would be under stress conditions—your life or his. It is not hard then, as long as the brain does not blank out, you understand? I will put you down for a test foray. Agreed? Here each person must make their contribution—or die. By the way, make friends with Nikolai. He is a likeable child and quite useful in many ways. Use him. That is all."

Warden nodded, returned to the men's barracks. Nikolai was taking his few possessions out of a private room in the corridor and transferring them to a bunk.

"You don't have to do that," Warden said.

"I lost." Nikolai couldn't look at him. "I can't stay there. It's the custom."

"Well . . . perhaps you will teach me to fight with a knife?"

Nikolai nodded. "Yes, I could do that. There is much you should learn."

A Frenchman said, "A man must be supple." He put one hand on a top bunk, crouched, sprang over the bed which was as high as his neck. "Exercise, *mon ami*. Stay in good physical condition."

Warden eyed them. "You all seem to be healthy for former concentration camp inmates."

A Dane answered, "We escaped when it was easier. Now the men are better guarded, and they are so sick we can't risk getting them out. The women, for them it is still possible, although we lose many from disease or malnutrition."

Nikolai took Warden confidentially by the arm. "About the women . . . many of them have lost husbands or boy friends, and life is hard down here. We, uh, meet at the end of the big corridor. Of course you're new and you can't find your own private spot yet, so ask the girl. Frankly, I use my room . . . your room now."

"Then go ahead and use it."

"No, no, you won it. Now to the knife, eh? Here!" He handed Warden a cut down bayonet sheathed in a homemade leather scabbard. The blade was about five inches long and the whole thing very handy. Nikolai taught him the various thrusts to the kidney, the groin, the abdomen, the small of the back, the rear of the neck, and above all to the throat.

After the training was completed, Gorga called Warden again to the office. A map was spread on the desk. Gorga pointed with a pencil. "Here is where we are."

"In Potsdammer Platz!" Warden burst out.

"Under it," Gorga replied calmly. "Sixty feet under. Here is a warehouse, guarded of course. We need food, medicine, and especially vitamins. My information is that you will find a truck inside."

Warden deliberated shook his head. "Too much of a hit and run, then we have the problem of unloading the truck, disposing of it, transporting the supplies back here."

"The women will help."

"I thought they could help another way. Instead of just a few of us, we line up like a prison column. It's a good attack formation too."

"Hmmm, I'll think about it. The idea may hold merit."

"How's the war going?" Warden asked.

"The Soviet Union has some bridgeheads across the Oder. The Allies are pulling up on the Rhine. Once the breakout comes, there'll be nothing to stop either one. It's only a matter of time. Of course, we'll have to take a hand."

"Are the Germans going to defend the city?"

"Hitler will. That madman never gives up anything." Gorga smiled slightly. "He's the best general we have on our side."

Warden's plan was adopted, and he was chosen to lead it. However, Nikolai Korodin was right at his shoulder. In the intense blackout they climbed from the tunnel, assembled in a wrecked basement, then the women lined up in columns on the streets, like concentration camp victims. The women marched with the bowed heads of the work worn. Their faces were powdered a ghastly white; blue pencil under their cheekbones gave an appearance of gauntness and black pencil around their eyes enlarged them for a starved look. Under their dresses, bumping between their legs, they had tied the collapsed parts of Schmeissers. The men, dressed as SS, guarded the column on both sides.

A two-man patrol intercepted them. "Hey," one yelled, "why have you got them out after curfew?"

The Czech, who spoke excellent German, answered instantly, laughing, "Going to give them something to chew on. (Author: An idiom meaning "to kill.") Don't want to alarm the civilians."

"Couldn't spare two, could you?"

"Now, we want to get this over with. Besides, they're so scrawny you'd stab yourself."

They passed a couple more patrols the same way. As the column neared the bomb-damaged warehouse, you could smell everyone's nervousness. The building was braced with wooden beams and holes were boarded over. Two guards were on the door and probably more were around each corner.

"Hey, pal." The Czech walked over, followed by Warden. "How about letting us line this trash up against the wall

here? We've got to get rid of it and they're dropping already."

"And what are we supposed to do with the bodies you leave behind? Don't do us favors. Keep moving."

Warden produced a pack of cigarettes. The Czech said, "We'll just rest here then. You guys got matches?"

As the guards lit up the cigarettes, both had their hands occupied. Warden punched his man in the throat, snatched off his helmet, stabbed him in back of the neck. The Czech went straight in with the knife, pushing it under the rib cage to the heart. Nikolai was across the street in a flash, going through the dead guards' pockets. He held up the key to the warehouse triumphantly, opened the door. Barefooted, the women ran in.

Nikolai pointed to Warden and the Czech. "Stand guard. We'll be out as fast as we can." The Russian grabbed each of the dead men by a leg, dragged them out of sight into the warehouse.

The first woman came out, bent under a burlap sack. Then came another and another until all of them were out, forming a long file. No patrols stopped them on the way back. It was obviously a labor party, and from the way some of the women were staggering, their burdens were not light.

Warden was still sleeping the next day when a knock on his door woke him. Angelique came after it, carrying a cup. "You didn't do badly for a beginner. A good plan. Here's your reward—real coffee."

He sipped it gratefully. "Where's yours?"

"I had some. Better take vitamin pills. Living out of the sunshine can be dangerous. You're the talk of the women's barracks, you know."

"No, I didn't know. Why should I?"

"Smooth. We used to grab a truck. Sometimes there'd be shooting and people'd get hurt. I'll have to show you our graveyard sometime."

"That's a kind thought. Gorga send for me?"

"No, I just dropped by, thought you'd like some coffee."

She had that light in her eyes, and she turned her head to show off her luxuriant hair. He thought, here we go again. She's staking out a claim on me.

HE rose from the bed, kicked the door closed. Angelique jumped up quickly, because he was dressed only in shorts.

"What's the matter?" He grinned. "Grow up in a household of women? Never see a man before?"

"Oh God!" She was truly alarmed. "I was raped! A German soldier raped me. He hurt me terribly."

"I'm not going to hurt you."

"I know you can take me by force. . . . I'm pleading with you to leave me alone."

"Then why did you come into my room?"

"Oh . . . maybe for a flirtation, maybe as a dare to myself. Maybe to prove I'm still attractive to a man."

"I'll prove it to you."

"You're determined to have me, aren't you?"

"Absolutely. Just as determined as you are, except that you're not admitting it."

"I don't want to be hurt. Please don't hurt me. The German beat me then raped me. People could have helped me, but they were afraid. They didn't come out of their houses until he'd left."

"That was a bad experience. This won't

be. I won't hurt you."

"I swear I'm afraid of the bed."

"You sleep on one every night."

"Not with a man."

Warden grew irritated. "Angelique! You know that the women go with the men every night. They don't go because they're forced. You've heard them talk in the barracks. You know what sex is all about."

"Yes, but I don't know what I'm supposed to do . . . what you're going to do."

"FIRST, we get the clothes off. Do I do it or do you?"

"I will." Trembling she pulled her dress over her head. Reluctantly, very reluctantly, she unhooked her brassiere. "Oh God! I feel so terrible, so awful."

Warden grinned. "You're an extremely beautiful woman and you know it."

"Yes. That's why the German raped me. I suppose I get on the bed now?"

"Unless you've heard of something different."

Getting into bed can be awkward, but she was very graceful. He had barely started to caress her when her loins went into an involuntary motion, and he took her immediately.

She gasped in wide-eyed surprise, stared in astonishment. "Why I . . . I liked that."

"That," he said, "is the idea. Did the German really rape you?"

"Yes. He offered me five francs first, then a hundred, but I was hungry and wanted food stamps. I guess he couldn't be bothered getting them for me."

"All right, Angelique." He rose. "I have to see Gorga." He held her hand a moment. "Whenever you want to visit, let me know."

She smiled. "I think I'll come often."

Gorga was listening to his various radio sets. He glanced at Warden. "The Soviet Armies have broken out from the Oder. There's a gap a hundred miles wide in the German lines. There are Red Army spearheads fifty miles from Berlin. The Allies have a beachhead across the Rhine and are driving from it." He stood, slammed one hand into the other. "I told you it wouldn't be long."

Warden looked at him blank-faced. "Where are your aerials?"

Gorga laughed harshly. "I tap the German ones. Right next door," he pointed at the wall, "is their main AC power tunnel."

"That's what I thought. Everytime we use the exits from the DC tunnels, we risk revealing them to the SS and Gestapo. Why not use the German tunnels, come up through the manholes in the streets. If we're seen, we can duck right back in."

"No good. They gassed the sewers in Warsaw."

"They won't gas the tunnels here, they'd endanger their own troops. Besides, I'm not talking about a hole in the wall but an airtight door. A rubber gasket on our side and a good camouflage job on theirs. There's an advantage that, when the time comes, we can cut all their power."

"Hmmm, yes, again you have an idea of some merit. The women's barracks back right onto their side. Let me think about it."

As Warden left, he saw Nikolai strolling like a peacock for a dark tunnel, Lena on his arm, smiling at him. Warden smiled too.

Gorga approved the idea of breaking into the German side, provided the door could be properly camouflaged. The men went out on raids and came back with SS uniforms, many of them bloodstained. The women washed and repaired them against the time they'd be needed. Once more they pulled a raid on a warehouse and it was evident, from Goebbels ranting on the radio, a full-scale hunt was on for the "terrorists" and "traitors."

Angelique visited Warden frequently. She was no longer astonished at her normal reactions in bed. From liking she turned to loving. Warden considered it a very satisfactory relationship.

At last the door to the German AC tunnel was finished. Warden and Nikolai planned to enter the tunnel and tap all the important phone lines. A preliminary inspection had to be made first.

Yelling, "Cover up, girls," they entered the women's corridor. Some of the women squealed in pretended embarrassment. Most of them didn't bother with pretense.

Warden broke the airtight seal on the door. He listened a moment, then pushed forward. The wall was more than a foot thick, and the six-inch door was hinged like a bank vault. Dim bulbs lit a square trench on the other side. He snaked between two thick cables and dived suddenly for the floor, instantly followed by Nikolai.

Probably the two SS men were just as astonished at their sudden appearance as they were to see them. They backed up, trying to get at the machine guns slung from their necks. But their damned dog—a Doberman—was lunging, all fangs and temper.

Warden leaped, smashing an SS man's throat with his forearm, reaching for the dog's collar or leash or anything with his free hand. His sharp elbow drove into the German's Adam's apple. His other arm was almost jerked from his shoulder as he caught the dog's foreleg. He whirled around with the dog and smashed the animal's hindquarters into the German. The dog yelped. The SS man staggered backwards. Warden leaped in, dragging the dog, using the beast like a club, flailing at the head and shoulders of the SS man, trying to keep the hands from the Schmeisser.

He was getting into trouble when a thick fist stabbed out, flattened the bridge of the German's nose. The SS trooper went down, dead in the very act of aiming his machine gun. Nikolai grunted satisfaction with his killing blow. Warden stood there, panting and heaving, holding a dog with a broken back.

"Come on," he gasped, "let's move the bodies away from here, don't leave any clues. If they're searching the tunnels with dogs, we have to be careful."

Gorga had another job for them when they got back. The Italian, Norwegian, and Czech were capable of tapping telephone wires, but only Warden, with his combination of engineering and navigation, could trace the tunnels that ran under the important streets. Using a compass, a map of Berlin, and an accurately measured string, he traced the course of the hidden tunnels and came back shaking his head.

A branch goes to Unter der Linden, another to the Bendlerstrasse (Hitler's Headquarters), one to the Gestapo building. The building is old, but when they moved in they dug deeper for their tor-

ture chambers and collapsed the tunnel, probably didn't even know it was there. Anyway, it's blocked with rubble. Same thing for the Chancellery. We can't blow them up."

The Russian tide had flowed around Berlin now, surrounded it. In April, the Red Army was blasting its way through the suburbs. Gorga called for one last mission: destroy the Reich Ammunition Works, the only one still available to the Nazis. When that was gone, they'd have to fight with their last stocks. Warden was appointed to mount the attack—and it would be an attack.

The women marched out wearily again, this time carrying burlap sacks filled with paper—and explosives. The men were their guards. Lording it over all in a magnificent SS Obergruppenfuhrer uniform taken from a recently deceased Nazi was Lieutenant Thomas Warden, USAAF. He smacked his gloves, spoke coldly, and none of the patrols they met dared even speak. It was a grim night. Ringing the city were flashes of light, and there was the steady grumbling of artillery.

The ammo works had been built on an island in one of the Charlotte Lakes, a residential district, and camouflaged to look like a colony of homes. The Czech, who spoke the best German, led the army across the causeway that connected the islands. A heavy guard, of course, stopped him. Warden strolled forward, as though bored with the delay.

"Trouble?"

The officer of the guard snapped to attention and gave a stiff armed salute. "Herr Obergruppenfuhrer, I cannot issue any ammunition without special permission. Those are strict orders."

"Phone."

"Jawoh! This way, please."

Warden went into the guardhouse, idly dialed a number, lit a cigarette, held the earpiece slightly out so the young officer could hear.

"Supreme Headquarters," a woman's voice answered.

"General Jodl. Wendler here."

"One moment, please."

The young officer was very uncomfortable. Warden puffed idly and kept his mouth shut.

A voice came on the phone. Warden said, "A minor matter, Herr Colonel General. A young officer . . . you may speak to him." He extended the phone. "General Jodl."

THE young officer stiffened at the sound of the voice—Gorga's voice. It was a tapped wire, and Gorga could imitate a variety of Nazi hierarchy; he was familiar with their voices from his banks of radio receivers. The young officer stiffened, listened, cringed, agreed with everything said about his stupidity, said goodbye in stiff military fashion, hung up.

"Everything is correct, Herr Obergruppenfuhrer. If you had told me your authority—"

Warden strolled out of the guardhouse, motioned to the Czech, who led the women into the factory. Warden lounged outside the steel doors, chain smoking, toying with his Schmeisser. The phone rang. The officer picked it up. Warden caught a few words.

" . . . arrested woman with explosives . . ."

Warden belted the officer behind the neck with the Schmeisser barrel, spun

toward the guardhouse shouting, "Sabotage! Los! Schnell!"

The guards ran past him. He raised the machine gun, hemstitched the six of them, sprawled them against the steel door. Another guard ran around a building. Warden dropped him with a burst, changed clips. The steel doors opened. He spun on them aiming.

ANTON, the Czech, grated, "Put it down. Let's get out of here!"

"Move the bodies, damn it! Don't leave them out in the open. Throw them in the lake."

"No time. We had to use short fuses. Gertrude was caught. Run!"

They ran. Gertrude had knifed the guard who had caught her, but she had only

ed. A hot breath of air passed over the Rats.

"That does it!" Warden cried. "The whole damn army will be out. Find a manhole cover. Everybody into the tunnels."

"But they're not *our* tunnels," Angelique protested.

"We can get to our tunnels. Come on. Hurry! Hurry!"

They ran through the power tunnels, the men first, Schmeissers pointed, ready to blast anyone in their way. Warden, with his excellent sense of direction, kept them on course. They came to their camouflaged door and pounded on it until one of the women left behind opened it. Piling in, they collapsed on the floor, panting, sweating, trembling exhaustion

people sheltering there didn't matter.

The Soviets were slugging west through the Tiergarten, the Zoo, trying to get to the Chancellery. It was a bombed-out ruin, but the rubble had been turned into a fort held by fanatical SS troops. Gorga, now that the fear of radio interception had gone, was in communication with Lieutenant General Chuikov. (Author: It was Chuikov who took Berlin, not Zhukov.) He told him, "If you can reach Potsdamer Platz at the end of the Zoo, we can lead you to Benderstrasse."

The Russians battered through the Zoo. Gorga led them through the AC tunnels so they wouldn't have to cross the wide open area that was controlled by German fire. They were veteran troops who stank of sweat and grime, but their weapons were clean and they were just as fanatical as the SS. They threw themselves at the Chancellery.

Lena said to Warden. "We might as well help."

Warden changed first into his Army Air Force uniform. Then they went up, found a dead crew behind an American 50 caliber machine gun. Warden manned it and provided covering fire for the constantly attacking Russian troops. Lena fed the belts in.

Peculiarly enough, the Germans didn't use their own tunnels for defense. Perhaps their gassing of the Warsaw sewers had taught them a lesson. There were isolated instances of a Nazi trying to hide, but it was not a planned thing. These loners were quickly flushed out. One by one the buildings fell. The Reichstag was taken and the Red flag raised over it. The Nazi Army surrendered, yet still the Chancellery held out. Among the heavily armed troops who surged toward the ruined building, Warden saw lightly armed men with PPD machine guns.

"Chekists!" Lena spat. "The Secret Police! Nikolai—" She pointed with her head.

"Yes," Nikolai agreed to some pact they had, and bellowed, "Gorga! Gorga, where are you?"

Gorga came and he and Nikolai walked behind a wall. There was a shot and Nikolai emerged alone, putting away a pistol.

LENA gave a partial explanation. "Gorga was N.K.V.D. We listened to his radios too. All Russian soldiers captured by the Germans are to be executed on their return. We're not going back. Can we get political asylum?"

"I don't know," Warden shrugged. "I'd get false papers if I were you."

The Chancellery fell two days after the German Army formally surrendered. Hitler was dead, a suicide. There was a rumor Russian Chekists had stolen his partially burned body, but Warden couldn't confirm it. He wasn't near The Leader's bunker, although he was questioned about it after the war.

Three days after the capture of the Chancellery, an American observation team was permitted into Berlin. The Cold War was starting already. Warden was waiting for the jeep as it circled around the ruins half burying Unter der Linden.

An American colonel stared at him and at the group of women behind him waiting to be repatriated. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you."

"But what *are* you?"

"Sir, we're the goddamnedest fighting unit you ever met. The Rats." ♦ ♦ ♦



With Lena feeding the .50 ammo, Warden provided covering fire for the attacking Russians.

put it in his stomach and, thinking he was out of the way permanently, had left him. He had managed to gasp his story to a guard making his rounds. That one had been killed while on the phone.

Once in the city proper, they were trying to form up in concentration camp manner when behind them the sky erupted. Ammo went off in a huge fireball. The island went up in a towering geyser of earth. A tidal wave washed out homes. Concussion swept through the area and leveled the houses untouched by water. For a mile around, dust rose from the concrete, and mountains of rubble shift-

and fear.

Gorga came; he was smiling. "I just intercepted a message. They think a bomber did it. See? Nothing to worry about."

The Russians' grip on Berlin grew tighter. They were fighting in the city now. The public buildings became Nazi strong-points and had to be taken one by one. The Rats were getting ready to go out to help when they heard an explosion and felt a thud. Later, they found out that the Nazis had dynamited the subway under the river and flooded it so the Russians couldn't use it. The fact that they killed tens of thousands of their own

the Nazis' last ammo works. It was up to Warden to bring it off.

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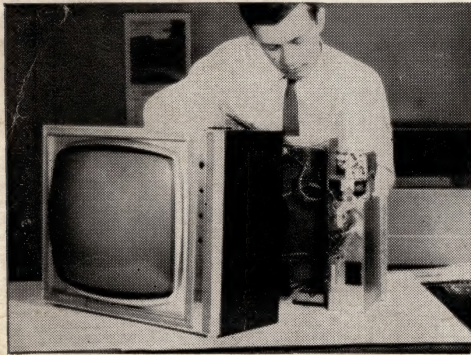
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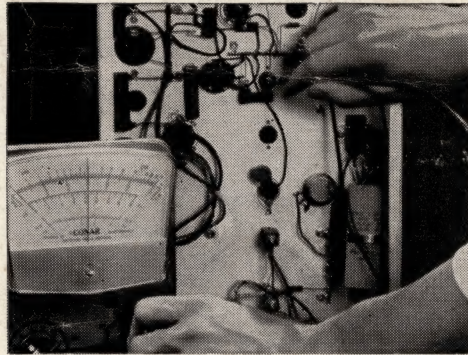
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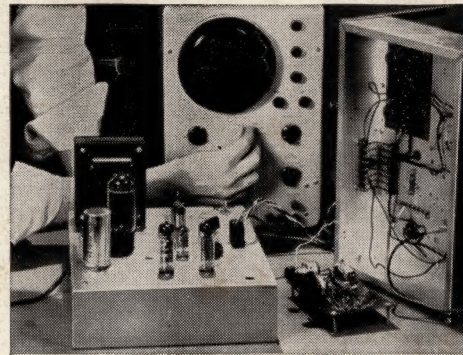
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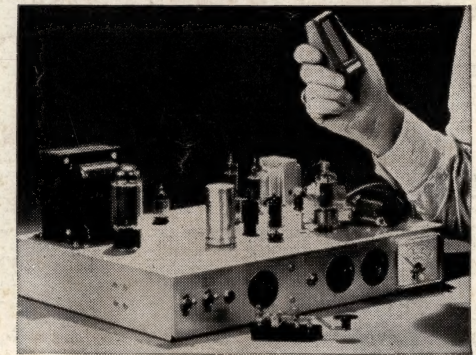
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